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CECIL:

OR,

THE ADVENTURES OF A COXCOMB.

VOL. I.

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VOL. I.

LONDON:
PRINTED BY SAMUEL BENTLEY,
Bangor House, Shoe Lane.

CECIL:

OR,

THE ADVENTURES OF A COXCOMB.

A NOVEL.

He was such a delight, — such a coxcomb, — such a jewel of a man!

BYRON'S JOURNAL.

SECOND EDITION.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:
RICHARD BENTLEY, NEW BURLINGTON STREET.

1841.

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BIBLIOTHECA · BODLEIANA ·

PREFACE TO THE SECOND EDITION.

ADDRESS

FROM THE THRONE OF CECIL I.

KING OF THE COXCOMBS.

"My Lords and Gentlemen,

"In meeting you again at the commencement of a New Edition, I have the satisfaction to acquaint you that I continue to receive from the leading critics of the day, ass-urances of their friendly disposition, and their earnest desire to maintain peace.

"The posture of affairs in the critical world had long been a cause of uneasiness and a source of danger to literary tranquillity. With a view to avert the evils which a continuance of this

state of things was calculated to occasion, I have concluded with the 'Quarterly Review,' the 'Edinburgh Review,' the 'Westminster Review,' the 'Spectator,' 'Examiner,' and 'Athenæum,' a convention intended to effect the pacification of New Burlington Street; to maintain the integrity and independence of the Empire of Coxcombry; and thereby afford a guarantee for the future entertainment of Europe and the European colonies.

"In this, my 'Second Edition,' I lay the first evidence of the existence of this convention before you.

"I rejoice to be able to inform you that the measures I have adopted in execution of these engagements, (by issuing cards of invitation for weekly literary dinners throughout the London season,) have been attended with signal success; and I trust that the objects which the contracting parties had in view, are on the eve of being happily accomplished.

"In the course of these operations, my *Chefs*

de cuisine have co-operated with my Printer's devils, and have displayed upon all occasions their accustomed acumen and skill.

"Having deemed it necessary to send to the Club of Crockford a friend of high standing in the world of fashion, to demand reparation and redress for certain injuries inflicted upon my reputation as a scholar, and certain indignities offered to my authority as a puppy, this plenipotentiary is still in negociation with the Committee of the Club; and it will be a source of much gratification to me if that heterogeneous assemblage shall be induced, by its own sense of justice, to bring these matters to a speedy settlement by an amicable arrangement.

"Serious differences have arisen between the 'Spectator' and the Publishers, about the execution of a tacit treaty between those Powers for regulating the preliminaries of Puffery. Both parties have accepted my mediation; and I hope to be able to effect a reconciliation between them upon terms honourable to both.

"I have concluded with the Daily Papers treaties for the suppression of the Martyrdom of Authors, which I have directed to be laid before you.

"GENTLEMEN OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS

(More especially Henry Pelham, Vivian Grey, and Brookside Milnes, Esquires),

"I have directed the estimates of my authorship, gathered from the most authentic critical organs of the day, to be laid before you.

"However sensible of the importance of according limited faith to such authorities, I feel it to be my duty to recommend that adequate indulgence be shown, by such established authorities as your honourable selves, towards the errors and infirmities of a new writer.

"MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

"Measures will be submitted to you without delay, which have for their object the more speedy and effectual perpetuation of my literary

reign. The vital importance of this subject to the fashionable world, is sufficient to insure for it your early and most serious consideration.

"The powers of the Patronesses appointed under the Act for the better regulation of the manners and fashions of Almacks', expire at the termination of the present season; and I feel anxious that you should earnestly direct your attention to those enactments of exclusivism, which so deeply concern the *bon ton* of the community.

It is with entire confidence that I recur to the loyalty and good faith of my subjects. Though wavering in their notions of my identity, they have hitherto evinced, without exception, a becoming sense of the dignity of my throne; a sentiment which I shall make it my duty to maintain inviolate by the inflexibility of my decrees, and a contemptuous disregard to the weak inventions of my enemies; and thus effectually promote the happiness and welfare of my Self, and all classes of my subjects."

Nothing more absurd than to appeal to the indulgence of the public, or the leniency of the press. The public is about as indulgent as the head usher of a preparatory school, or as her Majesty's Attorney-general; while as to the press, its humanity shows "begrimed and black" beside that of Greenacre or Courvoisier.

Critics resemble Eastern mutes, who exist by bowstringing their fellow-creatures, and venting their envious spite on the beauties committed to their hands. Nothing generous,—nothing manly in their nature. The cleverest of them sees in the cleverest book only an occasion to let fly some well-hoarded joke; like the schoolboy who, in a general illumination for some national victory, cares only for his little foolish squib or cracker, whizzing in a corner.

As to the various quarterlies, their articles are only so many sealed tenders sent in to Government for Under-secretaryships to the powers that be,—or want to be. Every now and then, indeed, when the public shows symptoms

of discovering that "their bullets are made of lead, lead, lead," they fire off articles of cork and feather.

But even these occasional explosions of gas, (which resemble the pink paper wherewith apothecaries embellish their vials and pillboxes by way of rendering the physic more palatable,) serve only to render darkness visible, like a sexton's rushlight in a charnel-house. Better adhere to their dulness. Ne sutor ultra crepidam. No review beyond its heavy artillery: "adeò nihil motum ex antiquo, probabile est."

Such Tartuffes, too, as they are; — highwaymen, who, like Robin Hood, pillage and plunder disguised in the demure weeds of a churchman! Every now and then they raise an outcry of infection, as for the plague or cholera, and establish a *cordon sanitaire* as in the instance of the modern French novelists; like coiners, who give out that some house is haunted, to pursue their fraudulent practices unsuspected in the cellars.

I discern from hence their puzzled look in perusing these accusations! — Like the young Sultan on the death of his father, they know not what attitude to take. Ten to one, they will try to Burke my book, and render it the prey of the resurrectionists; that is, instead of drawing attention to its merits by an impartial criticism, will take me, like Romeo, and "cut me out in little stars," — dissecting me to ornament their hideous museum. Bless their five wits! Every inch of me would be discovered in their dull pages, glittering like diamonds on the brow of some dingy dowager!"

It is some comfort that their denunciations are as little attended to as those of Cassandra,—or the striking of the parish clock,—or the morning gun of a garrison,—or the ringing for arrivals at Bath, — or the tolling for funerals at Hastings,—or Lord ——'s promises to pay,—or any other matter of course. As to influencing the public taste, they have about as much power as the railway train upon the engine that impels it. The public taste drags them after it, like

so many baggage waggons, to which it consigns its goods and chattels. No author was ever written up, except by his publisher, (in a cheque,)—or written down, except by himself.

So now, having reviewed the reviewers, I dare their worst. They may "damn by faint praise," —they may show the white feather, or goose-quill, by shirking my challenge;—they may immortalise themselves by my annihilation, like Major Sirr by the capture of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, or Bertrand de Gourdon by the manslaughter of Richard Cœur de Lion.

Let them only, I beseech, eschew excessive laudation. I am still in the swaddling sheets of infant authorship; and the Crowner's Quests, as reported in the public journals, will instruct them how many promising babes are daily destroyed by excessive doses of Godfrey's Cordial. Besides, that single act of honesty might get their hands out, and destroy their practice.

Meanwhile I am able to favour the public with a private view of a criticism promised me by a friend in the confidence of the "Times" news-

paper,—on payment of a small gratuity. It may have already appeared in that luminous journal, as editors keep this sort of article cut and dry for the first comical book sent in for reviewal.—I really cannot take upon me to say.—I never read the "Times," unless when I have lost my poodle or a bunch of keys, and choose to ascertain that my advertisement has been correctly inserted. The notice is to run as follows:—

CECIL; or the Adventures of a Coxcomb.—3 Vols. 8vo.—*Bentley.*

"Flippancy, when it does not merely consist in spirting forth commonplaces, learned by heart at some early period in life, to form a stock-in-trade, from which payments may be thrown out *pro bono publico* whenever occasion shall require, and which, so paradoxical in its nature, is not at all diminished thereby, but still remains an inexhaustible source of pleasantries and dogmas,—flippancy, when more than this, is not necessarily a vice. Your dull, heavy, inanimate log cannot be flippant with good grace; it requires talent to

skim a surface glibly, to dart among a number of ideas without fathoming one. Skating is an art as well as diving. To make a good flippant writer, there are many requisites: his mind must have been well educated; he must have acquired an easy versatility, a nice mixture of courage and caution, the one to startle his reader with some strange fantasy, the other to steer clear, while in his rapid course, of what may be dangerous, or at any rate, too much for him. If he knows nothing very profoundly, he must know something of a great many matters; and just that which will suit his purpose to fling into an image or point an allusion. He must also catch the tone of society, to pass off his little vagaries on the public; the good sense not to shock anybody, though occasionally tempted into irreverence; and, above all, a very tolerable opinion of himself, which he need be at no pains to conceal, but should rather put forward, as if his careless manner of dismissing objects half-considered did not at all proceed from his own incompetence to go deeper, but rather as if such little things as the interests of nations,

philosophy, science, literature, and the fine arts, were not of so much importance that his august self should take too much trouble about them, although very familiar with all, and perfectly ready to sport good-humouredly with any. In a word, your first-rate flippant writer must be a very pleasant, clever, well-bred, lively, smart, slippery, facetious, and last, not least, unblushing sort of person."

Such is the opinion entertained of me by the "Times." If, on the other hand, any gentleman find cause for offence in these my pages, I am to be found at the Traveller's any time from three to eight; or at Crockey's any time from eleven to six in the morning. My weapons are Mantons, — my friends the two most long-winded K. C. Bs. of the United Service. Unless prosed to death previously by my seconds, I shall on the slightest summons, have the honour to be, their most obedient humble servant.

C. D.

CECIL;

OR THE

ADVENTURES OF A COXCOMB.

CHAPTER I.

"Vanitas,—vanitatis!"

BIOGRAPHERS are fond of attributing the dispositions of their heroes to heroic sources. Since it is my fate to tell my own story, I choose to tell it in my own way; and am free to confess that the leading trait of my character has its origin in the first glimpse I caught of myself, at twelve months old, in the swing-glass of my mother's dressing-room. I looked, and became a coxcomb for life!

My Self consisted, at that epoch, of a splendid satin cockade, with a puny infant face thereunto attached; while a flowing robe of embroidered cambric, four feet by ten, disguised my nonentityism,—and veiled,—

Thought shrinks from all that lurked below!

The spectacle, enhanced by a showy sash of gorgeous ribbon, was the very thing to captivate a baby's eye; and it was soon discovered that Master Cecil was always screaming, unless danced up and down by the head nurse within view of the reflection of his own fascinating little person.

"Take him to the glass, nurse!" was my mother's invariable mode of pacifying my shrieks, when my fractiousness interrupted the process of her toilet, rendering it inconvenient to contemplate her beauties in her own. "Take him to the glass, poor little fellow! He loves to look at his ribbons fluttering in the light."

I suspect that, even then, what I loved to

look at, was the same personal reflection that delighted the eyes of her ladyship. But no matter.

When my little self, or rather my great nurse, grew tired of the dancing system, there were other glittering objects in my mother's sanctum which I found almost equally attractive, —jewels, feathers, flowers, and frippery of all descriptions. I usually visited her at dressing-time. The baby was less in her ladyship's way while adoring,

> With head uncover'd, the cosmetic pow'rs,

than when adored, in her turn, by the men of wit and pleasure about town; Colonels in the Guards, and Memberlings of parliament, who had the honour of being inscribed in the list of the young and fashionable Lady Ormington. As soon as I grew old enough to roll about the Axminster carpet, the rich garlands interwoven in whose soft tissue delighted my eyes by their gay colours, the nurse was desired to leave me; and while the lady-mother and

the lady's-maid were engrossed in their mysteries, paying no more attention to *me* than *I* to my neglected rattle, I watched unnoticed the play of the waving satin train they were adjusting, the glitter of the diamond tiara, and the turn of the snowy feather. Gewgaws were my earliest playthings; and my primer consisted of the flourishing capitals at the head of a milliner's bill.

I have described my face as puny; but I know not why I pay it so poor a compliment, since there is no one to gainsay me and do it rightly; for it was unquestionably to my personal charms I was indebted for my *entrée* into Lady Ormington's *sanctum sanctorum*. I was the first of her children admitted to be danced before her glass, or roll upon her soft carpet. Yet I had a brother and a sister; a brother destined to inherit the honours of the family; and a sister born, it was to be hoped, to share its affections. But the Honourable John squinted, and the Honourable Julia had red hair; and our

lady-mother was as heartily ashamed of them both, as if they had been palmed upon her from the workhouse.

From the day of my birth, on the contrary, nurses and toadies were unanimous in protesting that *I* was the living image of my sweet mamma; and as my sweet mamma was the daughter of a country Squire, whose face had been her fortune, and whose fortune it was to win the heart and hand, or rather the hand and coronet, of the Right Honourable Lord Ormington, she might be reasonably excused for some maternal partiality for her miniature, adorned with a satin cockade and twelve yards of superfine French cambric.

My mother's instinctive vocation was for the toilet. Her beauty had been her stepping-stone to distinction; and she seemed to think too much care could not be bestowed on its adornment, as devotees erect a shrine to a favourite divinity. It was true, the worship was gratuitous. There was nothing further to gain; no more hands, at

least, and no more coronets. As for hearts, it is to be hoped that Lady Ormington neither brandished the powder-puff, nor spread the rustling hoop, with any mal-intentions towards those fragile superfluities of the human frame divine.

But if fashionable notoriety constituted the object of her desires, the ambition was gratified. There was an Ormington *pouf*, and an Ormington *vis-à-vis;* an Ormington green and an Ormington minuet. In those unlettered times Annuals were not: but the languishing portrait, limned by Cosway, was charmingly engraved by Bartolozzi; and the Right Hon. Lady Ormington, leaning on a demi-column, with "Sacred to friendship" engraven on the plinth, a stormy sunset in the background, and a bantam-legged silken spaniel staring its eyes out in the foreground, figured in all the printsellers' windows; immortalized by certain stanzas, silken as the spaniel and flat as the landscape, from what Dr. Johnson and courtesy used to call "the charming pen of Mrs. Greville."

I recollect contriving to convert the favourite scarf of her ladyship into a bridle for my rocking-horse, on the day when the said engraving, richly framed, was first placed in her boudoir. So delighted was she with the print, (which, I concluded, was intended as a *cadeau*, for I never saw it again,) that she magnanimously overlooked my misdemeanour.

There was something else, by the way, which we all seemed inclined to overlook; *i. e.* the Right Honourable Lord Ormington. I hardly recollect hearing his name mentioned, either in the dressing-room, drawing-room, or nursery. The scholarship derived from the important great letters heading the Christmas bill of Madame Lebrun, had not assisted me a sufficient number of steps up the ladder of learning to enable me to decipher the newspapers, even if my "sweet mamma" had not been too fine a lady to admit them into her boudoir; or I might have found it written down there in malice, that his Lordship was one of the heaviest prosers, supporting, in the Upper

House, the country-gentleman interest of Great Britain. As it was, I knew nothing about him, except that there was a cross, gaunt, pig-tailed old fellow, much scouted by the livery of the house, who went by the name of "my Lord's own man;" and that every evening, as the under-nurse was hushing us off to sleep, the rumble of wheels from the door of our house in Hanover Square used to be hailed with a remark of—"There he goes to the 'ouse; — much good may it do 'em!"—

Upon *whom* his Lordship's departure for the House was likely to confer a benefit, I was not of an age to trouble my head. Let us hope that the nurses pluralized the nation; referring the collective interests of the three kingdoms to the collective wisdom of Parliament.

Time progressed. I had fallen in the world four feet and a cockade—from my nurse's arms to a go-cart. To contemplate myself in the glass, I was now forced to climb into a chair. But I was rewarded for my pains. The puny face had expanded into a fine open countenance, surrounded

by hyacinthine curls. Impossible to see a more charming little fellow! Lady Ormington seemed to fancy that everybody was as pleased to look at me, as *I* was to look at myself; for I now superseded the spaniel in the Ormington *vis-à-vis*, and was as constantly seen lounging out of *one* window as Sir Lionel Dashwood lounging *in* at the other. Many people fancied they could discern a resemblance between us. For my part, I think Sir Lionel bore a much stronger affinity to the spaniel, my predecessor, both in point of fawning and foolishness. I don't know why I abuse him, though; for, while he never alluded to John and Julia otherwise than as "those unfortunate creatures," he invariably qualified myself as "Cecil, my boy!" or,—"There 's a darling!"—

I can scarcely say whether it were Lord Ormington's predilections, or my mother's, that kept us resident in town eight months of the year. The only point on which they seemed to feel in common, was a detestation of Ormington Hall: perhaps because, at the family place, there was no

pretext of parliament or parties to keep them asunder. My sweet mamma, however, usually spent her summers at Spa, occasionally visiting Paris; and the breaking out of the war was a serious evil to a family which it reduced to the necessity of domestic peace. I remember feeling as strongly inclined to join the outcry against Pitt and Cobourg as the Convention; for, while John and Julia were left safe at the Hall, I had always been promoted to the honours of La Sauvenière; and the rooks, the avenue, and Dr. Droneby, were antipathetic to my nature. I was really in despair at the closing of the Continent! *Bonbons*, *maréchale* powder, *chocolat de santé*, *pommade à la vanille*—how were we to exist without these necessaries of life? What was to become of England, and her stupid martello-towers,—the Pitt-posts, as they were called—for which the country was to supply railing?—

A worse evil than war, however, impended over me. John had long disappeared from the nursery. On returning from our last expedition to Flan-

ders, we found that, during our absence, the young gentleman had been made over to roast mutton, Latin grammar, and Dr. Droneby; while Miss Julia was transferred to a school-room as cold as a church, and a governess as stately as the steeple. The head-nurse, who had presided over my cockade, seemed to think it a good riddance. A similar opinion was expressed by Lord Ormington and his own man, when, six months afterwards, the lady herself was postchaised off from the hall in one direction, while I was postchaised off in another to a preparatory purgatory at Chiswick; where they began with me as in a lunatic asylum, by cutting off my curls, choosing my head to be as unfurnished without as within. I remember weeping bitterly for the loss of my nurse and my locks. I was ashamed to look myself in the face after being shorn thus vilely. But the only looking-glass within reach was a thing as large as a half-crown, in the lid of an enamel *bonbonnière*, given me at parting by my mother. Moreover,

I dared not cry too loud over my disfigurement; for the horrible Dalilah by whom my clustering curls had been curtailed, talked of corduroys, highlows, and a leathern cap, in case I was refractory. The dread of seeing myself transformed into an errand-boy suppressed my tears.

Let me pass lightly over my school-days, though, Heaven knows, they passed heavily enough over me! Biographers, whether of themselves or others, seem to luxuriate in pictures of academic innocence. For my part, I have a horror of birch and bread-and-milk, even in reminiscence. There is something excruciating to a well-born young gentleman in being reduced to the toilet of a Newfoundland dog; viz. a rousing shake, a plunge into cold water, and the eternal rusty coat of the day before.

Even at Eton, I was a miserable dog. In the first place, because I was called Danby Junior (The Honourable John having the advantage of me); and in the second, because the duncehood, which had been passed over as a minor evil at the

preparatory, seemed likely to be flogged out of me among the antique towers where "grateful Science still adorns her Henry's holy shade," and where humbugging tutors still adore the flagellation of innocent defaulters in classic lore. John was a regular sap — Droneby and roast mutton had made a scholar of him. Ugly little brute! what was *he* good for but Homer and corduroys?—

At college, he obtained still further advantages over me. He was beginning, indeed, to have the best of it everywhere. From the date of the abrogation of my curls, I was out of favour, even in the boudoir. Sir Lionel Dashwood had been unable to repress an ejaculation of "little horror!" on seeing me again; and by the time John was entered at college, a something of a paralytic attack seemed to remind my sweet mamma that the Right Honourable Lord Ormington was to survive in her elder son, when her noble spouse took up his rest in the family vault, instead of on the benches of St. Stephen's.

Neither he, nor I, nor Dashwood, nor even Dash, were now admitted into the dressing-room. Matters were growing too serious there. With sons of eighteen, ladies who have stood godmother to a minuet or a taffeta, are not fond of exposing to investigation the mystery of their washes and pommades. The *flacons*, which formerly contained *bouquet de Florence* or *verveine*, now held the lights and shades of her ladyship's complexion. Blue veins were sealed in one packet, and a rising blush was corked up in a crystal phial. Eyebrows — eyelashes — lips — cheeks — chin — an ivory forehead, and a pearly row of teeth,—all were indebted for their irresistibilities to a certain Pandora's box of a dressing-case, furnished by Thévenot, which sent forth Lady Ormington, full-armed for conquest, like the goddess that emerged from the brain of the father of the gods.

But her ladyship was no longer the same woman as in the days of the spaniel and the cockade. It was not alone because Dashwood was in the Bench and I out of favour, that, I dis-

covered a change. But she was growing almost domestic, almost reasonable. She had given up balls,—would not hear of an opera-box,—and for a year and a half scarcely stirred out of her own boudoir. In place of Sir Lionel there was a pet apothecary, who came every day with his little budget of scandal, just as Madame Lebrun had formerly made her appearance with her little box of laces; and though certain persons, to wit, two old-maidenly sisters of Lord Ormington, two card-playing, blue, Honourable Misses Danby, with brown-holland complexions and tongues of a still deeper dye, protested that the only disorder afflicting their noble sister-in-law was an ugly daughter, of an age to be presented at court, her ladyship resigned herself to the sacrifices exacted by an elegant valetudinarianism.

In winter, she seldom rose till candle-light; in summer, the muslin curtains of her chamber were never undrawn. A perpetual *demi-jour* surrounded her. Though blessing her stars for not being hereditarily exposed to the cruel

revelations of the peerage, so as to be hopelessly branded with the shame of having attained her eight-and-thirtieth year, *she* could not blind herself to the fact, as betrayed in the very looking-glass which had exercised so singular an influence over my nature. Eight-and-thirty was written *there*, in words as terrible as those of Belshazzar's warning,—even in characters of crow's-feet !—

Eight-and-thirty is a frightful epoch in the life of a woman of fashion. Hot rooms and cosmetics place it on a level with fifty, in the lady of a country Squire. The struggle between departing youth and coming age is never more awful ! A little older, and the case becomes too clear for dispute. At forty, she gives up the field, allowing that time has the best of it. But for the five preceding years, those years during which, though no longer pretty, a woman may be still handsome, the tug of war is terrific. A woman never prizes her beauty half so much as when it is forsaking

her; never comprehends the value of raven locks till revealed by the contrast of the first grey hair; never finds out that her waist was slim and her form graceful, till she has been accused of *enbonpoint*.

Brother coxcombs! if you would have a proper value set upon your homage, pay your court to a woman of eight-and-thirty. The flutter of a little miss of sixteen, is nothing to the agitation with which the poor grateful soul uplifts her head above the waters of oblivion, in which she was succumbing. At that crisis a dreadful revolution occurs in the female heart. The finer sensibilities have lost their edge; self-veneration is impaired by the slights of society: the injustice of the world, in scandalizing virtue and exalting vice, has produced, *par contrecoup*, a peevish misappreciation of the value of reputation. After all, was it worth while to break so many hearts? Others, less cruel, are more respected. She puzzles herself in wondering whether they are more happy.

It is a dangerous thing to wonder on such subjects. It is like a hypochondriac feeling the edge of a razor.

At forty, she wonders no longer. She has resumed her trust in excellence, her reverence for the spotlessness of virtue; thanks Heaven for her escape; and renouncing for ever the influence of the puppies, betakes herself for consolation to the tabbies. Cards,—universal panacea! —cards that knit up the ravelled sleeve of care, boon Nature's kind restorer, balmy cards,—inspire her with a new insight into the purposes of existence! Lovelace himself might do his worst! The votary of whist

> ——— passes on,
> In matron meditation, fancy free!

One might almost fancy it easier to be a grandmother than a mother!—

Foreseeing no improvement to Lady Ormington's delicacy of health, my father at length decided that Julia should be introduced into society by his sisters. So much the better for

her! The poor girl, who was really plain, looked twenty times as well in contrast with *their* frightful faces, as when approximated with her sweet mamma's still lovely features. Julia was not altogether amiss, when seen between Miss Mary and Miss Agatha Danby.

Lord Ormington generously provided them with a family coach and an opera-box; and the daughter, of whom his right honourable lady had seen so little during her schoolday martyrdom, took up her quarters with her maiden aunts in Queen Anne Street, almost without her absence being perceived; leaving the woman of eight-and-thirty to hope that the *beau-monde* would not trouble itself to trace the connection between the beautiful Lady Ormington, and a Miss Danby in the enjoyment of red hair and eighteen years of age.

Of Julia, beyond this, I knew nothing. Having seen her banished by my mother, and sharing to the utmost her ladyship's abhorrence of the Judas complexion, I looked upon her as a species

of Paria. Of all physical defects, red hair is one of the least remediable. The blackest of wigs only renders the disfigurement more glaring. Apply what pigment you will to the eyebrows, the lashes remain a burning accusation. Nay, were even the eyelashes put in mourning, there is a peculiarity of complexion induced by the coating of the epidermis, as ineffaceable as the blackness of the Ethiopian or the spots of the leopard. I scarcely wondered that Lady Ormington should give up Julia as hopeless. Who would marry her?—Who perpetuate in his race a stigma so repellent?—Unless Miss Mary and Miss Agatha were kind enough to die, leaving her their heiress, she must inevitably succeed to their honours of honourable single blessedness.

I have survived to see wondrous reforms in Great Britain, even leaving out of the question that of its United Parliament. In the days of my cockadehood, it was cited as an exemplary thing on the part of the charming Lady Ormington, to have even one of her three children

sprawling about her dressing-room. The elegiac poets wrote verses about it; and every other ugly little anecdote affecting her renown, was hushed at the clubs by the rejoinder of—"but then she is *such* a mother!"—

The cockade generation of succeeding times is far better off in the world. The cockade generation of to-day is at a premium. One might fancy all the little boys one meets were heirs apparent,

"For them, the Tyrian murrey swimmeth;"

and all the little girls, countesses in embryo. They are not only clothed in purple and fine linen, Flanders lace and Oriental cashmeres, but we hear of nursery governesses, nursery footmen, the childrens' carriage, the childrens' pair of horses!—Now that Turkey is brought down from her stilts, I am of opinion that the only despotism extant in Europe is the nursery-archy of Great Britain, with its viziers and janizaries,—head nurses and apothecaries,—ladies' doctors and Lilliputian warehouses.—I thank

Heaven, I was born a coxcomb, for coxcombs are bachelors by prescriptive right; and it would have stung me to the soul to find myself tied down like Gulliver, in my middle age, by the authority of a regiment of pigmies.

To return to my mother. No sooner had Julia grappled herself so fast to the fond bosoms of her maiden aunts that they proposed to her parents retaining her as a permanent inmate, than Lady Ormington was pleased to accomplish the recovery of her health. Luckily for her, a great revolution had occurred during her seclusion: and revolutions in politics have the singular faculty of accomplishing revolutions in dress,—as the moment-hand and hour-hand of a dial are actuated by the same movement. The Reign of Terror had frightened people out of their wits, and out of their hair-powder. Buckles had given place to shoe-ties; and love-locks and *chignons* to crops *à la victime*, and *à la guillotine*. London, it is true, had not approached nearer to revolutionary terrors than

by making a bonfire of Lord Mansfield's wig and MSS. But being accustomed to accept its fashions from Paris, neat as imported, their powder went off, and their locks were polled, as though the clubs and the coteries of St. James's Street and Hanover Square, had prepared themselves for the cart or the scaffold.

The transformation thus effected was peculiarly favourable to Lady Ormington. The hair, so long snowed over by the powder-puff, came out a rich auburn; and in her Roman crop and a tunic *à l'Agrippine*, she was still a bewitching creature. Several of her adorers underwent a relapse; and we all know that a relapse is the most fatal period of a disorder.

All I *now* knew of her ladyship's triumphs, however, was derived from the newspapers. I was banished from her presence, from the moment of my degradation into a schoolboy. Even after being entered at Christ Church, I remained an exile from her good graces. On taking leave of her on my way to the Univer-

sity, she complained bitterly that my father should send me to Oxford. "What was the use of college?—I should only become a brute of a fox-hunter!—It was quite enough for John to acquire a taste for buckskins and High Toryism, without infecting *me* with those Oxonian propensities. *She* wished me to go straight into the Guards. I knew quite enough for the Guards. The humiliation of maternity would be less galling, if she had a son in the Guards. In the Guards, I should be on the spot to swear at her chairmen when drunk, or her coachman if disorderly. John was unpresentable; but, if properly drilled and tutored, dressed and *re*-dressed, she should not be so much ashamed of *me*, when on guard among the Guards!"—

An involuntary smile overspread my features while hinting my suspicions that I was intended by my father for the Church; and a faint shriek burst from Lady Ormington's lips at the announcement. The horror of being mother to a parson!—a li-

censed dealer in sermons,—a privileged preacher of prose,—a fellow in a black coat, holding a patent to exhort her to repentance! After all, I believe some feeling of maternal affection lingered at the bottom of her heart; for, as I held the salts-bottle to her nose, she faintly ejaculated, "Cecil! were I to see you in a shovel-hat, I would not survive it!"—The idea of the cockade of my infancy, the Antinous' curls of my boyhood, giving place to a shovel, was too much for her!—

It would have been *far* too much for *me!* I, Cecil Danby, whose name was already whispered in St. James's Street, as having taxed my bill at the Christopher on account of a semi-tone too much in the complexion of the *œil de perdrix*, at my last dinner-party,—*I*, to be swamped in a country-parsonage! It is true, my father's church patronage was such as a bishop might have envied; it is true, his lordship's parliamentary interest was such as might in time have made me a bishop—But the wig!—"Angels and ministers

of grace" (and of the Church of England,) defend us,—the episcopal wig! I could almost as soon have borne to defy the derision of puppy-life as a Judge or a Lord Chancellor!—

It did not much signify. Alma Mater proved as little in conceit with me as Lady Ormington. In less than a year of my matriculation, I was rusticated: why, it is not my province or pleasure to communicate to the reader. If my contemporary, he may happen to know; if my junior, let him read, mark, and learn in the archives of my college. *Le secret d'ennuyer est celui de tout dire;* and autobiographers are consequently the greatest bores of the press. I love a little mystery. So did the public, till Mrs. Radcliffe gave them a surfeit of it. The only mysteries in fashion now-a-days are speeches from the throne and visitation sermons.

I commenced this chronicle of my adventures with a predetermination against "University Intelligence." College life,—a cursed vulgar, stupid thing in itself,—has been written down still lower

of late years by smart periodicals and fashionable novelists. Instead, therefore, of sketches of Christchurch in the year of (dis)grace 180—, suffer me to favour you, gentle public, with the "Portrait of a Young Gentleman," as I figured that season in the eyes of the fair sex and the foul, in the city of high-churchmen and sausages.

Standing five feet seven in my pumps, and five feet ten in my boots, with a trifling hint of the Piping Faun softening the severity of my Roman nose and finely-chiselled mouth, I should, perhaps, have passed for effeminate, but that the sentimental school was just then in the ascendant. People went to the play to cry at the "Stranger" or "Penruddock," and subscribed to a circulating-library to weep over "The Father and Daughter." The severest poetry tolerated by May Fair was that of Hayley, William Spencer, and Samuel Rogers. In short, people had supped full of horrors during the Revolution, and were now devoted to elegiac measures. My languid smile and hazel eyes were the very

thing to settle the business of the devoted beings left for execution.

Self-reliance was one of the strong points of my character. I had always a predisposition to womanslaughter, with extenuating circumstances, as well as a stirring consciousness of the exterminating power. But, as the most tremendous-looking piece of ordnance is non-existent for her Majesty's service, till after progressing through the department of the proving-house at Woolwich Warren, I almost blushed for my own beauties, till they had been labelled with the fiat of "deadly poison" by the experience of the angelic sex.

I attained my majority without a catastrophe—the cause of much heart-burning, but not a single heart-break! The plebeian conquests of the University, or the sighs of the lady's-maid and vicar's daughter at Ormington Hall are unworthy of record; their sensibility being quite as much at the service of my elder brother, with his frightful phiz and ill-built coat. My pen lends itself

only to adventures proper and specific to the Honourable Cecil Danby, the arch-coxcomb of his coxcombical times.

Not that I was without rivals near the throne. At Oxford, where my acquaintance lay more among the moderns than the ancients, I picked up, or truth to say, was picked up, by a man—ay, a man!—though I, but six months his junior, remained a boy,—destined to play a distinguished part on the stage of puppyism. In the course of my first lounge down the High Street, I was rash enough to show my rawness by inquiring the name of a figure much resembling one of the models serving as signs to a Parisian clothes-shop; and, "Not know Jack Harris?" was the bitter reproof of my ignorance concerning one never, of course, heard of beyond the bounds of the University.

I did *not* know Jack Harris; and I suspect no one knew him less than my rebuker, who was no other than my whipper-snapper cousin Lord Squeamy. But I was willing to extend my

knowledge; and Squeamy accordingly chirrupped in my ear that Harris was a nobody, who had made himself somebody, and gave the law to everybody. This was accomplished per force of some talent and much impudence. Squeamy did not call it impudence. The word was too substantive for his puny lips. *He* called it coolness. "Jack Harris was the coolest fellow in the world!"

"A man of family?"

"Nobody knows."

"A man of fortune?"

"Nobody has an idea."

"He must indeed be cool and clever then," was my secret reflection, "to have kept his secret among people so distinguished by inquisitiveness and ill-manners, as the academic youth of Britain."

I soon discovered, in my proper person, that Jack Harris was something more than impudent. He was impertinent. Impudence is the quality of a footman; impertinence, of his master. Im-

pudence is a thing to be rebutted with brute force; impertinence requires wit for the putting down. Had Jack Harris been simply impudent, he would have been repaid with a kick; he was impertinent, and his superiority was recognised with a low bow.

His talents, meanwhile, received still higher recognition. Some time previous to my rustication, Jack Harris took an honour. He had probably tact to perceive that he was not sufficiently well-born to aspire to the honours of duncehood. It sat well upon such fellows as Squeamy and myself to defy all pretence to scholarship; for in college life there is no middle course for a nobleman. A lord must be cited either for the highest acquirements, or the boldest contempt of them; whereas your Jack Harris, or your John Thompson, Esquire, is *bound* to afford evidence of possessing the plebeian use of his faculties. Harris quitted college, accordingly, with the reputation of being an excellent scholar, wanting only application to be the first

man of his year. No one had ever seen him with a book or a pen in his hand; and my subsequent knowledge of him has often led me to conjecture how hard must have been the course of secret study, by which he enabled himself to reconcile the pursuits of a man of pleasure with the acquirements of a sap.

The first thing that startled me in Jack, was his refusing to make my acquaintance. I could detect the negative air with which he received a proposal to that effect, whispered by that ninny of ninnies, Squeamy. Involuntarily, his eyebrow became elevated, and his lip depressed; saying as plain as lip and eyebrow could speak,—"thank you—I know quite enough of the family." At that moment I should have had much pleasure in knocking him down; but, as I said before, it is impudence and not impertinence that challenges physical correction. I accordingly prepared myself for moral castigation of his offence.

Ten days afterwards, at the close of a supper-party in which I distinguished myself by the

display of certain saucinesses studied in my boyhood under Sir Lionel, Jack carelessly requested the favour of an introduction.

Squeamy's lack-lustre eye was upon me. I saw a smile of triumph almost irradiate his unmeaning face, evidently anticipating an act of retribution. Had he been at my elbow, he would doubtless have suggested a dead cut.

"With the greatest pleasure!" cried I, rising and offering my hand to the offender. "The acquaintance cannot fail to be a mutual benefit. I shall be proud to place my rawness under the tutorage of Mr. Harris, as regards the habits and customs of that part of His Majesty's dominions called Oxford; and equally pleased to afford *him* some hints concerning those of a less circumscript region, denominated the world."

The blow was felt, and resented as it deserved; that is, by a pressure of the hand denoting sympathy and bad fellowship. As Saladin and Cœur de Lion may have rushed into each other's embrace after the mutual trial of skill described

by Scott in "The Talisman," the two coxcombs recognised each other's merits by a secret sign, mystic as the tokens of free masonry.—We became allies for life!

Jack Harris was an amusing fellow,—that is, amusing for the University. I should never have got rusticated, but from the *ennui* consequent upon his quitting Oxford. In my own defence, I was forced to descend to the vulgar exploits of gownsmen to keep myself awake.

On arriving in town after undergoing the extreme penalty of the law (of the University), I underwent, of course, a further sentence of parental condemnation. Lord Ormington favoured me with a longer sentence than I had ever heard from his lips. "I expected no better of you," said he; "you have disgraced yourself, and done justice to my prognostications." Lady Ormington merely observed, "Rusticated!—What *is* rusticated?"—and on learning that the verb had no reference to rusticity, was satisfied

that it meant something very incomprehensible and very uninteresting; like the capitals M.A. or D.D., which she had never been able to interpret otherwise, than a Double Dose of divinity, and More Anon of promised preferment.

But Jack Harris was better versed in the obliquities of the case, as well as more inclined to dissert thereon, than either my genitor or genitrix.

"A sad affair!" said he, gravely, at the conclusion of my narrative. "I fear, my dear Cec, (or as the Clubs would write it) Cis, you stand convicted of heinous vulgarisms. Think how your prospects in life might be injured by the rumour that you have condescended to break lamps, and carry your poodle to chapel, like any other blackguard of fashion. With respect to expulsion, to a man in your position in life it is rather a feather in your cap. Next to a high honour, it was your only mode of obtaining college eminence. You had no professional prospects to injure; and people of the world attach

little importance to the pranks of a gentleman commoner, which implies only a sillier sort of schoolboy."

Instead of being affronted, I congratulated him in my turn upon the exquisiteness of the little London snuggery in which he had installed himself.

"I don't complain!" replied Jack, looking round with an air of ineffable coxcombry upon furniture composed of the richest foreign woods and marbles. "I am an easy fellow in these particulars. Provided things are clean and comfortable, I make no pretence to ostentation."

"I suspect you have a pretension to non-ostentation," said I,—"the less vulgar affectation, perhaps, of the two."

"Not so bad, for a beginning!" retorted Jack Harris, coolly. "You are, however, safe in venting your sarcasms on my establishment; for it will be long enough before you set up a household of your own, to incur retaliation. Yours, my dear Cis, will be the poet's and the younger brother's portion, an airy attic, containing three

cane-bottomed chairs and a painted chest of drawers."

"Had you heard the admonishment with which Lord Ormington received me this morning, you might have judged it problematical whether he would afford me either lodging or board," said I, laughing.

"You will be bored enough, I fancy, if he *should* afford you lodging!" cried Jack, knowingly; "or rather, his lordship's lodging will prove harder than board."

"I should be somewhat soft to accept it," replied I. "If I can persuade him to continue my Oxford allowance, I will look out a bachelor den, within distance of the Clubs and the Opera, and—"

"Get through the probation of your whelphood as best you may!" interrupted Jack. "Cis, my boy!—take my advice on the matter. As long as you can, live at free quarters. If I had Lord Ormington's house in Hanover Square to fall back upon, his man-cook, and choice cellar

of wines, (as the auctioneers have it,) would I mulct myself, think you, of rent and taxes at the rate of ten guineas per inch, for a snail-shell in Dean Street, Park Lane? — *I* have my way to make in town; yours is made for you. Between ourselves, Cis, it was my intention, on quitting Oxford, not to consort with a single fellow less than ten years my senior. At your age and mine, one must live for one's improvement. No man has a right to study his pleasure or convenience, till after thirty. It takes till then to make up his mind and his character. Once established, let him follow the bent of his inclinations."

"You intend, then," cried I, interrupting him, "to improve yourself by the society of fogrums?"—

"I intend*ed*, — but I recant. *You*, my old chum, shall march hand in hand with me in the path of perfectionment. We have been boys together, — we will cease to be boys together, or rather together we will learn to be men—"

"Of fashion—" added I, "for such I conceive

to be the object of what you call making up a character. But for my part, I frankly tell you that, having as you say Lord Ormington's house, cook, and cellar,—such as they are,—to fall back upon, I shall give myself no great trouble about the matter. You observed just now that I was able to dispense with scholarship. I consider myself at least as well able to dispense with the labour of ambition."

"Ambition?"—reiterated Jack Harris.—

"What signifies the object to be attained? *l'art de parvenir* is still the same, whether it be—

Th' applause of listening Senates to command,

or to conquer the plaudits of the Clubs. For my part, I despise both! Provided I secure the roses of life, confound its laurels.—By the way, Harris, where did you get that love of a waistcoat?" said I, perceiving that Jack was nettled at finding his affectation outdone, and his air of patronage discountenanced.

"It was got *for* me," he replied, with a pe-

culiar smile. "These rumours of wars make one shudder to think how soon the Continent may close again, to the utter discouragement of our attempts at humanization. There is only Paris for a waistcoat! — London produces buckskins and boots, — Germany has its coats, — but nothing like Paris for a waistcoat!"—

I saw he was determined I should inquire into the origin of *his*, and disappointed him. But I could scarcely support the *air avantageux* with which he first glanced at the pattern and then at me, as if with a tacit assertion of superiority. That the waistcoat was neither French nor a gift, I was persuaded. Jack would not, however, have troubled himself to assume the air of a man *à bonnes fortunes*, but for a foregone conclusion.

"By the way, Cis," said he, when, after taking leave of him, I was about to retread the miniature staircase carpeted in all directions to the brink, so that neither the blind mole nor Jack Harris could hear a foot fall,—"one little

piece of advice,—the advice of a man who has six months the start of you on the *pavé*—in *our* case more than six years—the smart of my experience being yet recent.—Drop Oxford! Be not a hint of the 'damned spot' perceptible, either in the garnish of your discourse or of your garments. A man fresh from the University is sure to be leavened with slang or pedantry. Avoid both!—Cut the college cut,—or prepare to be cut in your turn!"

I could have killed him for the protecting air with which he uttered this warning. I was Lord Ormington's son, that is, I was Lady Ormington's son. *Who* was Jack Harris, that he should assume to be a plummet over me? Alas! it was less *who* he was, than *what* he was, that endowed him with the right! He was a monstrous clever fellow; or, with a problematical fortune and doubtful origin, he would not have come to be called Jack Harris by the best men of his time.

Next to the mortification of Harris's non-

chalance, was the dryness of my father. Lord Ormington, indignant at losing in me the family incumbent of a family living of two thousand a year, referred me, in the fewest possible words, in the fewest possible days after my arrival in town, to his men of business, Messrs. Hanmer and Snatch, of Southampton-buildings, for intimation of his paternal projects for my settlement in life.

There is something offensive in being despatched, even by one's father, to Southampton-buildings. When a gentleman intends to shoot you, he refers you to his friend; when to persecute you according to the law, to his man of business. I felt the menace as it was intended; but I went. Old Hanmer was my father's man. In such firms, there is usually a thinking partner and a talking partner. Hanmer was the talker; the partner who received orders from the clients, while Snatch gave orders to the clerks. I had seen him once or twice in my boyhood at Ormington Hall, when he brought down a post-

chaise full of deeds to be executed, and carried up a post-chaise full of venison or pheasants on which execution was to be done. Hanmer had a good-humoured jocular face, of most unlawyer-like promise; and was especially odious to me as a man who made merry with a solemn subject. I never liked Shakspeare's grave-diggers; and above all things I hate a comical physician or punning lawyer, whose good humour is as nauseous as the lump of sugar in a black dose prepared for the use of schools.

I was compelled to swallow him, however, or, at least, consult him as the way-post of my future career. Having borrowed a horse of Jack Harris, I sauntered, at an hour when least likely to find Christians in the streets, and most likely to find a lawyer at his office, towards what have since been facetiously denominated by the press, the wilds of Bloomsbury.

The irritation of my mind probably rendered me inarticulate in my inquiries of an odd sort

of pepper-and-salt nondescript that opened the door; or, perhaps, my appearance announced a person somewhat different from the usual clients of Messrs. Hanmer and Snatch. For instead of conveying me into the chambers of the old lawyer, Pepper-and-salt ushered me to a barn on the first floor, which, I suppose, called itself by courtesy a drawing-room.

Having desired me to "please to step in," which I *did* please, a certain confusion at a table in one corner of the room made it apparent that some one else was pleased to step out. There was a lady seated at the table, writing, drawing, sketching — no matter what, who had her back towards me. But as there were petticoats in the case, I took Jack Harris's advice, forgot Oxford, and was civil; begging I might not disturb her, and feeling, with perfect sincerity, that whether old Hanmer's drawing-room contained or not a piece of quizzical human furniture, in addition to its quizzical chairs and tables, mattered not a jot.

Advancing towards the fire-place, though it was April, and the weather balmy, I took up that national position on the hearth-rug, from which John Bull, like

> Andes, giant of the western star,
> Looks from his throne of clouds o'er half the world.

In the present instance I looked over something, which was something worth looking at. The fire-place commanded the table where old Hanmer's better half, or quarter, his wife, or daughter, or niece, was fussing together her rattletraps preparatory to escape. I suppose it was the recollection of Jack Harris's waistcoat that determined me to stare her out of countenance. For, to own the truth, my practice was to include in one vast horde (good to sew on buttons, get up fine linen, and compound cheese-cakes,) all that portion of the sex not entitled to walk at a coronation or kiss hands on a birthday. A single glance, however, at the beautiful creature who was shutting

up her writing-box in the corner of old Hanmer's humdrummery, brought a flush of surprise to my cheek and a stammering apology to my lips.

Never had I seen so sweet a face, so graceful a figure!— Falling shoulders, trimly waist, a profusion of chestnut curls, falling from the smallest head I had ever seen, on either side a throat as white as it was slender,— all were exquisite! There was an air of elegance, more distinguished than even the air of fashion, in the girl; and though her mourning-dress was simple to homeliness, she seemed far from oppressed by a sense of my affability, when I once more "begged that I might not disturb her, as I was merely waiting the arrival of Mr. Hanmer." She requested me to take a seat, much as Lady Ormington might have offered the same courtesy to her apothecary, and left the room!

My first impulse, on her departure, was to

turn round and look in the glass; no uncommon movement with me, certainly; but, on the present occasion, it was accompanied by a note of interrogation, rather than of admiration. I wanted to ascertain why it was that girl of Hanmer's had been able to confront me without confusion. Had I, in anticipation of my fusty visit to my father's man of business, neglected to arm myself with my usual implements of destruction?—No!—My tie was sublime, my shirt frill of "lawn as white as driven snow;" my buckskins and tops unimpeachable! (Shudder not, gentle reader, and more especially reader fair! remember that I write of a year whose decimal is zero, 180—!) There was every reason the young lady's civilities should be incoherent, and her curtsey tremulous. I felt, therefore, inexpressibly injured by her self-possession.

My meditations were interrupted by the entrance of old Hanmer, rubbing his hands and

drawing in his breath with a hissing inspiration, while good-humour shone upon his cushioned cheeks, and sparkled in the cold blue eyes, which looked as if they had frozen into icicles the shaggy white eyebrows overhanging them like stalactites. I abhor people who enter a room rubbing their hands, and drawing in their breath. It is the favourite *entrée en scène* of dentists, attorneys, and other excruciators of the public mind and body. My bow to the man of business was studiously indicative of repugnance.

"Glad to see ye, Mr. Danby — glad to see ye! Take a chair!"—cried he, not a whit abashed by the non-extension of my hand to meet the one he offered. I saw by his nonchalance that my father had invested him with some sort of authority over me, — that he was to be bully *en chef*, or *en second*.

"My lord pretty well this morning?"—continued he, after I had fastidiously chosen a chair. "I had the honour of seeing his lordship yesterday forenoon;" and he spoke with a sort of pro-

prietary feeling of my lord, as if in daily attendance upon his moral nature as the apothecary upon his gout.

"Lord Ormington sent me hither, sir," said I, as grandly as twenty and a half, with its modicum of beard and whiskers, is able to look at a barbose old monster of sixty-five, "to learn his pleasure on the subject of my future career." And I tried to insinuate into my tone an implication that my father's pleasure and my own, need not necessarily be concorporate.

Old Hanmer regarded me with the complacent smile of pity with which the ogre may have examined the condition of Hop-o'-my-Thumb, ere he put him by in a child-coop to be killed when wanted for table. The man of business had no mind, perhaps, to grind my bones to make his bread, because at present my bones were marrowless as those of Banquo's ghost. He saw that I should make prettier pickings hereafter.

"My dear young gentleman," said he, with

the most nauseous friendship, "it grieves me much to be under the necessity of explaining, in the name of my noble client Lord Ormington, his heartfelt disappointment at the recent—"

I spare my readers the preamble. Most of them must be capable of figuring to themselves the sermon of a rich lord's man of business, commissioned to inflict an exhortation upon a younger son. The pith of the argument was —"You can't go into the Church, Mr. Cecil Danby — you shan't go into the army. If you choose to embrace a diplomatic career, there is an opening in the Foreign Office. But I will neither accept the obliging offers of my friend Lord Votefilch to advance you in diplomatic life, nor continue your present allowance of four hundred per annum, unless you pledge yourself to punctual rational habits, and submission to the powers that be."

I seemed to have acquired one of the indispensables to my advancement in diplomatic life; for instead of closing with the offer, I replied,

with a countenance and voice most mysteriously inconclusive, that "I would reflect upon the proposal, and have the honour of delivering my ultimatum in the course of a day or two."

I had, of course, already made up my mind,—that is, as much mind as I had to make up,—to accept the offer. Nothing could have suited me better. I had anticipated a hundred horrors; — a residence on my father's Irish estates (where the agency was worth two thousand a-year and the rent-roll three); or extinction in a parsonage with a private tutor, during the half-year still to elapse previous to my coming of age. To a minor, half a year is half a century! In that said month of April, with the London season before me, I would not have bartered the ensuing six months, against an eventual mitre or Mastership of the Rolls.

The career of diplomacy flattered my dearest ambitions. Diplomacy is almost the only profession where a man gains nothing by appearing a beast. Slovenliness is esteemed an evidence of

scholarship in almost every calling save that which renders one the mouthpiece of kings,—redeeming their gracious majesties from the trouble of communicating per speaking-trumpet from one end of Europe to the other. Downing-street, exchanged only for some foreign mission, enchanted me. The diplomatist's is a metropolitan existence. The diplomatist is fated to progress, like a child learning its alphabet, from capital to capital. His post lies in some focus, concentrating the rays of civilization;—his place is the bull's-eye of the target. The diplomatist can never subside into the common-places of life.

Instead, however, of making these cogent reflections manifest to the man of business, I observed, rising at the same time to take leave, that I regretted to have been the means of driving Mrs. Hanmer from the room. I never knew an old fellow of sixty-five who was not pleased at having a pretty wife of eighteen ascribed to him, however inveterate his bachelorhood; and a

glance towards the table and the writing-box served, of course, as note explanatory to my erroneous text.

"Mrs. Hanmer?—" repeated he, exactly in the tone I had anticipated. "Oh! ay,—you mean Emily. It was no interruption, my dear sir. I was expecting you this morning.—I had desired you should be shown in here.—It was her own fault if she did not choose to remain in her room."

To me, the fault appeared a venial transgression. The case was clear. "Emily," whether Miss Hanmer or Miss Anything else, had evidently heard of Cecil Danby, and wished to ascertain if common fame had been a flatterer. But then, since aware that the daughter of Lord Ormington's man of business had the honour of standing in the presence of Lord Ormington's son, pray why was not her deportment more demonstrative of her consciousness of the fact?

Determined to vouchsafe no interest in her favour, and looking unutterable solemnities at

old Hanmer, in rebuke to his voluble familiarity, I now made my parting bow.

On entering the house, I had taken little heed of the meanness of the staircase, or the unworthiness of the thing in pepper-and-salt; considering it all highly becoming in the abode of my father's attorney. If attorneys *had* houses with staircases and serving men, such was probably *hoc genus omne:* but as I went out, it struck me with disgust that a being so inexpressibly lovely as Emily, nay, so thoroughly on a par, in manners and appearance, with any *Lady* Emily I had ever seen announced in my mother's drawing-room, should be condemned to so mediocre an existence. The creaking stair, the yellow paint, omitted in a central stripe intended for a carpet—though carpet there was none,—the dirty hall, with its worn-out floor-cloth; the very street-door, with its unsightly bolts and chains, were such as should never have met those soft eyes, overshaded by such lashes, and gracing a countenance equally worthy of a diamond coronet or garland of roses.

Southampton Buildings, however, was not the place for a soliloquy. So, throwing a shilling to the boy holding Jack Harris's horse at old Hanmer's door, and trusting that Emily might be peeping from the window of her own room, I leaped into my saddle with the air of the Chevalier Bayard, and made the best of my way towards the haunts of civilization.

CHAPTER II.

Immortalia mortali sermone notantes.—Lucret. l. v.

Comme les gens dont la taille est bien prise, il s'habillait avec esprit, et se portait une espèce de culte.

Michel Raymond.

I had seen little of my brother during my college days. John was a Cambridge man. John, as became his ugliness, had taken honours; and John, as also became his ugliness, was not only devoted to study, but pursuing it at Ormington Hall. He usually remained there, long after the rest of the family were settled in Hanover Square; and even when in town, seemed to take delight in maintaining the same distance between himself and my mother now he was a man, that *she* had maintained betwixt herself and *him* when he was

a boy. With my father's sanction, he occupied sober lodgings of his own, not very far from the residence of his maiden aunts; and, except when Lord Ormington gave a political dinner, seldom dined at home.

This suited me extremely. John was still the same ponderous lump of clay banished by its mamma to the nursery in its infancy, and self-banished to the study in its maturity; and I felt that to be seen walking down St. James's Street, hooked to the arm of such an elder brother, would be to stand for my picture to Dighton. I accordingly established myself with him on the footing of "How are you, John?"—"How are you, Cecil?" and as such intimations of fraternal coolness are by no means uncommon in that model country of the domestic affections, Great Britain, no one was surprised to see us nod to each other in the street, aware that we must have nodded in each other's company in all other times and places.

Jack Harris noted with a smile, that "'twas no

wonder we should dislike each other, without a feature or idea in common;" and as Lord Ormington's and his elder son's ideas and features were not only in common, but uncommonly common, — *extraordinairement ordinaire* — I was by no means jealous of their sympathies.

My father was a man such as one rarely sees out of England; reserved, without being contemplative,—convivial, without being social; not mistrustful, yet having confidence in nobody; cold, unexpansive, undemonstrative; fulfilling his petty duties so gravely, as to impress people with a notion they were of some consequence; and by his gravity of air and paucity of words imparting a tone of mystery to his insignificance.

He seemed afraid of letting himself know what he was about. Yet he had nothing to fear. God knows he never did anything worth speaking of! He was a moral man. His business with Hanmer, with his banker, or with Lord Votefilch, might have been transacted at Charing Cross without injury to his fame or public virtue.

Yet he seemed to dread that even his own man should be aware on Tuesday that on Wednesday he had an appointment with either of the three; and as to his wife—but for *that* reserve there was, perhaps, sufficient motive.

When, at the close of two days' cogitation, I approached him with the intention of signifying my acceptance of his terms, it did not surprise me to find myself a second time referred to Southampton Buildings: "on everything relating to business," he said, "it was his wish to communicate with me through a third person."

But that I anticipated some such regulation, I should not have volunteered my "ultimatum" to his lordship. It was my intention to make my way a second time up the creaking staircase, lacking a carpet; and lest the *sang-froid* evinced by Emily at our last interview should prove the means of disappointing me, I rode straight to Hanmer's door, without warning or appointment.

"Mr. Hanmer was not at home, and Mr.

Snatch had quitted London on business, by the Leeds mail, the preceding night."

The murmured ejaculation, not intended to reach beyond my lips, unluckily caught the ear of Pepper-and-Salt.

"I could speak to the head-clerk if I liked. The head-clerk would be disengaged in the course of a quarter of an hour."

Satan, or some other of the invisible esquires of the body to Adam's grandsons, at that moment seemed to flourish before my eyes the waistcoat of Jack Harris, which I had seen dazzling the eyes of Fop's-alley the preceding night, at the Opera.

"Pray be so good as to inform Miss Emily," said I, "that I have a message to leave with her, from Lord Ormington."

The latter name had an instantaneous effect upon Pepper-and-Salt. It was that of the presiding divinity of the house of business of Hanmer and Snatch. The deed-boxes most reverentially lodged of their whole cliency, were those

inscribed with the designation of "the Right Honourable Lord Ormington," — their solitary link with the peerage. It was from the park and preserves of Ormington Hall, that corn, wine and oil,—haunches of venison and leashes of pheasants,—reached the meagre kitchen of the firm. To Pepper-and-Salt, accordingly, his lordship appeared to be the fountain of all goodness,—the King of Cockaigne,—a man to be venerated even in the person of his messenger.

Without further hesitation, he conducted me once more into the drawing-room; then hurried off, observing, that he would see whether Miss Emily could be spoken to. For there was no Miss Emily in the chilly chamber, no fire in the grate, no writing-box on the little table. Her intrusion on the last occasion had perhaps excited the displeasure of her father, and brought down upon her a sentence of perpetual banishment. In that case, she would not now venture to obey my summons.

In so short a time, however, as to afford no

hope that she had added a single touch to her toilet on the announcement of my name, the graceful creature who had produced so startling an effect upon me at our first interview, glided into the room. Still, no embarrassment — still, no emotion! — Nay, she did not even request me to be seated; and I stood, looking like an oaf, with my hat and riding-cane in my hand, like a subject receiving orders from his sovereign.

"You wished to speak to me?" said the sweetest voice I ever heard, as if in compassion to my awkwardness.

"Understanding that Messrs. Hanmer and Snatch were absent from town—" said I, wholly incapable of assuming the tone of superiority I had premeditated—

"The clerks of the establishment, sir, are on the spot, to supply their place," observed Emily, almost haughtily.

"I was anxious," I stammered, as if not noticing her interruption, "to request the favour

that you would charge yourself with a confidential message to your father."

In a moment, every part of Emily's person, that was visible to eyes profane, became flushed by the deepest crimson; and her eyes seemed to dilate with some inexplicable emotion,—surprise, or indignation,— or both. — I saw that I was somehow or other confoundedly in the wrong. She made no answer. But I neither dared reiterate my question, nor hazard another. I was conscious of looking like a pickpocket.

"What do you wish me to communicate to Mr. Hanmer on his return?—" said she, after a minute's silence, and in so subdued a tone, that indignation, at all events, was not the passion I had excited.

"Simply that you signify my acceptance of the terms proposed to me through his mediation," said I, not daring to excite her surprise, by the preposterous fact that herself and Mr. Hanmer of Southampton Buildings, were the

chain of communication between a peer of the realm and his son, residing under the same roof.

"I have the honour of speaking to Mr. Danby?—" she inquired, coldly.

I bowed my affirmative.

"I will not fail to deliver your message," she continued, advancing her hand towards the bell, by way of an intimation, and not a very gracious one, that my audience was at an end. There was no remedy. Away I went, like a beaten dog; having effected nothing by my impertinent intrusion, except a still deeper descent in Emily's opinion,—and my own.

"Southampton Buildings!—an attorney's daughter!—" muttered I, as if to revenge myself by the contemptuous inflexion with which I pronounced the words; when, having attained by a northerly cut the New Road, I galloped off in the direction of the west-end. And again, the waistcoat of Jack Harris seemed to flutter before

my eyes, as a memento of my insignificance in the field whose myrtles are laurels.

On the strength of my "ultimatum," I was now mounted on a horse of my own; as I had good reason to discover, on encountering the smile of Jack Harris in Rotten Row. Harris was one of those who never break out into condemnation; a withering glance or smile was sufficient. Towards myself, he affected indulgence. At *me*, he looked leniently, as much as to say, "poor fellow! it is not *his* fault if taken in by a dealer to purchase a beast disgraceful to a gentleman's stable." At my elder brother, he would have sneered outright; at such a fellow as old Hanmer, gazed with horror. But his clemency was far more galling than his utmost rigour of the law. A boy can never stand being treated as a boy, more especially by another boy assuming the importance of a man.

"Who was that with whom you were riding to-day in the Park?—" observed my mother,

(the Ormington *vis-a-vis*, now that Julia was rusticating with my aunts in the country, permitting itself to be seen once more in the ring.)

"A college chum."

"A *what?*—" reiterated my mother, opening her eyes as wide as Emily had done that morning, but without the accompanying blush.

"Jack Harris, a Christchurch-man," said I, not deigning to notice the shrug with which she listened to the announcement.

"Yet he had nothing of the horrible Oxford cut?—" observed my mother, as if muttering to the spaniel nestling under her white hand on the sofa. At that moment, Harris's warning about dropping the University, recurred to my mind.

"It will give you pleasure, perhaps, to learn," said I, perceiving that she was about to coax herself as well as her lap-dog into a doze,—"that Lord Ormington has procured me a clerkship in one of the public offices."

"A WHAT!—" again reiterated my mother,

twenty times more shocked than at my Oxonianism.

"A clerkship. As soon as I can compass a legible hand and the rule of three, I am to be provided for by Government, at the rate of 75*l.* per annum."

"You have not surely accepted?—" exclaimed my mother, shoving away poor Bibiche with more vivacity than I had ever seen her exhibit. "He has no right to expose you to such a degradation!—*that* were a breach of all our compacts!"

In compassion to her emotion, I condescended to expound, that the 75*l.* per annum, at twenty, was a necessary preliminary to the ambassadorial 12,000*l.* per annum crowning a diplomatic career; and that, of my brother clerks in the office, three were sons of Earls and four of Members of Parliament.

"So that, some day or other, you will be an ambassador?—" said she, resuming her languor and her spaniel.

"*Deo*, or rather, *diabolo volente!*" I replied.

"In that case, I am glad you are going to stay in town," said she. "I will give you one of my Opera-tickets, and introduce you to the Duchess of Moneymusk. I dare say you will get on very well. When Lord Ormington said something about the necessity for your living at home to redeem your character, after disgracing yourself at Oxford, I thought it would be a bore. But if you manage properly, you need not be in any one's way!—You have only two things to avoid,—play and politics. Play and politics are for elder sons. It would be the making of John to go into Parliament or upon the turf. But John is such a stupid young man, that there is no doing anything with him! John does nothing but read. John was never intended to play a gentleman's part in the world."

"And how do you recommend me to fill up my time?—" said I, by way of humouring her absurdity.

"Not in exhibiting yourself as the companion of a Mr. Harris, whom one never heard of," she replied.—"Ah! my dear Lady Harriet, how are you?" cried she, interrupting herself, on perceiving that a pretty little woman had entered the room unnoticed by either of us. "You are come to take me to the Duchess's loo, and I have not even begun to dress!"

"Make haste, then," replied her friend, dragging a chair to the front of the fire, and seating herself as if at home. "You forgot your appointment, I suppose, in the pleasure of lecturing your son. Pray are *you* the young gentleman who has got himself expelled from Oxford?" she continued, addressing me over her shoulder, and extending her hand towards a fire-screen, as if to command me to reach it for her. The movement discovered to me the pretty, but somewhat *passé*, face of a woman half a dozen years younger than my mother, whom I had no difficulty in recognising as one of the intimates of the fashionable coterie collected round

Lady Ormington since my settlement at the University.

"And who cannot regret, still less repent, a step that procures him the honour of presenting himself to Lady Harriet Vandeleur," said I, offering the screen with an air of gallantry which I flattered myself was irresistible.

Her reply was a burst of laughter.

"Is the Grandison style of set compliment still in vogue, then, at our seats of learning?" cried she, turning and contemplating me from head to foot. "My dear Lady Ormington, off to your dressing-room, I beseech you, for we are late already: and *I* will continue your jobation to this junior incumbrance of yours. He is not so ill-looking!—I was afraid we should find him much more of a cub.—Leave him in my hands, and I will see what is to be made of him."

I was again on the point of being betrayed into a set compliment, expressive of my delight at falling to the share of such a precep-

tress. But something in the arch eyes of Lady Harriet warned me to desist. She was an Irishwoman, with a *naïveté* bordering on effrontery. It *would* have been effrontery in an ugly woman; but in the pretty, pouting, piquante Lady Harriet, it was almost enchanting.

"Is the cub to sit or stand, or will you permit him to kneel?" said I, falling into her vein, the moment my mother quitted the room.

"Your height and figure warrant my refusing you a chair," she replied. "But I have a mind to ascertain the colour of your eyes, which flashed so furiously just now, because I condescended to laugh at you. So even draw a chair and let me proceed in my investigation."

I replied, of course, to the summons, by falling at her feet.

"Not ill done, as regards attitude," said she, examining me without embarrassment, "but a blunder as regards intention. By hazarding a burlesque declaration, you admit your conviction that you shall never be tempted into

a serious one. In your ignorance whether I am maid, wife, or widow, you are right: any but the last, might take you at your word, and you would stand committed! So now rise;—gently,—or you will throw down the *déjeûner* of Chelsea china, with which Lady Ormington has the bad taste to encumber her rooms! Take your seat yonder, with the modesty becoming the junior member of the house; and contrive, if you can, not to look hampered in your own cravat."

The *étourderie* of Lady Harriet struck me dumb. I was tamed, as brutes are, by the coolness of their keepers. I had not even courage to inform her that I was perfectly aware of her being a rich widow; very much disposed to retain the right of having her own way,—that way not being matrimonially eligible.

"Is it not a horrible vulgarism," said she, (again adverting to the china, that I might recover the breath of which her *sang-froid* had deprived me,) "to cram a habitable room with

little tables, showered over with trumpery, of which one risks the fracture of a hundred pounds' worth, at every turn? One might as well lay out, for show, one's stomacher and diamond necklace! Look at my friend Lady Ormington's confusion of cabinets and tables, rivalling an old curiosity shop, or Weeks's museum! Twenty years hence, I suppose, we shall see this vile system established, till even the little mouse-traps of Marylebone have their knick-knackery and Birmingham *virtù*."

In my boyish susceptibility, I fancied she was talking at *me*; my rooms at Oxford having been renowned for their foppery. I stood accountant for as great a sin as Lady Ormington, and consequently broke out bravely.

"As you say, an odious weakness!" cried I;—"dillettanteism at the wrong end of the telescope! If people *must* affect the fine arts, be it nobly. A fine Dominichino, a Giovanni di Bologna, delights the eye of a guest, and affords a diploma of taste to the possessor.

Whereas these less than nothings of Sèvres or enamel, require a microscopic eye. Were Nollekens's Venus, for instance, smiling upon her pedestal in yonder corner, I should adore her in the distance, without losing sight of Lady Harriet Vandeleur; and enable myself to decide at a glance whether the smallest foot in Europe, slippered by Taylor, be not a prettier sight than the same charming feature in its primeval symmetry."

"*A merveille!*" cried Lady Harriet. "Another time don't call a foot a feature. It is William Spencerish. The school is obsolete. Try reality. We are all pretending to be natural with all our might, till the affectation of nature has become as natural as any other affectation. And now, pray what is Mr. Cecil Danby going to do with his younger sonship, after proving himself too wicked to become a son of the mother Church?—Not a man of wit and fashion about town, I trust?—The ranks are overflowing:—an inundation of the *nihil!*—The army,

too, is out of date. Since the renewal of the war, nobody has cared to go into anything but the Household brigade; and the sort of creatures one used to country-quarter upon the bogs and moors, come down upon us in hundreds and tens of hundreds, even into the king's chamber. For pity's sake, don't let us find *you* in the squadron."

"I am about to devote myself to the cause of my country in a more modest capacity," said I, — "by sketching dogs and horses on His Majesty's blotting paper in Downing-street."

"Official?"—cried Lady Harriet, withdrawing her feet from the fender, and throwing the lustre of her large dark eyes full upon my face, as a watchman turns the searching light of his lantern. "You are becoming natural indeed!—You are flinging away the poetry of life with a vengeance!—Official?—Have you reflected on what it will be to extend your finger tips to mine, black with the inky business of the state? Have you considered—"

"You authorize me then to decline a diplomatic career?—" cried I, starting up as if about to rush out of the room. "I have not heard Lord Ormington's carriage drive off. I shall perhaps be in time to catch him on his way to the House of Lords."

"Let me recommend you not to jest with Lord Ormington," said she gravely,—motioning me to be re-seated; "it is playing with edged tools. If you are to be pushed by *his* interest in public life, accept and be thankful.—Do you go with us to the Duchess's to-night?"

"Am I to have that honour?—I wait your Ladyship's orders!—" said I, again mistaking myself and her so far as to play the gallant.

"Then I order you to stay at home. Nay, I order you to stay at home till qualified for society. At present you do not approach within millions of miles of even the very small thing indispensable to obtain endurance among us. You would easily make a sensation,—but a sensation is a vulgar triumph. To keep up the

excitement of a sensation, you must always be standing on your head, (morally speaking,) and the attitude, like everything overstrained, would become fatiguing to yourself and tedious to others. Whereas, to obtain permanent favour, as an agreeable well-bred man, requires simply an exercise of the understanding. To ascertain whether you possess one, first get rid of your conceit. *Il faut apprendre à vous effacer.*"

"I will learn anything you deign to teach me," said I. "But how could *you* teach me to be humble; when the mere favour of your interest would a thousand-fold increase the self-conceit you reprobate?"—

"From Oxford, yet a logician?—I thought young men went to the University to get rid of their learning?—However, for my own sake, I *shall* take you in hand. For as it must be my fate to see a great deal of the pet son of my bosom friend, it would be a serious evil were I always to find him presuming, abrupt, and coxcombical as to-night. Don't bristle up so fu-

riously; — you will gain nothing by it but being laughed at. I tell you again, that the *brusquerie* which sits well upon me, or rather which my *beaux yeux*, and the *beaux yeux de ma cassette* united, cause to be *excused* in me, would be detestable in a very young man whose eyes are not particularly fine, and whose *cassette* is more than questionable. To succeed among us, you must reduce your laugh to a smile, your voice to a whisper, your assertions to surmises. For some years to come, you have no right to have an opinion of your own. You will be coughed down by the 'most potent, grave, and reverend signors,' who are ten years older than yourself. For it is of *them* the jury is composed. The men of thirty carry all before them in London; men old enough to pretend to tact, but not to wisdom. As soon as we grow really wise, we become indulgent, — witness myself, who am three and thirty, — yet kind enough, in quoting your deformities, to wish you may amend them. And now, good night. I hear the rustling of Lady

Ormington's sarsnet; for which signal I am grateful, as I perceive that you are about to explode."

I had in fact been making sundry efforts to interrupt her, but without success. There was no putting down her audacity.

"Good night!"—said she, kissing her hand in the Italian fashion. "You are not yet sufficiently in my good graces to admit of accepting your arm to the carriage. Prove your docility by staying at home, while we proceed to throw away our time, money, and tempers at the card table. Read some improving book,—Grammont's Memoirs, or one of Madame de Souza's novels,—which will teach you good French and better manners."

When, in spite of her prohibition, I had conducted her to the carriage, and taken remarkably fast hold of the hand which she placed on mine as she stepped in, I found myself almost out of breath with pique and wonder.

I was a Christchurch man; yet here was a pretty woman, who had both looked and talked

me down. There was only one word of her rambling discourse, which operated as a saving grace in Lady Harriet's favour. I should have called her bold,—I should have called her flighty,—I should have called her flippant,—nay, I would have repeated after her own authority, that she was three-and-thirty, and after my own, that she looked her age; but for the monosyllable "yet!"—That "yet" was a peace-maker! She did not "yet" like me sufficiently, to put up with my boorishness.

This was throwing down the gauntlet. This was challenging a pretension. The ambitions of the Foreign Office were too prolix for the hot blood of twenty and six months. I might be an ambassador at forty,—an ambassador with a bald head and chinchilla whiskers. The prospect was too remote! But a pretty woman who told me so frankly, that she did not "yet" like me, was a more immediate incentive. I swore,—as my uncle Toby swore, that Lefevre should not die,—that she should NOT like me!—that,

by Heavens! she should *love* me,—to desperation,—to madness!—

But to effect this, I recollected that I must begin with falling in love myself. As I sauntered into the book-room, to take down an edition of Grammont, which in its gaudy suit of scarlet and gold, looked wonderfully like a militia captain dressed for the levée, I muttered to myself the ejaculation, which immortalized poor stupid Rocca, by eventually uniting him with Madame de Staël. "*Je l'aimerai tellement qu'elle finira par m'épouser!*"—I am not sure that I said *épouser;* but it was *à peu-près.*—The fact is, that marriage is no word for the lips of a younger brother.

Next day, I contemplated Jack Harris's waistcoat with calmness. I felt myself on the road to preferment. I was convinced that there were waistcoats in the loom for me; and consequently discovered that his was frightful:—a waistcoat calculated, according to Lady Harriet's system, to produce a sensation,—to induce questions.—I

had already ordered myself half a dozen of the plainest pattern, and simplest fashion; such as would enable no one to swear half an hour after parting from me, whether I had a waistcoat on or not.

I took care not to utter a syllable to him, either of my over-haughty attorney's daughter, or my over-familiar, fashionable widow. Time enough to talk about them when I had something to boast of. To talk about them prematurely, and to a Jack Harris, might prevent my ever having cause for boasting. I told him therefore, that I had not accompanied Lady Ormington to the Duchess of Moneymusk, "because it was a bore."

It was the fashion in those days, to call one's mother a bore. Mothers have rather risen in the market since, and fathers have gone down. Fathers soon afterwards came to be called "the governor;" but all this was by the generation that grew up in the nursery, before the nursery became council-chamber to the house. The

creatures who are cockading it now-a-days, have every reason to call their parents your Majesties, and address them on their knees,—I mean the children on their own knees, not upon the knees of their parents.

Jack Harris sank a fathom in my esteem, by the frankness with which he allowed me to discern his surprise, that any one should think it a bore to go to the loo party of a Duchess of Moneymusk!—I was unaffectedly surprised that any one should think a duchess worth thinking of; not only because my head and heart were running upon pretty widows and attorneys' daughters, but because the habits of my youth familiarized me with social distinctions; and it would have been as difficult for a mere duchess to impose upon the sprawling pet of Lady Ormington's *boudoir*, as for a man to be a hero to his *valet-de-chambre*. Jack was no longer to me the infallible,—the Solon,—the Lycurgus,—who had imposed his high-sounding code upon my boyish inexperience.

His *à plomb* delighted me no longer. It was the *à plomb* of the adroit mountebank, not of the graceful opera dancer. His vivacity had lost its charm; there was a brazen twang in its note. The pirouettes and *entrechats* of Lady Harriet, on the contrary, kept me constantly on the *qui-vive*, and her sallies, if they had not quite a silver sound, were at least Corinthian metal. I saw that though Jack Harris might do very well to launch me on the waves of the great world, it was Lady Harriet who must officiate as my pilot. Of the three modes in which society may be contemplated, from above, below, or level ground, I preferred the last. Since I was to live with those of my own class, it was better to examine them on a fair footing, and not from the point of view appropriate to a *parvenu*, like Jack Harris.

> Quod petiit, spernit; repetit quod nuper omisit
> Aestuat, et vitæ disconvenit ordine toto.

In the existing order of things, which condemned *him* to an Ishmael's portion in the land,

there was everything to provoke his animosities or rouse his envy; but for *me*, the son of the free woman, an aristocrat, one of the privileged, the malediction that became *his* lips, or the petty arts indispensable to *his* progress in life, would have been out of place. Our principles of action could never be in common. He might be honest, —*I* must be honourable. Generosity might become *him*; from me, nothing short of magnanimity would suffice. All this, at least, I whispered to myself, as a plea for paying a long visit on the morrow to Lady Harriet Vandeleur, and for merely nodding to Jack Harris, as we crossed each other at a brisk trot on Constitution Hill.

That night, I received a professional letter from Messrs. Hanmer and Snatch. If there be an object in this world from which every particle of the poetry of life is excluded—the very *caput mortuum* of the crucible of common-place—it is a lawyer's letter. There is a savour of pounce about it, a dryness,—a sententiousness,—as if a

pen plucked from the wing of that dullest of birds, the owl, had ministered to its indictment. Yet, strange to say, I tore open old Hanmer's long, narrow, wire-wove, wafered epistle, his thirteen-and-two-pennyworth of epistolary civilities, with an impatience savouring of the lover. "*Je ne suis pas la rose, mais j'ai vécu avec elle!*"—Gods! that ever the poetry of Hafiz should attach itself to a missive conveyed by the twopenny post from Southampton Buildings!—

Messrs. Hanmer and Snatch, (for old Hanmer addressed me as Wolsey addressed the Pope, in the first person, though hooking in *rex meus* into a parenthesis, "for partner and self,") Messrs. Hanmer and Snatch informed me, that Messrs. Drummond and Company had orders to pay one hundred pounds a quarter to self or order; and that I was to present self, without further orders, on the Monday next ensuing, at the office of His Majesty's Secretary for Foreign Affairs, in Downing Street, where Lord Votefilch would have the honour of explaining to me the nature of my

duties, and introducing me into the department to which my services were devoted.

I did not pause to exult in the petty triumph of being handed into office by one of His Majesty's ministers, while Jack Harris would probably have been shouldered forward by some junior clerk. I was examining the date of the letter, as if there were magic in the words "13, Southampton Buildings!"—The sight of the Lesbian promontory would scarcely have excited more emotion in the heart of a young gentleman well grounded in his Ovid!—I certainly had no reason to expect that old Hanmer, in writing to me professionally, would hazard mention of "Emily:" yet, strange to say, I did not reach the signature of the letter without a sensation of disappointment. Some emanation, some hint, some reference, some something, of *her*, ought to have intermingled itself imperceptibly with that soulless epistle!—

Such was my mode of characterizing, at twenty-and-a-half, a letter conveying a permanent in-

come of four hundred per annum, and an appointment leading in a direct line to an embassy !—

I know better now !—*Now*, I can discern more poetry in such a despatch, than in the collected works of Crabbe, Scott, Byron, Wordsworth, Moore, Lady Emmeline Stuart Wortley, and the Countess of Blessington.—Ahem !—

CHAPTER III.

"Ca! quelle figure allons nous prendre, Don Juan ou Lovelace?—Don Juan est usé comme la soutane d'un seminariste. Lovelace est un peu plus inédit. Dans sa perruque poudrée, il a bien meilleur air que Don Juan, ce mauvais râcleur de guitare."

> Nam quodcunque suis mutatum finibus exit
> Continuò hoc mors est illius quod fuit ante.
>
> LUCRET.

SHAKSPEARE'S commentators, who, by the way, have originated more rubbish than either the demolition of Swallow Street or the construction of Regent Street,—"the force of rubbish can no further go,"—have disputed much in disserting on Othello's tender rhapsody, whether the whited-brown generalissimo originally complained that his "*way* of life," or his "*May* of life," had "fallen into the sere and yellow leaf." The quarto edition says one thing, the

folio edition says another thing, and the various buzz-wigs, who have overlaid the great poet with their leaden weight, say a hundred other contradictory things.

I, Cecil Danby, decide for the "MAY of life;" for what so characteristic of youth and hope as MAY,—the summer-month of the soul, whatever the calendar may say to the contrary?

It was MAY when I took possession of my liberty, and the town; and what a month it was to me!—Though, in point of fact, I became, for the first time, a slave, the slave of the nation, on the trifling acknowledgment of seventy-five pounds per annum, paid quarterly, I fancied myself, for the first time, my own master. For I had youth, health, spirits; and the world,—that ugly, old, brown, leathery, football of Fate,—seemed to me *then*, young, healthy, happy, hopeful as myself. I looked upon it as a fresh flower, bursting from its calyx, and exhaling a thousand perfumes!—Pah! I would hold my nose now, at the mere thought of its festering exhalations!—

Yet the world, errors and steam excepted, remains, I suppose, pretty much as I found it. The eye of twenty-and-a-half discerned only its passions and its picturesque; while the eye of ——ty-and-a-half descries its turnpike-roads and conventionalities.

Pass a sloe-leaf plucked from the nearest hedge through the hands of half-a-dozen different men, and each shall see it in a various point of view. The first, if a botanist, will note its specific character; the second, if a chemist, will opine upon its juices; the third, an artist, will descant upon its colouring; and the fourth, a teaman, will examine its eligibility to become Souchong or Bohea. Even so differently do men decide upon the phases of society!—At that time, I regarded London as the garden of the Hesperides, where demi-goddesses and the golden apples of preferment awaited the all-subduing club of that great Alcides, Cecil Danby. To Jack Harris, it was a game of skill, where the cleverest player wins the greatest number of court-cards,—*Anglice*, where

a low-born man consorts with the greatest number of lords and ladies. My brother looked upon *it* as an unmeaning hubbub, interrupting the great business of life; *i. e.* the study of dusty, fusty, musty tomes, in a musty, fusty, dusty library: and my father, as a place where a man was compelled every Christmas to the unprofitable waste of certain monies, carefully screwed out of his tenants four times a-year.

Let posterity decide which was the greatest blockhead!—Messrs. Hanmer and Snatch would have stood out for the wisdom of my father. The ghosts of Scaliger or Dr. Valpy might have backed the Honourable John. The parson of the parish, and Mr. N. P. Willis, would have sided with Jack Harris. But, for *my* part, I had on my side St. James's Street and the charming Lady Harriet Vandeleur!—

On second thoughts, I am not so sure that London *is* altogether now as then. When I said "steam excepted," I should have added "smoke." Every year, the atmosphere as well

as the plot, thickens. Every year, manufactories arise in the Borough of Southwark, to suffocate the denizens of London and Westminster. We no longer send to Birmingham for our buttons, or Dorchester for our ale. Like some bumpkin Squire, we take pride in brewing at home. "London's column," though still "a tall bully," has rivals in a forest of steam-chimneys t'other side the water; and, like other old foxes, we may end in being smoked out.

The suburbs, too, like a lady's hoop, have extended themselves so widely, as to treble the dimensions of the body they enclose. The lungs of London are compressed by the enlargement of the circumjacent membranes; and the atmosphere assigned her is not only less clear and salubrious, but her breathing pores are stopped up, and air-vessels abridged. Her gardens are built over. Paddington-fields smoke, like a cigar-divan, from thousands of ignominious issues; and Willan's farm, instead of feeding hundreds of cows, affords lawn to five villas, dens to twenty

lions, and areas and dust-holes to five hundred genteel residences, "for the reception of small families of respectability." The solitary tree in St. Paul's Churchyard, will soon be the only green thing left to exalt the imaginations of our sparrows by the rustling of its leaves; for, lo! the builders have passed like a swarm of locusts over the land, and left all barren.

At the period of my *début*, I swear there was occasionally seen a glimpse of blue sky over Hyde Park! — Our recent ambassador, M. le Doctrinaire Guizot, who, during his first fortnight in London, was continually passing his hand before his eyes, convinced by the mistiness of his vision that cataract was impending, might have seen his way clearly then to the *affaires étrangères*, in a physical as well as in a moral sense.

I enlarge on all this, lest the dandies of to-day may find it difficult to account for my boasted enjoyment of good health and spirits. As regards the former, there was less quackery

in the world,—no homœopathy, no dephlogistication; as regards the latter, less smother in the air. People in general were more agreeable. Knowledge did not pretend to be useful. Society, now so blue, was *couleur de rose*. There were almost as many courteous readers as there are now writers; and authors were a sort of people who dined with a great man on a Sunday, in their best clothes, when, indeed, they had a coat to boast of. Like mothers, they have since risen amazingly in the market. They owe *that* to Scott and Byron. Sir Walter was the first who wrote up authorship; and, to quote the words of his lordly contemporary, "it was not the least conquest of his fertilizing and mighty genius."

But if there was little good writing in London during the first half dozen years of the nineteenth century, there was a prodigious quantity of good talking. In war-time, the dinners, from the hands of native cooks, were so infernally bad, that diners-out were forced to have

recourse to colloquial entertainment. In the best days of Conversation S—— and Lord ——, and ——, ——, (fill up the blanks for yourself, good sir, as you do your assessed tax-papers, but more honestly; for in *them* you write down your pointer a cur, and yourself an ass, by protesting that the demi-lions on your tea-spoons are not armorial bearings,) in the days, I say, when these blanks were prizes at a dinner-party,

> Roast was the saddle, and the pudding boil'd;

and *entrées*, or, as the female cooks denominate them, "made-dishes," implied four anomalous compounds placed at the angles of the table, and rarely impinged, emitting savours of something between a perfumer's and an apothecary's shop,—black, spicy, opaque, and mysterious, as one of Radcliffe's romances. Some such diet probably constituted

> th' insane food
> That took her reason prisoner,

ere she concocted "The Italian."

Now that these peppery substitutes for savoury viands have given place to *épigrammes d'agneau à pointes d'asperges*, the epigrams of the table-talkers have become far less pointed.

The fools who come to talk, remain to eat;

and the light *soufflés* and piquant *Mayonnaise* stop their mouths with a *bonne bouche*, instead of a *bon mot*.

I have proved to my own satisfaction, at least, (by way of taper burnt to the memory of the dead,) that those in possession of the ear of the town were better worth hearing. I would fain prove, in order that a tribute to the fair sex may keep in countenance my tribute to the foul, that those in possession of its eyes were better worth looking at. Who will deny the beauty of the Mannerses,—Villierses,—two Lady Williamses whom I could name, and two or three Lady Others, whom I can *not;* to say nothing of my friend Lady ——, next to Fountain's Abbey, the finest ruin now extant.— They

were loveliness itself! —Witness the miniatures of Mrs. Mee,—witness the journals of Sir Lumley,— or the ghost of Sir Harry ——. It is true they enabled one to judge somewhat too accurately of their symmetry. In the scanty gowns into which they were squeezed, like pillows into their cases, little was left for the imagination; whereas, in the present day, beauty in her five-and-twenty breadths of petticoat, lies concealed, like the mummy of Cheops within the labyrinths of the great pyramid.—

Lady Harriet Vandeleur was just the fairy on whom these tight-fitting habiliments sat to admiration! —With her snow white skin, fair ringlets, *nez retroussé*, and large luminous dark eyes, she reminded me of one of those French *bichons*, which look so earnest about nothing, perched on a silken cushion in a lady's chamber, or lying among the folds of her lawn apron. Nothing angulous or unsightly was revealed by the winding-sheet in which she was swathed. A single row of pearls, or *rivière* of brilliants,

adorned her white neck in the ball-room; an almost invisible Venetian chain, on minor occasions. How preferable to the harness-like ponderosity of modern carcanets, allowing as little of the human frame divine of a pretty woman to remain perceptible as one sees of the table-cloth at a country christening!—

Coquette,—jilt,—flirt,—angel,—Lady Harriet excelled in refinement of taste. Her house was charming; neither overloaded like my mother's with *bijouterie* and gaudes; nor affectedly simple, like the matter-of-factory of Jack Harris. Fancy had some scope, but her wings were clipped. She was allowed a flutter, not a flight. Intuition seemed to have dictated my code of *virtù* on our first acquaintance; for the little widow's rooms were adorned with a few *chefs-d'œuvre* by the first masters; a few cabinets, in their places, not thrusting themselves importunately forward, like a young member in the House, or a young miss in a ball-room; and a sufficiency of rich furniture, as studiously *en*

suite as that of my poor mother was mismatched and fanciful.

Poor Lady Ormington had, in fact, never recovered her first glimpse of the *chinoiseries* of the boudoirs of Paris and Trianon, in Marie Antoinette's time; when my father, under the domination of her bright eyes, was weak enough to pass his honeymoon on the banks of the Seine. Snatched from the simplicity of a country parsonage into a paradise of buhl and ormoulu, her ladyship's ideas received an ineffaceable impression, which produced and re-produced itself in her tawdry domain in Hanover Square. Apple-green and turquoise-blue,—lacquer and Japan,—Chelsea and Sèvres,—ebony encrusted with ivory or mother-of-pearl,—dainty *bonbonnières* of Dutch enamel,—curious snuff-boxes, which, on the lid, displayed the lady wife, and by a secret spring, the lady fair of the Lauzuns and Richelieus of their day,—abounded in her brittle domain. Her existence was all Watteau,—all *à vignette*,—all Pompadour,—all powder-

puff, all musk, all ambergris! Time need have had gold sand in his glass, and an agate handle to his scythe, to deal with such a life of trifling!—

There was more trait in the frivolity of her friend. It was Greuze, rather than Watteau—it was Voltaire, not Parny. I am speaking, *bien entendu*, of Lady Harriet as I saw her, face to face, not as I recollect her, reminiscence to reminiscence. To the Cecil Danby of twenty-and-a-half, she was irresistible—an epitome of all that was pleasant (but wrong) in woman.

I was never sure of her. Compared with *her*, a weather-cock was a fixture and a cameleon permanent.—A bevy of those

> Gay creatures of the elements
> That in the colours of the rainbow live;

a swarm of humming-birds—a French brocade—a Neapolitan brigand—an edition of Horace Walpole,—do not combine a greater variety of hues and fantasticalities. After uttering a series of brilliant repartees and biting truths, that

would have made the fortune of Conversation S., or a witty parody like Canning's Pocket-book, she was indignant if one presumed to consider her anything but a fool; yet, after behaving like one for four-and-twenty hours, (by angling for gudgeons, such as my cousin Lord Squeamy or Sir Moulton Drewe, and flinging them back, when caught, into the waters,) she would not suffer *me* to presume one half-quarter of an inch upon her folly. On the slightest act of forwardness, Lady Harriet made me draw in my horns and sulk back into my shell; like any other wretched snail, who, presuming to trail itself upon a rose, gets a thorn in its side for its pains.

It was like poetry after prose,—it was like grace after meat,—it was like a ballet with Angiolini after an opera without Catalani,—when, at the close of my official day, I was admitted into the charming drawing-rooms in Grosvenor Place; confronting the elms of Buckingham gardens, and opening into a gay conservatory fresh with a

profusion of the sweetest flowers. Pimlico was then a remote suburb of London, losing itself in gravel-pits and fields covered with scrubby herbage, vainly endeavouring to look green. Lady Harriet preferred the situation, as the thing in town that most resembled the country; a place where the houses affected rurality, with laburnum bushes, and other odd conceits, trained over their frontage. I remember that, in my short cut across the Park, along the Birdcage-walk to Buckingham-gate, I always felt as though I were living in the reign of Queen Anne, and as if Lady Harriet were living at the Antipodes. On the days I paid my court to her, there was no getting near St. James's Street; for Downing Street, Grosvenor Place, and the Clubs, formed the extremities of a triangle.

The lovely tyrant was never visible till four o'clock; but rising at noon (*l'aurore des jolies femmes*), how did she employ the interim?—In the circle I usually found assembled round her, consisting of about a dozen of the *élite* of the

day, there was no one to excite my jealousy: the men were chiefly old *roués*, men of forty,—men who, in the eyes of twenty-and-a-half, possessed about the attraction that a venerable classic, though printed by Aldus and bound by Du Seuil possesses in those of a schoolboy, compared with some new romance by M. G. Lewis, in gaudy accoutrements of modern calf. Lady Harriet might as well have selected, as an object of jealousy, one of the wrinkled and painted cats abounding in her loo-playing coterie, as *I* one of the *ci-devant jeunes gens*, contemporaries of Sir Lionel Dashwood, who were the Celadons of the *bergerie* in Grosvenor Place. Like some boy-navigator, who, with

Youth at the prow and Pleasure at the helm,

neglects the lead, I was close upon the Goodwin Sands, and fancied myself in fifty fathom water.

But how, then, *did* she fill up the hours when I was idling through the business of the state in Downing Street? —How was it with her from noon till four o'clock? — I had seen in

my cockadehood Lady Ormington devote half-a-dozen consecutive hours to the toilet—painting, patching, frizzing,—fastidious in the turn of a feather,—irresolute in the disposal of a *repentir* (I allude, of course, to the curl of that name). But those were the days of elaboracy, when the mere act of lacing was the affair of an hour; whereas Lady Harriet was one of the least dressy of the present school of dishabille. Morning, noon, or night,—I lie, afternoon or night being the only epochs at which I saw her,—she was invariably attired in a muslin dress of exquisite whiteness and fineness; having her hair dressed in the simplest fashion, without trinkets or ribbons to set off face or figure.—Her simplicity amounted almost to the puritanical.

It was clearly, therefore, not her toilet's fragrant task which caused her door to be denied; though, at the happy hour appointed for her manifestation to eyes profane, when I was admitted into her presence, she had just the bright *enjoué* look of a person who has been spending her time to

her heart's content;—eyes beaming with intelligence,—lips vivid with quickened circulation,—cheeks brightened by the consciousness of beauty. Dull or cunning indeed must be the woman's countenance, that does not betray to a jealous man whether she has been too well amused during his absence!—

I had no opportunity of resolving my doubts. Chance had favoured me with a *tête-à-tête* at our first interview; but from that period I never saw her alone. We met in the throng of the world, or at her own house; but I could never manage to arrive there till between four and five, when her rooms were crowded. Nay, once, when by dint of shirking my officialities and crossing the Park at the pace of pedestrian Barclay, I managed to arrive in Grosvenor Place as the clock was striking four, I found myself distanced by a certain Colonel Morley, a fellow in the Guards, ugly as the devil, and, like that great potentate, extremely well-mannered and prepossessing.

I do not mean that Morley was prepossessing

to *me*. There was something in his shrewd glance that cut me to the soul. The superiority affected by Jack Harris roused my indignation; but the unaffected contempt of the guardsman depressed me to the earth. So sure as I entered Lady Harriet's presence with something witty or agreeable in *petto*, the calm, investigating eye of Morley threw a fatal damp over my spirits. My squibs were damaged, and would not go off; my fireworks exploded in my own face: and, when floundering in the midst of an entertaining anecdote which his malice marred in the telling, he used quietly to ask me, what next?—had I not forgotten something?—was that all?—How could I do otherwise than detest such a man!—He was my evil genius,—and an evil genius I was sure to meet at Philippi.

One morning, when several of the *habitués* of the house had taken leave of Lady Harriet on the threshold of her little conservatory, at the ringing of the postman's bell,—the usual signal for her airing,—I managed to linger a moment

behind the rest, and was rewarded for the quiet way in which I accomplished my little manœuvre, by the gift of a branch of heliotrope.

"A token of approbation and encouragement, Mr. Cecil Danby," said she, still continuing to examine her flowers and occupy herself with their arrangement. "You have made fair progress. You have almost mastered the most difficult of London lessons, — to subside into a fraction of the multitude, and satisfy yourself with being a mere link in the chain of society. Those who pretend to more, will never become even that. You have no right, at present, to individualize; but must live and move, and have your being, in the life, movement, and sensibility of the mass."

"In one respect, I certainly feel with the mass!" cried I, with warmth; "in my adoration of—"

"My carriage is at the door," interrupted Lady Harriet; "and if you have no better acknowledgment to offer for my graciousness than such platitudes—"

"Your graciousness!—" I ejaculated, with an appropriate sigh of reproach.

"Don't treat it too lightly," she replied; "for it is more the result of my indulgence than of your merits. You are doing pretty well. You have learned to dress simply, to ride a quiet hack, and place yourself in the background of the picture. But you have still worlds of wisdom to acquire. You talk too much; you laugh too much.—Your teeth are good, and your spirits high; but this does not suffice as an excuse for being heard in company, when others, with greater minds and smaller voices, are compelled to silence by your chattering.—Look at Colonel Morley.—"

"Thank you; I had rather *not*.—He is better to listen to than look at—"

"A case directly contrary to your own," was her provoking retort upon my impertinence. "You would do well, however, to study and take pattern by the well-bred *insouciance* with which he contents himself to remain unnoticed, in order that a cleverish lad, who has his way to make in the world, may have a fair field for his *début*."

Was this sufficiently insulting?—But for the dimples softening the sarcastic smile accompanying her attack, and for the exquisite whiteness of the little hand that withdrew itself out of a verbena-bush to emphasize her harangue, I think, I should,— I scarcely knew what! —

"Where is the flower I gave you?" said Lady Harriet; discerning, perhaps, something of the vacillation of my feelings in the expression of my face.

I replied by laying my hand, with an expressive gesture, upon my heart.

"Be so good as to put it in your button-hole," said she, coolly. "Do you suppose I like you well enough to give you a flower, which I do not intend you to make a show of?—I gave it as the French Emperor bestowed a *décoration*. The Legion of Honour would cease to create heroes, if worn *en cachette*."

On my arrival in town, an order from Lady Harriet Vandeleur to make an exhibition of her *cadeau* would have flattered my vanity. I knew

better now. I saw that she had no fear of being compromised by me; and scarcely was I in the street, before I flung down the sprig of heliotrope upon the pavement, trusting Lady Harriet would note it lying there, on her way to the carriage.

Nam cupidè conculcatur nimis antè metutum.

Young gentlemen of tender years, when in love, are almost as susceptible about being laughed at, as very elderly gentlemen labouring under the same distemper. I was angry. I assured myself that I was not going to be made a plaything by a coquette:—that I would not remain the butt of a Colonel Morley.—For a week,—for a fortnight,—(ten days I believe in reality, but the profound *ennui* to which I was a victim, made me fancy it a fortnight,)—I abstained from the house; secretly flattering myself with a hope of receiving one of those little three-cornered notes, scribbled *à pattes de mouche*, which I had seen lying superscribed with other names, on her ladyship's table.

But I waited in vain! — No note,— not even a message!—I contrived to make myself apparent twice a week to the inmates of Lady Harriet's opera-box; and posted myself resolutely at the opposite side of the room, whenever we met at assemblies. But this was not often. She belonged to a set which rarely forfeited *caste* in the indiscriminate mobs of large parties; and to the small ones, I was not yet sufficiently in fashion to obtain an *entrée*.

I could bear it no longer. Lady Harriet's piquant society was as essential to me, as a pinch of macauba to a snuff-taker. I found myself growing lethargic; yawned in the face of Lord Votefilch, while he was pointing out to me, that I neglected to dot my i's, in a *précis*; and in that of my mother, while informing me that Dr. Blaine had cruelly insinuated into her mind that poor Bibiche was suffering from a liver complaint. Still smarting under these double reprimands, I rushed to Grosvenor Place.

"When did you come to town, Mr. Danby?"

inquired Lady Harriet, in a patronising tone, breaking off her conversation with the young Marchioness of Devereux, the prettiest of the brides of the season.

"I have not left London," said I, provoked at being compelled to proclaim a fact, of which I knew her to be perfectly aware.

"I mistook, then, what Lady Ormington told me about you. I am sure she said something about absence. I dare say she spoke of your being absent and out of spirits, and I mistook it, for absent and out of town."

"I must still plead not guilty,"— said I,— "having enjoyed excellent health and spirits; and not the less for having ascertained by ocular demonstration, at the Opera and elsewhere, that your Ladyship was enjoying the same advantages."

"How very bad the Opera is getting!—Unless they do something better for us before the close of the season, I shall give up my box next

year," said Lady Harriet, suddenly addressing her fair visitor.

"People always say so—nothing better is done,—yet they renew their engagement!—" replied the Marchioness, smiling. "However bad the Opera may be, I believe we can better spare a better thing."

"At the beginning and end of the season, when there is nothing going on," observed Lady Harriet; "but just now, one has as little time for it, as patience."

I had no patience with her hypocrisy; for never was she known to miss an opera!—I went that night, and planted myself, as usual, opposite her box, with the view of bringing her, if not to shame, to remorse. As I expected, she was there; as I *did* not expect, the pretty Marchioness was her companion.

"I thought you were *l'ami de la maison* of the pretty widow," observed Jack Harris, accosting me familiarly, as I directed my moody looks towards the box of Lady Harriet; which, being

on the pit tier, allowed the curious in fashionable movements, to obtain a suspicion of Colonel Morley and Sir Moulton Drewe, occupying the back-ground. "How come you to be standing here, with your eyes fixed upon her like those of Romeo on Juliet's balcony, while others, armed, 'with love's light wings,' have overtopped the barrier?—"

"Because I am fonder of the warbling of Catalani, than of the gabbling of even the prettiest woman in the world."

"But the *divertissement*, my dear fellow! —The *divertissement* is the *providence des âmes tendres*," cried Jack Harris. And as he spoke, I saw him glance at a new waistcoat, in nature and origin evidently an improvement on the last!

I would have given worlds, at that moment, to have been in possession of a sprig of heliotrope, even in my button-hole.

Lady Harriet was right. Such a trophy was not without its value. Still more would I have given for the privilege of intruding into her box,

which I had forfeited by my foolish irascibility. Three weeks before, I might have laid Jack Harris low with envy, and shrivelled up his gay waistcoat at a glance, by my familiar attitude in that envied spot. But now, I dared no more confront the scrutinising eye of Morley or the reprehensions of Lady Harriet, than leap on the stage and take a part in the ballet!—I was inexpressibly vexed. For boys such as we then were, half the agonies of life arise from petty rubs of vanity. Self-consequence is our idol; an idol that imposes a perpetual hair-shirt and never-ending flagellation upon its votaries!

I saw that Lady Harriet was contemptuously regarding us; and not to afford her the triumph of fancying she imposed upon me, affected to talk and laugh familiarly with the companion she had pointed out to my avoidance; passing in review the beauties present, with all the impertinence of a novice. When, lo! while affecting to run my eye along the several tiers, it rested suddenly upon a face, half hidden by the curtain of

one of the upper boxes, which put a period to my mirth! "Aut Erasmus, aut diabolus." It was either Emily's or an angel's;—beautiful as ever,—*so* beautiful, that the surprise of seeing her there, was quickly followed by still greater surprise, when I reflected that I had allowed nearly a month to elapse without recalling her to my recollection.

Freely as we had been discussing the women present, (and Jack Harris belonged to the class of men superabounding in London, who, without access to good society, familiarize themselves at public places with the names and persons of those between whom and them there is a great gulph fixed, but concerning whom they assume the privilege of uttering the grossest scandals,) I recoiled from exposing Emily to the blasphemies of his sacrilegious tongue. Nay, when following the direction of my eye, and noticing my sudden flush, he exclaimed,—but I will not record what he exclaimed,—further than that it contained a fitting tribute to the loveliness of the fair *inconnue*.

I forbore to hazard a syllable implying knowledge of her name or person; but I was now more eager than ever to shake him off. Nay, my eagerness was dictated by a feeling so much more genuine than the dread of exposing myself to the quizzing of a Lady Harriet Vandeleur, that I succeeded. I was intent upon a nearer survey of Emily's box; for, if there with her father alone, Lord Ormington's son had every pretext for intruding upon Lord Ormington's man of business.

Having hurried up one stair case, accordingly, and down another, in order to give the slip to Jack Harris, who in spite of his assumption of superiority, neglected no opportunity of clinging in public to my arm, I made my way to the upper tier of boxes; pigeon-holes, to which I had occasionally glanced upwards from Fop's Alley, as a boy looks upon a kite traversing the fields of air, and with about as much idea of ever finding myself elevated to the same enviable attitude.

No sooner had the box-keeper complied with

my request, and opened an empty box for me, than I ascertained that old Hanmer was not on guard. Emily's chaperon was an elderly woman, arrayed like herself in mourning of the simplest fashion, and stationed behind her as if in studious concealment; perhaps to command a better view of the stage, — perhaps because too homely to warrant display at the opera. I had little leisure, however, for conjectures. My whole attention was engrossed by the beauty of her companion. I had thought her handsome as she stood, cold and contemptuous, in the dull drawing-room in Southampton Buildings. But now, with the brilliant light of the chandelier irradiating her fair face and tinging with gold her chestnut ringlets, I was startled by her surpassing loveliness.

For a month past, my eyes had rested upon nothing but those withered complexions and hardened countenances of fashionable life, which, when viewed in a mass, with their paint and varnish of *ton* fresh upon the surface, excite

neither surprise nor disgust. But the aspect of this young, bright, innocent-looking creature, so impressed me with admiration of its freshness and purity, that there needed no severer criticism upon the deficiencies of Lady Harriet and her companions.

Unconscious that she was the object of peculiar attention, Emily's eyes were fixed upon the stage; and her smiling face seemed to reflect back all the brightness and interest of the ballét of "Anacréon; ou l'Amour fugitif," in which Deshayes and his wife were displaying their matchless graces. She was a study for an artist; with her white, gracile, swan-like throat, stretched forward, so that the auburn ringlets hung tendril-like over the hand supporting her cheek.

Without even so much excuse for the liberty of a visit to her box as to that of Lady Harriet, I found it impossible to resist temptation.— No reminiscence of Jack Harris's waistcoat, however, among my motives. My feelings were for once genuine! —

I could have found it in my heart to reward with a sufficient kick, the insolent smile of the box-keeper, when pointing out the box I desired him to open the door. I saw, as plainly as though he had spoken, the vile surmises passing in his mind concerning its inmates.

But that his key was already in the door of the box, methinks I should have rescinded my order. Another moment, however, and I had passed the Rubicon; and was blending with my incoherent excuses the most courteous inquiries after the health of Mr. Hanmer, whom had I met in the street I should have found some difficulty in recognising.

Emily's answers were as cold as succinct. There is a favourite phrase of "putting people in their place." If it was in my place she put me, it proved to be a very humble one; for after encountering her chilling glances, I swear I could have crept into a nut-shell.

I attempted the remarks that were probably made in every other box that night, to every

other woman present, concerning the prodigious voice of Catalani, and the victorious rashness of her genius. But Emily would not be beguiled into more than monosyllables in reply. She evidently considered me as much out of place in her aërial den at the Opera, as in her horrible drawing-room in Southampton Buildings; and after flinging a word or two at my head, as if throwing a stone, turned suddenly towards her venerable companion, to whom she had made no movement to present me, and began to converse cheerfully with her in some unknown tongue. Ignorant as most young men who have received a first-rate education, I knew not exactly what. It might be Spanish,—it might be Portuguese,—it might be Polish, Hungarian, or Russ. All I knew was, that it was neither French nor English,—German nor Italian; and further, neither Eton nor Oxford enabled me to determine.

In the mouth of the elder lady, it was a grave, sonorous language; in that of Emily, rich and

flowing. Her countenance brightened as she talked, till it became almost as intelligent as before my arrival in the box. Even though she deigned not to notice my presence, it was a sufficient enjoyment to listen to her melodious intonation and watch the "liquid lustre melting from her eyes."

Rather from awkwardness than audacity,—rather because I knew not how to retreat, than because resolved to stay in her despite, I stood my ground; and upon a sudden exclamation of delight, whereby she directed the attention of her chaperon to what was passing on the stage, I even deliberately took possession of the unoccupied chair, immediately opposite to Emily, on pretext of sudden interest in the performance. Perhaps I wished to draw a little nearer to her,—perhaps I wanted to exhibit myself to the *roué* world in the pit, in company with the most beautiful woman in the house,—perhaps I was even anxious to attract the attention of Lady Harriet Vandeleur to my superior good fortune. At all

events, the movement afforded me an excuse for expressing to Emily my regret that she should occupy so vile a box, where seeing or hearing were alike out of the question.

"Would you permit me," I added, in my most insinuating tone, "to send you, some night, my mother's box, which is on the ground tier, half a dozen from the stage, and commanding an excellent *coup d'œil* of the ballet?—"

She gazed at me with a calmly inquiring eye; but uttered not a syllable.

"Had Lord Ormington been aware," said I, by way of recalling to her mind the exact nature of the link connecting us with each other, "that you were fond of the Opera, I am convinced he would long ago have had the honour of offering it to Mr. Hanmer."

I was convinced of no such thing; for Lord Ormington would just as soon have thought of interfering with my mother's Opera-box, as *she* of disposing of his service of plate. But I chose Hanmer's daughter to bear in mind the

courtesy due to the son of her father's favourite client.

Again, after a very slight bend of the head by way of acknowledgment, did she turn towards the grave old matron in black, with a thousand lively comments upon what was going on, either in her own box or in the ballet. With the vulgar susceptibility of ignorance, I was convinced, at every fresh smile and ejaculation, that they were talking of *me!* At length, I felt so thoroughly uncomfortable, that I hazarded no further attempt at softening her rigour beyond a deferential bow, and hastily departed.

"You were scarcely fair with me, Cis, in allowing me to run on unchecked, while passing my opinion just now upon your lovely friend!" cried Jack Harris, whom I encountered in the lobby of the fifth tier; and who, I saw plainly, had ascended so much above his usual Opera altitude, only that he might interrogate the box-keeper touching the two mysterious ladies. "Another time, my dear fellow, spare my feel-

ings and your own, by saying 'I can't be explicit, but I won't be unfriendly. Do not persist in your inquiries.'"

"I should have been sorry to excite your curiosity by any prohibition half so mysterious!" replied I, assuming the tone of coolness with which he so often martyrized *me*. "Nor was I aware that it was essential you should be warned, to a day and a minute, whenever I had occasion to form an agreeable acquaintance."

Having uttered these oracular words, I left him, looking vexed and malicious; and, in the recklessness caused by the triumph of the moment, made my way straight to the box of Lady Harriet; having noticed, from the opposite post, that Drewe and Morley had quitted her, as even the most devoted men are apt to quit the most charming of women, when the back of their box does not command a view of the dancing.

Why was it that both the Marchioness and her friend received me so affably?—Why was it that, throughout the remainder of the night,

their conversation with me was so unintermittingly kept up, that it would have been difficult to find a moment for leaving them?—Had my recent emotion imparted unusual expression to features not altogether deficient in merit?—Had the ambition of conquering in the fifth tier, endowed me with the power of conquest in the first? — Had they noticed me leaning familiarly over the box of that lovely creature? — or were they, after all, simply intent upon avenging the base desertion of their recreant knights by a manifest flirtation?—

The latter supposition presented itself in time to prevent my making a fool of myself. The dread of being accepted as a *pis aller*, saved me. The torch might burn and sparkle as brightly as it listed, but they should see that Cecil Danby was not the silly moth to singe his wings. I made myself irresistible. The jargon of London life, which at first appeared so difficult of acquirement, is as easy as lying, when studied by an enlightened mind. Early education had taught

me the rudiments. I had stood in the stocks of fashion in my infancy; and my toes being properly turned out, dancing came as by intuition. I was already a tolerable trifler; could recite a piquant anecdote without losing the point, *broder* upon a slender hint of scandal, and twist a *bon mot* so artfully, that my fair auditresses had a right to suppose it hazarded by themselves.

To the Marchioness, I chattered; with Lady Harriet, I listened; and consequently, was successful with both. It has been told of a late nobleman, equally distinguished by his abilities and absence of mind, that, having talked to himself in his travelling-carriage the whole way from Brighton to London, he ended, at Hyde Park Corner, by inviting himself to dinner, as the pleasantest companion he had ever travelled with. Lady Harriet evidently thought as much of *me;* because what passed for dialogue between us, was as much a monopolylogue as those of Mathews.

Never had I seen her so gracious!—Not a sarcasm, not a reproof! Kind, encouraging, it needed all the beauty of the expressive face on which, for an hour past, I had been gazing, to convince me that the charming little widow from whose mouth dropped pearls and diamonds, and in whose large eyes sparkled shrewdness and wit, was three-and-thirty years of age, a hardened fraction of that adamantine temple of worldliness, called the *beau monde!*

After wincing under the *hauteur* of Emily, such brilliancy *ought* to have dazzled,—such affability ought to have overwhelmed me!—Far from it!—The chaste moonlight imparts no charm to the glaring sunshine; though glaring sunshine disposes us for the refreshing softness of the tranquil moon. For the first time, I discerned effort in Lady Harriet's wit, and restlessness in her vanity. But, as my admiration declined, my embarrassment vanished. My tongue was loosed. I became natural in her presence; that is, natural as the clipped hedges

and formal *parterres* of a Dutch garden. My fair friends were content, however, with the gaudy blossoms tendered by my gallantry. Both of them smiled upon me "delightfully with all their might;" and accordingly, at the most earnest moment of the conversation, I started up, as if recollecting an engagement, made a profound bow, and,—

——————— nec ultra
Errorem foveo,

vanished!—

Nothing in the world provokes a woman of the world more than that the man who has found refuge in her comfortable Opera-box, and amused himself with her lively chat, should take his precipitate departure five minutes before the conclusion of the ballet;—a deliberate avowal that he disdains the honour (that is, that he chooses to shirk the bore) of escorting her to her carriage. But to leave her alone in her glory,—to leave her, when the kindnesses lavished upon you have been the means of keeping more assiduous beaux

from the field,—is an "ungrateful injury," past all forgiveness!

Morley, I knew, was off to White's. Morley was the strongest whist-man of his day; one of those whom one knows as well where to find, at a certain hour of the night throughout the season, as the police inspector at his station-house, or the premier during the session of parliament. Squeamy and Drewe were lounging, as usual, in the pit, directly under Lady Harriet's box. I made it my business to pin them there firmly by the button,—too happy in being button-held by *me*, usually so supercilious in my acceptance of their acquaintance,—so that she could have no hopes of *us!* No mistaking our united intentions to convoy nothing but ourselves and our canes out of the Opera House that night. Indeed, I had already engaged my companions to sup with me at Watier's, a new club, the head-quarters of the *roués*, of which our three Insignificances were component parts.

My plan was to remain there, *en évidence*, till

the last moment; then, just as the curtain was falling, rush up to the skiey regions of the fifth tier, in order to ascertain by what fortunate cavalier Emily and her chaperon were escorted. I did not foresee that the stairs would be crowded with people hurrying down; and that, as usual, where a single person attempts to combat the mass, the mass would have the best of it. The upper part of the house was half empty before I reached the spot.

Everybody in the unlucky habit of frequenting the London theatres, either in those days or these, must have found their choler excited, on some occasion or other, by the coarseness of the Rule-Britannia class of the community frequenting the galleries; and just as often, by the indecorum of a class of men, who, if better born and bred, are scarcely better mannered,—dandies of a secondary order, whose gallantry consists in staring women out of countenance, and whose heroism in knocking a man down!

On reaching the door of the box which so strongly excited my interest, I found it besieged

by a group of Lovelaces of this description; and, unless I am much mistaken, my eye caught a glimpse of Jack Harris himself, hurrying off on my approach, as if ashamed of being seen in such company. But the lights were all but extinguished, and I was unable positively to determine. Even the box-keepers were gone; and but that the doors of all the adjoining boxes stood open, while that of Miss Hanmer's remained closed, I should have concluded that I was too late, and that Emily had already taken her departure.

Something in the triumphant air of the scamps stationed in the vicinity, convinced me they were lying in ambush for her exit, to molest her with insult. But how to obtain admittance, in the boxkeeper's absence, with a tender of my services?—I knocked at the door of the box;—no answer!—At length, it occurred to me to enter the one adjoining, and lean over for a parley. Anxiety on her account imparted courage for so bold an intrusion. I was boiling with rage. I felt convinced that she was held prisoner by

these blackguards. It was in perfect good faith, it was with the truest and best intentions, that I pushed my way into the next box, drew aside the intervening curtain, and addressed her.

For a moment, I suspect, Emily mistook me for an auxiliary of her persecutors; for her first movement, on hearing herself spoken to, was to retreat into a corner behind her companion. I raised my voice, however, to re-assure her.

"I fear you have no one to see you to your carriage!—" said I. "Will you do me the favour to accept my arm?—"

A few hurried words addressed to her companion, in which I could detect, though altered by a foreign accent, the names of Lord Ormington and Mr. Hanmer, seemed intended to explain the connection between us. But the agitated tone in which they were uttered, served to convince me that I had not mistaken their situation; that they were alone,— unprotected, — terrified. — Emily advanced to the front of the box, to explain that they accepted my offer

with gratitude; and the sight of her blanched cheeks and tremulous lips excited so much emotion in my breast, that I forgot to congratulate myself on having vanquished her scruples or humbled her pride.

"I fear,—I greatly fear,—" cried I, "that you have experienced some annoyance?—If you would only point out to me, as we go down, the individual by whom—"

She stopped me. "If I profit by your kindness," said she, "it is only on condition that you take no notice of anything that has occurred, or may occur, concerning us. Nothing would annoy me half so much as to become the object of a dispute in public."

"Do me the favour then to admit me into your box till you are sufficiently composed for a sortie," said I, "in order that it may be seen you have an authorized protector."

No need of the precaution. On making my way round, the coast was already clear. I had consequently no difficulty in persuading Miss

Hanmer to hasten from the spot, where only a glimmering light remained to render our situation more embarrassing.

"The gentleman who accompanied us hither, the husband of Madame d'Acunha," said Emily, in a low voice, (as we hurried down stairs together, closely followed by the old lady, whom she seemed to introduce by the latter name,) "must have met with some accident, which prevented his rejoining us. He usually leaves us during the ballet, to obtain a better place in the pit; but has never before failed to be in time for escorting us out."

"And you have consequently been exposed to annoyance!—I am convinced of it!—It is useless to deny it!—" cried I, with swelling bosom, when, on reaching the lobbies adjoining the crush-room, now nearly empty, I perceived the four vulgar brutes already noticed, leaning against the wall, as if to wait our passing. They were indulging in noisy mirth. It was the epoch of "coaching;" and with the abuse of propriety

distinguishing the genuine Bond-street lounger, these individuals were dressed in the bang-up style, which the Barouche Club had brought into fashion,—their dialect being the newly-discovered European tongue, called slang.—I saw at a glance that I, Cecil Danby, should irremediably soil my fingers by contact with such gentry; and with the most valiant intentions, was grateful to Emily's moderation, when she persisted in assuring me I was mistaken. Instead of casting a triumphant glance upon the baffled enemy, she quietly, but firmly, impelled me in a contrary direction toward the chair door.

I inquired if it was *there* her carriage was waiting?—

"I have no carriage," she replied, without the slightest embarrassment. "Perhaps you will have the goodness to call a hackney-coach for us, as Monsier d'Acunha would have done, had he been here."

I was horrified!—not at the idea of calling a hackney-coach; not even at the degradation

awaiting the beautiful and queenly creature leaning on my arm; but at the prospect of leaving her alone, while I proceeded along those horrible avenues of Shepherd's-market, which the awkward issues of the Opera-house at that period rendered inevitable. Candour was my only alternative. "I *dare* not leave you," said I. "Accompany me out, and a link-boy will procure us a coach."

At the chair door, stood Jack Harris, in company with two other Christchurch-men,—cigars in their mouths,—hands in their pockets,—insolence in their eyes!—

"Please to want a coach, sir?—" cried half a dozen link-boys, surrounding us, as we emerged into the dirty passage.

"Please to want a coach, sir?—" mimicked the voices of half a dozen other frequenters of the detestable spot, on perceiving that we were not attended by a servant, and that my companions were not in what is termed full-dress.

Heaven knows I cared nothing about "pleas-

ing to want a coach." I flatter myself my worldly position justifies my being seen in such a vehicle, whenever or wherever it suits my convenience; and saving for their cursed noise, the chorus of link-boys would have little moved my spleen. But that Emily should be exposed, under such circumstances, to the sneers of Jack Harris and his companions, wounded me to the quick! The whole gang was now united, and followed us leisurely to the spot, where, after the departure of the sedan chairs, a few miserable king's coaches, looking as if they wanted only a touch to tumble to pieces, were permitted to jolt their way up to the pavement.

One of these, summoned by the link-man's twang, was already drawn up and awaiting us; the iron steps rattling, and the dirty straw invitingly displayed by the light of half a dozen links, the proprietors of which stood requesting the ladies to take their time, in a tone that sounded wonderfully like a threat. A beastly fellow of a coachman, whose rusty clothes seemed to have as

much difficulty in adhering to him as the component parts of his coach and horses to each other, was pushing them back, with a hand that held a wisp of hay, while the other kept open the creaking door.

What an equipage for Emily!—As it stared me in the face, I seemed to *feel* that Jack Harris and his rampant crew were staring at it from behind me!—I could hear their repressed laughter. I could imagine all that was passing in their minds!—

Do me not the injustice, kind reader, to suppose that it was for the Honourable Cecil Danby the flush mounted to my cheek. I know not how it might be with me now, after the demoralization of an ill-spent life. But I was then only twenty and seven months. I had still a heart,—ay, and as full of magnanimity as the leading article of a newspaper is full of the first person plural.

"You *must* allow me to accompany you home. I do not consider you safe!" said I, whispering through the chestnut curls into the neatly hemmed

little ear of Emily. "Do me justice. I have no presumptuous views in pressing my services upon you. But you are watched by those who would scruple at nothing in pursuing their aggressions. If you choose it, I will even take my place with the coachman; but you shall not proceed so far as Southampton Buildings unattended."

Emily answered not a word. I could make nothing of her silence, save that it gave consent. Fool that I was, not to suspect the truth,—that it proceeded from her tears!—

The moment I had placed her and the old lady in the coach, I jumped in after them; and, having flung the link-boys their reward, whispered the address to the surly old brute who was slamming the door. At that moment, the glare of half-a-dozen links, assembled to grace our departure, fell upon the faces of the facetious group, of which Jack Harris formed a part; displaying, under varied forms of expression, amazement, envy, and derision!

I did not dwell upon their insolence, further than by grinding between my teeth certain imprecations, purporting to take a more developed shape hereafter; for, though perplexed by the darkness, and distracted by the jarring and jangling of the vehicle, the sobs of Emily were audible from the shoulder of her companion, into whose arms she had thrown herself.

I had just self-command to forbear offering consolations which would have aggravated her uneasiness. My business there was to be a silent and unobtrusive guardian. The old lady,—or, since such was her name, Madame d'Acunha,—was well satisfied to engross the conversation, by a torrent of words, of which the purport was sufficiently revealed by the successive tones of rage, fear, resentment, varying her ejaculations. Unless the truant, the delinquent, the absent-without-leave Monsieur d'Acunha, were far gone in apoplexy or some other lethargic seizure, I would not have been in his skin at their next meeting! She probably threatened quite as loudly the ag-

gressors who had presumed on their unprotected situation; but of this, as no proper name served as index to her invectives, I was unable to judge.

All my thoughts, moreover, were engrossed by the grief of Emily. I fancied, (what is not one able to fancy at twenty-and-a-half!) that I could detect in her weeping, as clearly as in Madame d'Acunha's abuse, inflexions of wounded pride, of suffering delicacy. I was even in hopes that my turn might come, and tears of penitent gratitude signalize her recognition of my modest merit. But her sobs subsided to sighs, and her sighs to silence, without a sound having escaped her lips indicative of consciousness of my presence!

I could not stand this long. "You are better now, I trust?—" said I, still preserving appropriate calmness of manner and attitude. Had I and old Madame d'Acunha been *tête-à-tête* in the coach, I could not have maintained a more decorous perpendicularity.

"As much better as I can be with the con-

sciousness of having been troublesome to everybody, and a burthen to myself," she replied, with much emotion. "Mr. Hanmer warned me that I was imprudent in yielding to my passionate love of music so far as to venture to the Opera, attended only by those whose ignorance of the English language might expose us to difficulties. But habit renders bold. I have now so repeatedly occupied the same box without attracting notice or annoyance, that I ceased even to apprehend it."

"But since your father was aware of the danger," I observed, "why not himself attend you to the theatre?—"

"You have twice given me reason to suppose that you regard me as the daughter of Mr. Hanmer," was her mild reply. "Your kindness entitles you to explanations which, as a stranger, I feared could not be very interesting. I am his ward. I have been but a few months in England. I am an inmate of his house. My name is Emily Barnet."

There was something in the explicit frankness of her explanation, which reminded me of Franklin and his boot-jack.

"I trust," said I, "you will not the less permit me to consider myself (connected, as I am, by peculiar ties with Mr. Hanmer,) privileged to officiate as your protector whenever or wheresoever my aid may be wanting."

"You have been most kind, and I am deeply sensible of the obligation," replied Emily, with some sensibility; "but you must forgive me for assuring you that any further acquaintance between us would be wholly unacceptable to my guardian."

This was throwing down the glove of defiance some what cavalierly! but I had no leisure to remonstrate. Emily's tears had prolonged themselves so unreasonably, that we were approaching Southampton Buildings. I perceived, moreover, that we were not only near the term of our journey, but dodged by a hackney-coach, evidently intent upon keeping up with us.

Though careful not to breathe a hint of my suspicions, I congratulated myself silently on my foresight in not having allowed them to return home alone. At Mr. Hanmer's door, I was preparing to jump out, when Emily delayed me with an urgent request that, after depositing *her*, I would proceed with Madame d'Acunha, to her residence in Burton Crescent.

"Were she to alight here, to spare you this trouble," said Emily, "Mr. Hanmer would become aware that something unusual had occurred, and experience uneasiness for the future. Do me the favour, therefore, to take care of my friend home. She speaks no English, or would add her acknowledgments to my own."

So saying, she sprang out of the coach, the steps of which had been let down during her address. I had not even found time to offer her my hand; and Pepper-and-Salt, with a tallow-candle in his hand, was now on guard over us! All that remained was to get rid of the old lady

with as much celerity as I had been got rid of by the young one.

But, while giving my attention to Emily's parting request, the artful dodger of a hackney-coach had escaped me!—No vestige of it in any direction!—Having tracked Miss Barnet into the house, its mission was accomplished; for I don't suppose it signified much to Jack Harris at what number in Burton Crescent might reside the worshipful helpmate of the missing Monsieur d'Acunha.

"A pretty finale to my evening's amusements, upon my soul!"—cried I, on finding myself jogging along the then gloomy and half-finished streets adjoining Burton Crescent. "I—Cis Danby—to be benighted in the wilds of Bloomsbury!—And for what?—To play the squire to an old cat in a rusty bombazine gown, with a complexion only half a degree less dingy!"

The mansion in which Madame d'Acunha had requested to be deposited, appeared suffi-

ciently respectable to warrant better habiliments and a more creditable equipage; and now that I was alone in the coach, I could perceive, powerful even beyond its fustiness, the searching and delicious fragrance of *vanille*, which appears to form the natural atmosphere of the women of Portugal.

It was not, however, till fairly ensconced in the easy chair of my own room in Hanover Square, (which, by the way, did not by any means correspond with Jack Harris's predictions,) that I became fully sensible of the strangeness of my fortune, in the events of the evening.

Petted by Lady Harriet,—smiled upon by the Marchioness,—thanked—gratefully and affectionately thanked, by Emily!—It was surely enough to turn a stronger head than the one which had never sat straight upon its shoulders, since the demoralizing epoch of its first cockade!—

CHAPTER IV.

In fact, there 's not much interesting in 't,
Unless it be in hot-press and good print.

PROCTOR.

Il semblait voler à des conquêtes, et n'avoir qu'à se mettre en frais de bonne volonté, pour inspirer autour de lui de l'amour.

BRUCKER.

IT is time, methinks, that I afford some slight idea of the temple consecrated by my mother's devotion and my own, to the worship of that memorable individual, the Honourable Cecil Danby; for though it was only the same double room on the third floor of the house in Hanover Square, occupied by my nursery in my cockadehood, and by John and myself, conjointly, in our school-days, it had now assumed a character of higher interest for posterity.

Lady Ormington, like the majority of silly women, had a passion for furnishing. Before the high-pressure education movement came into play, writing ill-spelt letters, and running up upholsterers' bills, were among the least mischievous avocations of those whose game was loo, and whose virtue, the charity that covereth a multitude of sins.

My rooms, gentle reader! (or, on this occasion more especially, reader fair!) my rooms, as I found them on arriving for my first Oxford vacation, were hung with a highly glazed white paper, matched with highly glazed white furniture; the whole being vivified by a gay pattern of blue convolvulus. Even the carpet exhibited, on its pale grey ground, the same design, and the Worcester china was what George Robins would call *en suite*. Nothing could be more summer-like and cheering. The furniture was of the darkest rose-wood; the shower-bath white japan. But the triumph of the whole was the dressing-table, on whose spot-

less marble slab stood the crystal and gold belongings of the dressing-box, manufactured for me by Gray, under the immediate directions of Lady Ormington.

The most refined coxcombry breathed in the arrangements of my sanctuary. Something, however, of the old bachelor was perceptible in the exactness of its distribution. The boot-jack knew its appointed place; and the nail-nippers would not have been at their ease unless laid side by side with the razor-strop. Unluckily, the small groom, (for as yet tigers were not—"We had not got the name, but had the thing,") who, as the characteristic curse of my younger sonhood, supplied the place of valet, did not always understand this as well as the boot-jack and nail-nippers; and for the first three weeks Tim flourished in my service, seldom less than fifty threats of annihilation per diem were extorted by his negligence. I might possibly have put one of them into execution, had I contemplated any likelihood of replacing the

little sinner within many inches of his meritorious exiguity.

Small grooms were just "come in,"—as they say of green peas, strawberries, and fashions. *Women* have in all ages been addicted to trifles of this description, such as pages, dwarfs, and marmosets. But it remained for our own times to attach to the six feet two of full developed manhood, three feet, or less, by way of henchman to its valour. I have heard of brats born in a mews and in a stable bred, deliberately stunted, like puppies, and by the same spirituous potions, in order to accomplish them for a tigerhood.

Tim,—"my boy," as Falstaff used to call his page, and as we then all called our tigers,—had won my affections by the pluck with which I saw him bear a severe fall from one of Lady Ormington's horses, to the back of which, poor atom! he had been lifted by his father, her ladyship's Irish coachman. I promoted him on the spot to tops and buckskins; and a few days

afterwards, not an eye in the ring but was bent with envy and admiration upon the natty little puppet who made so knowing a figure upon my bay mare. I was offered any money for Tim by Sir Moulton Drewe. But as Lady Harriet Vandeleur had inquired "where I could possibly have picked up that love of a groom!—" I would not part with him "for any money."—

Tim soon proved himself invaluable, — an enormous addition to my personal consequence: I stood higher in the world by three feet. I was one of the few who, by taking thought, have added a cubit to their stature.

"Yon 's a varmint little chap o' yourn, sir," said Fetlock the dealer, to me, one day, as I was lounging in his yard with Sir Moulton Drewe. "Come o' the roight sort, I reckon;—a truss o' the ould load,—a foal o' the true dam.—I s'pose he 'll get to Newmarket in time.—As good a whip, sir,— (Connaught Bill, the lad's father, I mean!)—as ever turned a family coach out of a yard; ay! and as showy with the ribbons

in hand and his levée wig on, as ever sat a 'ammercloth, is Connaught Bill!—Many 's the judge 'ould give his heyes for sich a presence as his'n. But I must say, sir, for her ladyship Lady Ormington, your mamma, sir, that her ladyship knows a good thing when she 's got it! I sold my lady them greys of hern, sir;—and her ladyship wrote me out a cheque for the money on Drummond, sir, like a gemman!—A long price in them times, sir, three hundred guineas. But I never heard no complaints; and when her la'ship was wanting summut neat for you, sir, last season, she sends to me, and, 'Mr. Fetlock, sir—,' says her la'ship, 'you 'll please to look out a good-looking 'ack for my son,' says she.—'Don't stand to a guinea or two for price,' says her la'ship,—'cause the paying is *my* affair; and I don't look to a trifle, so as he gets summut as is not showy, but well-bred and the roight thing,' says she.—And, dang it! *that* showed the roight thing, I take it, Mr. Danby, sir! All your vulgar chaps, of

nobody knows who, as comes 'ere to my yard, with the tin ringing in their pockets, the first thing they sings out for — 'Fetlock,' says they, 'haven't 'ee got summut *showy* — summut as 'll cut a splash in the Park?'—Lor' bless 'ee, sir, her la'ship, Lady Ormington, be too much of a lady to wish a son of her'n to be cutting splashes in the Park!—and I 'm main glad, I assure *you*, sir, to see that chap o' Connaught Bill's in such good training, I be."

I have, I trust, brought my *lares* and *penates* sufficiently before my readers, to enable them to conjecture my *agrémens personnels*, when rousing myself at the matin summons of Tim, and stretching my manly limbs in my airy French bed. On the morning after the Opera affair, I slept as soundly as if the bunches of bright blue convolvulus over my head were so many poppies. I was even moved to say something almost as uncivil as Solomon said in his haste, concerning Downing Street and its regulations, when Tim drew aside my curtains in the dead of morning.

" Plase yer honour, tain't Downing Strate at all at all!"—cried the little fellow, laying a triangular billet on my pillow. " Only Lady Hawyet's jontleman be a waiting for an answer, sir."

" Lady Harriet?"—Yes — the three-cornered messenger of bliss was come at last! — Piqued, by heavens!—I seemed to see an embroidered waistcoat in the perspective, as I tore open the little treasure with all the eagerness of a child demolishing a flower.

Reader!—(*entre nous*), dost thou know the little, conscious, fluttering, demi-semi tone of kindness in which a woman addresses the man who is neither acquaintance, friend, nor lover, — but something more than the one, — less than the other, — and whom she fears perhaps as much as she wishes to convert into the third?—Art thou acquainted with the letter that neither " dears" nor " my dears " thee? — that calls thee neither Sir,—nor Mr. So and So; — neither Henry, Harry, nor Hal; — but bursting at once into a strain of familiarity, as into a challenge, *in medias*

res, gives thee to understand that the sweet creature writes as she would speak; and would fain have thee read with the same candid and eager spirit thou hadst listened?—

A very great man committed himself by putting it into print that he knew no greater happiness than to sit by the fire and read good novels! I could have surprised him with a brighter notion: —to lie in an airy French bed, showered over with blue convolvulus, and read such billets as I describe; such billets, in short, as the following from Lady Harriet Vandeleur. Am I (Heaven and Watier's forgive my breach of trust!)—*am* I justified in making it public?—

"Be pleased to come and dine with us to-day at Richmond. If you are at my door at four, Lady Devereux will give you a place in her barouche. We go early, that we may do a little rural before dinner; though I scarcely know whether the lilacs and laburnums are sufficiently in bloom to satisfy the demands of nightingales or

fine ladies. By the way, what do you mean by defying my prohibitions, and being seen with that dreadful Mr. Harris—Harrison—you know whom I mean—the Oxford man, who wears flashy waistcoats, and takes off his gloves to exhibit his rings?—I have another quarrel with you of the same kind. But we will fight out both at Richmond."

The other quarrel, my exulting heart assured me, regarded Emily! Lady Harriet had heard of my escorting a nameless beauty, a lady of equivocal appearance, publicly at the Opera;—nay, had seen me in her box.—Exquisite triumph!—I was to be called to order by a reprimand!—

"Plase your honour, Lady Hawyet's jontleman 'ould be glad to know what answer for my lady?" demanded Tim, advancing towards the bedside, as he saw me about to commence a third reperusal of the billet. "Lady Hawyet's jontleman be werry partic'lar about waiting."

"I will send an answer presently," said I, already resolved that the "presently" should extend far into the morning; and the answer, when received, reduce the little beauty to despair. Ten Lady Harriets and twenty pretty marchionesses would not have tempted me to Richmond,—

Just as her ladyship's invitation determined me to absent myself, did Emily's prohibition excite me to return to Southampton Buildings.

A visit of ceremony—of inquiry—was indispensable.—No need to alarm old Hanmer with allusions to what had passed. For a man of any skill, nothing so easy as to make old Six-and-eightpence the instrument of conveying my message to his ward, without consciousness of his mission. Between the claims of office-hours, therefore, and the remoteness of my Mecca in Bloomsbury, Lady Devereux's barouche (even had I been inclined for it) was out of the question.

I repeated this to myself fifty times while I

was dressing. Always mistrust your own motives when you repeat a thing to yourself fifty times. Nothing more suspicious than to find yourself laying down the law to yourself with such damnable iteration;—more particularly those, who, like myself, have no time to lose in argument;—for time and tide, public offices and the green curtain, wait for no man.

I was forced to be in Downing Street every day, by ten of the clock. Such was the compact between Votefilch and Lord Ormington, such the compact between Lord Ormington and myself; the balance of the scales resting on the fulcrum of my strict obedience, being beggary or four hundred and seventy-five pounds a-year! I was past the age for idylls and empty pockets. I had learned to talk with Voltaire of "*le superflu, chose si necessaire!*"—and consequently thanked my mother sincerely for the gift of an excellent Breguêt repeater; owing to which, and my prudence, I was seldom many minutes behind my time.

ord Ormington's voice, however insignificant
he House to which he devoted it, was in his
as the fiat of the gods! Even routine
ires an air of forcibility, if powerfully per-
red in. The regularity of his hours and
its, and the obstinacy of his reserve, endowed
as he advanced in life with the mysterious
ortance conceded to the ebb and flow of
tides. There is something portentous and
ul in the periodical appearance of heavenly
lies, or disappearance of mundane ones. I
ar that the nightly driving off of Lord
mington's carriage, was beginning to inspire
with respect.

More than once, Lady Harriet had warned me
inst irreverence towards his lordship; and
y much more than once, had my mother
cked me by an anxious look, when I was
arding against him the sort of gay *persiflage*,
ich an old man is slow to perceive, but which,
he once perceives, he rarely fails to visit with
ngeance. She seemed horribly afraid of my

offending him; and in process of time I began to participate in her deference.

My respect extended even to his colleagues. Branded with the ignominious shame of cadetship, and consequently doomed by the obsolete barbarisms of feudal law to feed on husks in order that my elder brother might luxuriate on the fatted calf, I was well pleased, since my apprenticeship in public life was inevitable, to serve it under such a master of his craft as Lord Votefilch. He was a clever arbitrary man, a Napoleon on a Lilliputian scale;—great in centralization,—having an undeviating system of official subordination, and keeping his youngsters admirably drilled.

There was a good deal stirring then in the administration of our foreign policy. "There were giants on the earth in those days." Napoleon and Wellington were making war,—Metternich and Nesselrode making peace; and *I* was making myself useful, by transcribing in cyphers which I did not understand, despatches which

one understood. Yet, somehow or other, *amour propre* was interested in my vocation. s the fly on the wheel. Whenever second ons were trumpeted through the streets by newsmen's horns, I kept saying to myself, that deluded insect, What a devil of a dust re kicking up !—After having simply mend- he pens for the Secretary who mended the of Lord Votefilch's protocols, I looked upon Sir Moulton Drewe and my cousin amy as poor useless creatures, unworthy the e soil of the land that pretends to rule the s, while every year it yields up a circum- tial foot or two to their presumptuous in- ons.

king apart, Votefilch was a great man for rduous times he lived in. Planted between uble battery, perpetually exposed in parlia- to the broadsides of a powerful opposition, n office to the puzzlement arising from the ng policy of such of the powers of Europe ere not already engulphed in the greatest

despotism of modern times, the cannonarchy of Napoleon, his lordship stood firm as a Colossus, or as a donkey

By his own weight made stedfast and immoveable.

His patience had the skin of a buffalo; his temper was the sort of granite, on which you may hammer for hours without eliciting a spark. It is difficult to rate too highly this species of impassibility in a public man. In official life, he, whose shrinking susceptibility betrays his vulnerable point, attracts such incessant showers of arrows, that he has neither leisure nor self-possession for the accomplishment of his wiser purposes.

Now the Right Honourable Secretary of State for Foreign affairs had the highest esteem for the Right Honourable Lord Ormington. Lord Ormington was one of the heavy pieces of ordnance, invaluable to government in certain emergencies. When vexatious questions were pressed by the opposition, he was always ready to rise and generalize with plausibilities, while the

ıed party recovered its senses, and gathered
up for reply ;—a sort of moral *point d'orgue*,
g breathing space to the solos.—Nothing,
ct, but the importance of his services, would
pleaded with Votefilch, to admit into his
a young gentleman with hands so white,
pretensions so towering, as those of the Ho-
able Cecil Danby. For he was essentially
actical man ;—an astronomer not an astrolo-
—one who regarded poetry as a mild species
nsanity ; — quarrelled with the Woods and
ests, because they would not mend the roads
the ruins of Fotheringay Castle ; — and
d perceive no irony in Hamlet's assignment
urpose to the ashes of " Imperial Cæsar."
eemed a relief to his mind, that emperors,
n turned to clay, could be turned to ac-
nt.

Gods ! how I ramble !—Old fellows always
from the moment they are pinned down into
r gouty chair.—Reminiscence is as trackless
ny other land of dreams ; and the mind

goes floating on, like the wind, whithersoever it listeth.

At five o'clock, on the day from which I started into these digressions, gentle reader, little Tim held my horse in Southampton Buildings while I left my card for old Hanmer.

"Since your master is not at home, say I will call again another day," said I, addressing Pepper-and-Salt, in a key that might have been audible in the King's Theatre, from Lady Harriet Vandeleur's box, to that of Madame d'Acunha. "All the family are well, I trust?—"

And the jerking, stultified looks and gestures of the poor wretch, as he replied with grateful civility, that "he was werry much obliged to me. Messrs. Hanmer and Snatch were both of 'em remarkable stout," almost put me out of conceit of my stratagem.

I wondered whether Emily overheard us? It was indispensable she should see that, though obedient to her commands, I was not unmindful of her welfare. But whether I had her approval

ıot, I had my own. It was a real triumph
eel that I had sacrificed a pleasant party to
ımond, in order to effect my visit of inquiry
outhampton Buildings.

our and twenty hours afterwards, I began to
der what Lady Harriet Vandeleur thought of
desertion. I knew what other people thought
. Though I had positively resolved to cut
Harris,—to cut him irretrievably,—with a
hook,—with a poleaxe,—with whatever in-
nent effected the surest dismemberment,—the
w walked straight up to me in St. James's
et with such an air of candour, that one
t as easily have thought of cutting one's own
e in the glass,—

My dear Cis," said he, " how truly unkind
ou not to warn me at once, last night, that I
on tender ground.—You well know my regard
ou, and that I would ride a lame horse five
in a pouring rain, to avoid giving you the
test annoyance.—Yet you permitted me to
a jest of a person every way entitled to my

respect, even if not commanding it through her influence over your feelings. Accept my sincere apologies, as well as my congratulations on your happiness, in the acquaintance of the prettiest woman in town."

"Are you talking of Lady Harriet Vandeleur?"—cried I, pretending to misunderstand him.

"You are perfectly aware, my dear fellow, of whom I am talking. As to Lady Harriet, no one will ever talk of *her* beauty, so long as her countenance remains distorted by the envy and jealousy it exhibited last night, during your flirtation with the lovely Emily."

How the deuce did he know that her name was Emily?—I would not condescend to inquire! —If I encouraged his familiarity, he would, ten to one, ask me to present him to Lady Harriet, or the Marchioness of Devereux, or some other woman to whom his audacity must have been insupportable.

The next time I entered the Opera House, I prepared myself to view with a throbbing heart,

cene of my interesting adventure; more ularly as I knew that Lady Harriet was o a breakfast at Payne's Hill, and would sent from her post of observation. That would be absent too, was equally certain, source of very different feelings. It would, er, be something to place myself in the he had occupied, and devote my thoughts collections to her image.

my utter surprise however, not only had me d'Acunha resumed her place by her nd, (a burly, square-looking, chocolate- ed Portuguese, who might have put to a regiment of Jack Harrises,) but Miss t was again their companion; not seated in of the box, indeed,—but the eyes of a readily espied her.

I have taken the liberty of intruding upon o express a hope, that you sustained no from your fatigues the other night," said th all the awkwardness of a school-boy. ng myself graciously received, I alluded

slightly, to having already relieved my anxieties on her account, by collateral inquiry.

" You are surprised, perhaps, to find me here again ?" said Emily, with a blush inferring more than words, that she felt in need of apology. " But as we have exacted of Monsieur d'Acunha not to leave us again, and shall quit the theatre early in the ballet, I had not courage to deprive myself of the Flauto Magico."

I muttered something stupid, about being the last person to find fault with any measure enabling me to see her again. But she did not seem to listen. D'Acunha, to whom she presented me on my entrance, interrupted us, with an offer of his place, that I might have a better view of Tramezzani's remarkably bad acting ; to which I replied by taking a seat at the back of the box, beside Emily. Her companions were soon so thoroughly absorbed in the music, as to afford me almost the enjoyment of a *tête-à-tête.*

She was looking just as usual. Not a plait altered in her black gown,—not a curl in

angement of her beautiful hair. It must
een her graciousness, therefore, which im-
a thousand new attractions to her beauty.
her smile for the first time. For the first
ner eyes assumed an expression of interest
I addressed her.

ou English people," said she, when the
f the act enabled us to converse with free-
" can very little enter into the love of
engendered by the climate and early as-
ons of southern countries. With you,
is a luxury,—with us, a necessary of life.
d not inform you that the establishment
guardian boasts little to flatter the ima-
on. I have been three months a prisoner
ngland, — cold, barren, cheerless, solemn
nd; and the severest convent of my na-
ountry, with the harmonies of its religious
and fragrance of its genial atmosphere,
have been, comparatively, a garden of
"

Do not found your ideas of England exclu-

sively upon the experience of Southampton Buildings!" cried I. "Our summers have their orange blossoms as well as your own, and our—"

"No, no!—don't pretend to tell me that you have as much taste for music as animates the poorest water-carrier in Lisbon!—" interrupted Emily. "I have rarely missed a representation at this theatre. Impossible to see a colder or less attentive audience!—Perhaps you have too many other pleasures to affix much importance to music. You come here with such a display of luxury, that it is easy to see you stand in no need of it as a consolation. It constitutes only one of the refinements of fashion. With us, it is more. It is part of our religion;—it is part of our foretaste of heaven;—a balm for sorrow,—a substitute for the prosperities of life."—

"Doomed to the society of old Hanmer, and the attendance of Pepper-and-Salt!"—was my silent and involuntary reflection, as I fixed my

upon the countenance beaming with sensi-
, that gave force to her expressions. "Poor
—no wonder she has recourse to the Flauto
o to sweeten her imagination—"

Are you likely to remain long in this
y?—" said I, with the benevolent project
ecting, through my mother, some improve-
in her position.

Alas! who can say!—We are refugees.
ather is a Lisbon merchant, resident at
. The aspect of public affairs in Portugal
nined him to profit by the departure of his
s, the d'Acunhas, to afford me a home in
nd; and apprehensive, perhaps, that their
nce of the customs of this country might
ger my comfort, he obtained a provisional
for me in the house of his old acquaint-
nd correspondent, Mr. Hanmer. Twenty
have elapsed since my father quitted Eng-
He was, therefore, unable to appre-
—he did not exactly understand—he—
ort—for why should I not speak openly?

—I have written to entreat that he will either recall me, or find me a more suitable abode."

I was inexpressibly gratified by her frankness; the more so, that her previous reserve sufficed to prove she did not lightly accord her confidence.

As we grew more intimate, I even ventured to tax her with her *hauteur* at our two first interviews.

"Would you have had me otherwise?—" cried she. "Consider how bitterly my pride was hurt on finding myself treated by a stranger as a subordinate of Mr. Hanmer's establishment."

"I addressed you, surely, as his daughter?—"

"During my residence with him, I had heard enough of Lord Ormington and his affairs, to understand that his lordship's son was scarcely ignorant of Mr. Hanmer's being unmarried."

"Conceive how little interest I can have attached to the private affairs of my father's so-

! — Believe me, my offence was unintention-
."—

At least let us now proclaim an amnesty!"
Emily. "My pride has been sufficiently
ed by finding myself in need of the kind-
of one to whom it had been unjustly ex-
d. Be your own indiscretion visited, in
rn, by a little compunction for having
me to the resource of *hauteur* as a gua-
against intrusion. My situation at Mr.
er's is a peculiar one. Without intending
und my feelings, he gave me to understand,
arning our first interview — but we will
o more about it! — War is over! — In
of disagreeable reminiscences, let us set
the improvement of peace."

had always lived in the company which
he assurance to call itself the best. In
best, Lady Ormington was cited for the
ce of her manners. The world, that super-
observer, is apt to mistake appearance for
tment; and the merit for which a woman

is indebted to the amount of her milliner's bill and the slenderness of her waist, is often set down to grace of manner. I do not mean to say that my mother's were faulty. She could be charming enough, when worth her while. But she never played to empty benches. Like the country manager who could not afford to give the snow-storm in his Christmas pantomime with white paper, when the audience was thin, she often "snowed brown," and was peevish and ungracious till further notice.

Lady Harriet, too, was a person remarked for what the great world call high-breeding. *My* notion of high-breeding is the manner that raises others to your level, without at any moment allowing you to descend to theirs,—the essential characteristic of high birth. But Lady Harriet, instead of placing other people at their ease, only contrived to show how much she was at ease herself, often at the cost of comfort to her associates. She was restless, too — nay, worse, she was artificial. Her *naïveté* was cal-

ed, her impromptus were *faits à loisir*. could be courtly and refined enough, it ıe. But to be courtly does not imply to ell-bred.

Emily's manner, on the contrary, I de- l indications of that intuitive elegance, as arable from certain natures as fragrance certain flowers. When offended, she was een ;—when pleased, a child.—Of the con- ons of society, she knew nothing. All her of decorum emanated from instinctive mo- . My coxcombry was as much thrown upon her, as the beauty of some exquisite of mechanism on a savage. But when approved — when by chance I gave ut- ce to a sentiment that found sympathy with own, — the moisture of her eye was instan- ous ; or if some chance expression — some ng sarcasm — happened to divert her, her y teeth became visible in a moment, bright- g the cordial smiles respondent to my efforts er entertainment.

For I *did* try to entertain her. Every opera-night, I was as faithful to *my* post, as Spagnoletti to his. The d'Acunhas, aware of the annoyance to which Emily had been subjected by the homage paid to her beauty, favoured her wish to remain constantly in the back-ground; and between their passionate love of music, and approval of Emily's modest retreat from the public gaze, I had the field to myself.

I was now perfectly at home among them. Though ordinary-looking people enough, there was something in their unsociable isolation in the midst of a great metropolis, that redeemed them from vulgarity. Emily gave me to understand that their affairs, as well as those of her father, were deeply involved in the precarious destinies of their native country; and that their whole time was absorbed in business connected with the finances of Portugal, save the half dozen hours a week which they snatched for the consolation of music.

They were at enmity, it seemed, with old

ımer; misunderstandings having arisen out of r mutual position relative to the guardianship Miss Barnet; and this was, I conclude, the ive of their silence respecting my growing in- ıcy with his ward. Though nothing passed ween us on the subject, I saw distinctly that name was never mentioned to him, either by ily or her friends.

uckily for me that the Opera was only twice eek!—The career of fashion and fortune I had ed for myself would unquestionably have been ed in the bud. To pass more of my time in society of a rational being, rational without eliness, rational without a single drawback, e that she was only Emily Barnet, and I, the ourable Cecil Danby,) must have endangered coxcombry as well as my heart.

et I don't know! The limitation of my ures only served, perhaps, to increase the risk. ıld see her at no other time or place. Other es of diversion were ever open to me. Emily , imprisoned in the dirty old den of my

father's man of business, was as-uncome-atable as a queen surrounded by her household brigade. Had it been any other person's man of business, I would have defied him; but old Hanmer would have assuredly communicated my visits to Lord Ormington; and Lord Ormington's displeasure, as I have said before, was not to be trifled with.

Meanwhile, the happiness of the hour sufficed me. At twenty-and-a-half, one stands between yesterday and to-morrow, independent of either. To-day contains an empire; and Heaven knows I had all things to put me in conceit with my reign! The liberalities of my mother rendered my allowance almost superfluous. It was her duty, she said, to take care that my first season in town reflected no disgrace upon herself.

"Next year," said her ladyship, "if you do vulgar or foolish things, it is *you* who will be put to shame; for by that time you will have obtained a name. At present, people would only say, in alluding to your blunders, 'It is that silly son of Lady Ormington's!' I must really

therefore, Cis, that you will be more cau-
in your conduct. You made me get you
tions to the Duchess's loo-parties, to ——
e, to the Marchioness of Devereux's, to
y other places, which do not open their
indiscriminately; and, after all my trou-
ou have not shown your face at one of
!"

My face is highly flattered that its absence
l be remarked," said I, coolly. "It is more
would have happened to its honourable elder
r's."

Perhaps so. But John is at least consistent.
does not care for the world, and never
es me for invitations. By the way, your
r is come to town."

Yes, I saw him yesterday in Albemarle
. I believe he quizzicalizes at the Alfred."

'll tell you what he does *not* do, Cecil.
not seen skulking down the back-stairs at
Opera, with women in bonnets, whom he
es into a hackney-coach!"

"I am heartily glad to hear it," replied I, gravely; "for he is not the man who can afford to follow his own conceits in such matters. If Danby were seen giving his arm to a woman who looked like a housemaid, he would naturally be mistaken for a footman!"

"While *you*, I suppose, flatter yourself that you are only taken for a *roué!* However, there is *roué* and *roué;* and I can promise you, Cis, that obscure follies of that description—"

"Follies of *what* description?" cried I, interrupting her. "Explain these mysterious allusions to bonnets. By whom have I ever been seen loitering on any back stairs, save those of St. James's?"—

"By Lady Harriet Vandeleur, I conclude; who informed me you were degenerating horribly; that you did nothing you ought—"

"Nothing I ought?"—cried I, again interrupting her. "Lord Votefilch considers me a model for the official youth of Britain!—He has even given me sundry hints, that if I did not

o cursed bad a hand, and spelt a little bet-
would make me his private secretary!"
am sure you don't write much worse than
young men!" exclaimed my mother, peev-
"However, I suppose you only say it to
ne nervous; for I know, through Hanmer,
ard it from Lord Ormington, that they are
y satisfied with you at the office."
s was rather a discursive mode for the
ence to reach my mother! However, I
ting pretty well accustomed to our family
s.
y Ormington's sarcasms about ladies in
s, did not suffice to frighten me from my
esorts. The charm I found in Emily's
was far beyond my dread of vulgar cen-
nor did I enjoy it the less, for my con-
that mine was not disagreeable to herself.
ade no effort to attract me. There was
gerness in her manner of recommending
; nor any pretensions, on my part, to the
er of a lover. As we became more inti-

mate, I refrained from even the demonstrations of admiration inevitable on our first acquaintance. I had my own dignity to maintain, as she hers; and though content that she should be aware of my deep devotion, chose to remain *le plus debout possible pour être à genoux.*

This did not injure my cause. Emily had every pretext for accepting my civilities as those of a mere acquaintance; and no sooner had she ceased to fear that a show of kindness, on her part, might draw down upon her the crisis of a declaration, than she became perfectly at her ease.

A child could not have let fall its words more artlessly than Emily, when describing the habits of her early life; her father's house at Cintra; her orange-gardens, her mountains, her thickets of myrtle, her choir of nightingales; her despair when apprized of the necessity of quitting all these, to dwell among strangers in a foreign country—a *northern* country—a Protestant country!

"And yet," she added, with a smile, "how

as from surmising all the horrors of Eng-
r imagining the mean narrowness of a house
ness in Southampton Buildings!—I have
my father speak of Mr. Hanmer as enor-
wealthy. Yet what enjoyment does he
himself? — In what intellectual effort does
lge?—Books, music, flowers, are as much
vn in his house, as if such things had
tence. *My* father, too, is a man of busi-
My father is a mere merchant; but our
is bright with pictures,—our gardens gay
owers! — A day spent without music or
, would seem a lost day to *us!* — How
?—Are all your professional people as
old, and inelegant, as those I see?—Is
ation considered, in all your societies, an
ste of words?"—

he conversation in which *you* deign to
part, would everywhere be appreciated!"
ed. But I could not but look with com-
on this plant of a Southern clime, crushed
practical habits of our middle classes;

checked for the joyousness of spirit which, in every country but money-making England, is cherished and encouraged; and censured for carelessness of forms, the growth of an inferior order of society.

All my care was to soothe the vexations of Emily, and remedy her sense of isolation. I tried to connect her, through *my* sympathy, with the sympathies of others. I described London society to her, in all its subdivisions; country society, in all its ponderous complications. I told her what we were, what we had been, what we ought to be. The merest trifles illustrative of our social existence, seemed to amuse her. The details of my mother's establishment were laid before her, as minutely as an interior by Mieris; nay, even my own apartments, with all their common-place associations, were painted for her amusement, as I have painted them for that of the reader.

It was curious enough that my object was to reconcile *her* with England, and reduce her

ne of the million, while the influence
ercised over myself sufficed to detach me
ne mass. Till I knew her, I had acted
ne impulses of others; had existed but as
upon the tree. I had now an individual
, derived from an existence as dear as
dangerous!—

isagreeable surprise was about to startle
new perceptions. I have described the
which I am writing, as the age of slang.
ose only who retain personal recollections
coaching "peers of many capes," with
ang-up pastimes, the ring and the road,
ociferousness at public places, their bru-
at the Fives-Court, their activity at
rows and Opera riots, can form an idea
eccentric peculiarity of my brother's mild
and studious seclusion, in the midst of
neral uproar. Danby was certainly not
those who are fated to make a noise in
rld!

have seen your brother!—" said Emily

one night, as I assumed my usual place by her side.

"I trust he had the honour of pleasing you?" said I, almost coxcombically. But my gaiety subsided at the thought that she had perhaps, in her turn, attracted his attention.

"May I ask," I resumed, "*where* Danby was so fortunate as to meet you?"—

"You are very formal,—very ceremonious to-night!"—cried she, in some surprise. "Having heard that 'Mr. Danby' was in the drawing-room with my guardian, and being unaware that you had a brother,—"

"You wished to ascertain whether I cut as awkward a figure as ever on the hearth-rug in Southampton Buildings!"—

"What would Mr. Hanmer have said, pray, on finding us such intimate acquaintance?—No! no! I indulged my curiosity by a still more disgraceful proceeding. I was foolish enough to watch from my window the horse waiting in the street, till I saw its master jump into his saddle."

'hen you certainly did not see my bro-
—"said I, interrupting her. "Danby was
known to jump in his life—not even at
usion!"—

Vhy play upon my imperfect knowledge of
anguage?—It *was* your brother; though
ly nothing in his appearance indicated the
ıship. But Mr. Hanmer mentioned at
that Lord Ormington's son had been with
reparatory to taking his seat in parlia-

arliament?—Danby in parliament?—Am
to receive all my news of home through
dium of Southampton Buildings?" cried I
ly, deeply vexed at the prospect of worldly
tions wasted on this elder brother.

y is it, by the way, that, according to the
tion of ancient history and modern gossip,
he days of Cain and Abel, and Jacob and
down to those of the two Chéniers and the
anbys, there has existed so much fraternal
dance between almost every pair of brothers?

Is it that between two sons parental affection hath its ups and downs, like a swing or a balance? —Or does it arise from the inherent perversity of human nature?—I must confess I had, in my early youth, an antipathy to ugly John!—Not because he was my elder brother. No!—I swear my feelings towards him were as those of Faulconbridge. I would not have exchanged fortunes with him, to have exchanged faces. Ormington Hall and Hanover Square would have been poor compensation for the wretchedness of bearing about that frightful physiognomy,—that ignoble person,—those stooping, narrow shoulders,—those long graceless arms,—eyes that, conscious of defect, quailed under those of others,—and hair approaching to the reprobated Judas hue!—Life was not worth living for, with these defeatures! I would not have been a duke on such a penalty!—

Emily's information, meanwhile, was as authentic as it was strange. The very next day, Lord Votefilch, in taking some papers from my

congratulated me, that "his Majesty's
ment was about to receive an accession
ngth by my brother's entrance into par-
t."

id nothing,—I only smiled.—But my
I conclude, was significant.

Ve have very high accounts of the abi-
of Mr. Danby," added he, gravely, as if
g to my smile.

rom Lord Ormington, my lord?—"

Io, sir.—His lordship recommended his
son to our attention; but he tendered
the same time, the services of his elder.
ings in Mr. Danby for his own borough.
was no occasion for overlauding him.
bligation is conferred on *us*."

t my lips.

is from Cambridge we have heard so
in his honour," persisted his lordship.
Danby distinguished himself nobly at the
sity; but he has distinguished himself still
by subsequently devoting his time in de-

fiance of all the temptations of society, to a course of severe study. Your brother, sir, has been brought up in the old school. Your brother brings more into the market than mere talent.

Ὡς ουδεν ἡ μαθησις, ην μη νους παρῃ."—

Old Votefilch, I saw, was vain of his own academic distinctions. The old fellow was *slily* slipping on his crown of laurels, under shelter of my brother's wing.

" I sincerely trust, my lord," said I, " *that* Danby may add another name to the catalogue of those who, to the honours of the University, have added the more glorious distinctions *of* public life. May your lordship not be disappointed in your expectations !"

On the following Saturday, his Majesty's lieges were acquainted by his Majesty's Gazette, that

" For the borough of Rigmarole, John Alexander Danby, commonly called the Honourable John Alexander Danby, was returned to serve

present parliament, *vice* John Julius Esq., who had accepted the Chiltern eds."

ppose I ought to have felt proud at this cement: — I felt angry. Fate was heap- reat deal too much upon the Honourable Alexander. He was beginning to mono- the good things of this world. After exiled to the nursery in his nankin frock, lodgings in his superfine blue one, to is suddenly snatched into public notice! ly Ormington cared as little for him, as ad done three-and-twenty years before. ranta, it seemed, "bragged of him, as of ous and well-governed youth;" and his y's cabinet ministers had been pleased to heir long ears to her vauntings. Even Barnet spoke of him, as if interested success. For my part, I should have as much for that of our *chétif* cousin, little my.

You will go and hear your brother make

his first speech?" cried Emily, whose heart was warm with the sympathies of every generous affection.

"I wish I had nothing worse to do with my time, than dance attendance in the House of Commons, for the chance of hearing the Honourable Member for Rigmarole give utterance to a few words inaudible in the gallery!"—cried I. "However, Danby is just as little likely to come and listen to an harangue of mine, unless from the dock of the Old Bailey, or a cart at Tyburn. He despises me as the young Hopeless of the family; and we might pass for a fashionable couple, so complete is our alienation. Do not look so shocked!"—cried I, startled by her grave countenance.

"Is it the abhorrence of cant and exaggeration, which so often betrays you English people into abuse of your relations and calumny of yourselves?"—said she, in reply. "Bossuet tells us to beware of those who exceed in goodness; as there is nothing more suspicious than

nsion to exorbitant virtues. But I see
son for falling into the opposite ex-

well-earned reproof vexed me, as seem-
take part with my brother. I was born
a genius for family affection. I am
nclined to doubt whether such instincts
r rather, whether the love of kindred be not
e result of education. In mine, sympa-
any living thing, save Dash and Bibiche,
ver been even hinted at by my mother.
have been reared in a tribe of Iroquois,
ore exhortation to humanity. As to John
lia, once or twice, when our respective
interfered with our fisticuffs, and inflicted
Master and Miss Danby, on whom alone
ere permitted to exercise their jurisdic-
he study of that pleasing lyric of the
ous Watts,

Birds in their little nests agree,

other was sure to mar the business by

carrying me off to Gunter's or Wetten's, and rewarding my domestic sufferings with pralines and maccaroons.

As to proceeding to the House of Commons, to behold poor Danby vibrate like a pendulum between his two long arms, "two eel skins stuffed," while giving utterance to his maiden stammer, though neither the eloquence of Windham or Grattan, Curran or Canning, ever attracted me into that den of—honest men, I might have made the sacrifice to my sense of what was due to the family name, had he deigned to express a proper desire for my countenance. But in this, as in all else, he maintained towards me the haughtiest reserve. As a matter of taste, politics delighted me not, nor politicians neither. At a dinner-party, they are crammed down one's throat by one's neighbours, as fish sauces are forced upon one by the butler. But I was not much of a dining-out man; and when political dinners occurred in Hanover Square, usually hurried *incog.* to

ère's, and skulked *en polisson* to the

as consequently an unlooked-for blow,
ne morning as I took my accustomed place
ffice, *i. e.* before the fire-place, with my
nder the skirts of my coat, I was beset with
ulations by the " seven other devils worse
yself," who shared with me in Downing
he laborious task of cursing the climate,
uiring how went the enemy, (I don't mean
ny in Spain, but the enemy at the Horse
; I don't mean H. R. H. the Commander-
, but the time-keeper of London and
inster.) For a moment, I fancied I was
o be married ; and longed to satisfy my-
nether Emily or Lady Harriet was the
l fair ;—more especially, as each of them
ned a morning paper, to give force to
citations, as the tragedians of England
their bosom or touch their sword, in
to their conscience or their valour.
ewspapers evidently contained the germ of

my good fortune. The newspapers had probably hitched me into some announcement of "Fashionable Hymeneals."

I was wrong. The newspapers announced the apotheosis of the Honourable John Danby, not the demise of his brother!—The newspapers set forth that his Majesty's government had to congratulate itself on an accession of the most powerful nature, in the person of the Member for Rigmarole. A new Chatham was born unto them,—a "heaven-born minister,"—risen like a Phœnix from the ashes of him of whom port-wine and Austerlitz had deprived the British Empire.

> Could such things be
> And overcome me like a summer cloud,
> Without my special wonder?

Could I, Cecil the coxcomb, be wide awake, and Danby, the Honourable John,—the awkward, squinting boy,—have become a man, and a man of genius?—My whole frame tingled with irritation at the supposition!—

'ou are a made man, Cis, my boy!"
oung Lord Chippenham, one of my clerkly
ues.

sincerely wish you joy, Mr. Danby;"
Halbert Herries, another of my brother
. Congratulations (damn them!) were
ed upon me, like bouquets on an opera
.

I sauntered up St. James's Street, at the
of the day,—and now that Lady Harriet's
ce was in abeyance I no longer made
cuts across the Birdcage walk,—matters
till worse. The Cocoa-tree stared at me
ll its leaden eyes, as I lounged along.
Albion, albeit unused to demonstration,
to its new bay-window to gaze. Boodle's
ed its round shoulders as I passed; even
airmen of White's and Brookes's, seemed
isper to each other (for Connaught Bill
is cub had rendered my name familiar in
mouths as household words,) "Arrah
isn't yeonder broth iv a boy, own brother to

the new great parli'ment man, what 's to bate Charlie and Billy to everlasting smitherens ? "

To be immortalized by a leaf from the laurels of John Danby,—to be brightened by a ray from his luminous countenance,—" Oh ! what a falling off was there ! "—Was such the reward of all my labour ? —Was it for this I had excruciated myself in boots, agonizing as the shirt of Nessus ? Was it for this I had closeted myself for consultation with Stultz, with a degree of mystery, worthy of Guido Fawkes and Garnet ? —Was it for this I had abjured hunting, for the sake of my figure, and shooting, for love of my complexion ? —Was it for this I had anointed myself with the oil of Macassar above my fellows ?—Was it for this I had delivered to Hendrie, under the patent of my seal, the original recipe for the Danby washball ?—To be overcrowed by an elder brother,— a squinting elder brother,— a man unknown to White's, ignored by Watier's ;—whom, had he pleaded the loss of his ticket to the doorkeepers of the Argyle Rooms, not a humanized

, from Colonel Greville to the linkboys, could identified as a man of (dis-)respectability !— was afraid to dine at my Club that day. the world seemed in league to fling my er in my teeth. I was afraid even Sablo- s might fail to respect my incognito. Even Bedford, or some other slang house of my stomed haunts, I should be recognized ointed out as the Castor of Pollux the ian.— In the plenitude of my weakness, rmined to dine at home.

ver shall I forget Lord Ormington's face that -Monk Lewis had just then brought into n, Tales of Wonder treating of dead bodies possession of by the evil one, and playing umous part in the world. Here was a tale der *mise en action !*—His lordship, usually l and dumb as if defunct, appeared sud- animated,—suddenly spiritualized,—till at st he spake with his tongue. The devil n him that day. He was almost jocose. tually asked me to take wine.

Strange to say, my mother waxed silent in proportion to the fluency of her lord. Her ladyship and I seemed dumb-foundered, because Danby had taken to speaking, and Lord Ormington to talking. With *me* she was as pettish as if I had on one of Jack Harris's flashy waistcoats; actually resenting the triumphs of my father's favourite, as a delinquency on the part of her own.

The most superficial observer might have discovered that some very unusual occurrence had taken place in the family; for his lordship's carriage was announced half an hour earlier than usual. For once, he was bound to the Commons, instead of the Lords. A world of paternity sparkled in his triumphant looks!—The pigtail of my lord's own man seemed to vibrate with delight when, as he brought in his lordship's coffee, he whispered that the chariot was in waiting.

"I do not inquire whether you have read your brother's speech," said Lord Ormington, as he

about to quit the room, with far more of the eman in his air than I had ever yet seen him ne.—"I know that you have *not*;—I did even expect it of you!"—and his manner ly implied, "being totally incompetent to hend its merits and intention." "But lest hould commit yourself in the world by ig- ce of its purport,"—he continued, fixing yes firmly upon mine,—"know that it was e Catholic question,—that it carried away House;—and that I possess in the future entative of my family, a son for whom the n of the kingdom will shortly afford con- ion of my own."

ch was the first item of family intelligence Lord Ormington condescended to commu- to me, otherwise than through the profes- mouths of Messrs. Hanmer and Snatch, of ampton Buildings!—

CHAPTER V.

A very set
Smooth speech, his first and maidenly transgression
Upon debate : the papers echoed yet
With his *début*, which made a strong impression,
And rank'd with what is every day display'd —
The best, first speech that ever yet was made.

BYRON.

Ce sont de ces nuances qui échappent souvent à l' analyse, et qui laissent pourtant une impression ineffaçable.

EUGÈNE SUE.

EMANCIPATION was the Irish giant of my youth, as Daniel O'Connell of my age; and aptly indeed might Catholic Hibernia exclaim to evangelic England, as the taunter in Tom Thumb—

You *made* the giant first and then you kill'd it! —

It was a good giant enough, however, in its time, to have its head smitten off by the riders

e quintain; a capital cockshy for parliamen-
schoolboys,—an excellent coral to assist the
tion of teething statesmen.—

verybody familiar with the routine of public
ls, is conversant with the list of magnani-
s set apart by the masters, as themes for the
dling of the inexperienced in *belles lettres;*
as "Marathon,"—"Regulus,"—"The Re-
of the Arts,"—"The Clemency of Titus,"—
o forth; concerning each of which well-worn
s, the Dr. Dronebys of successive genera-
are as conversant with every epithet and
argument to be put in requisition, as if
dy printed in small pica among the pages of
's Lessons, or Stretchs Beauties of History.
ven so must the Speakers of the House have
ded for a quarter of a century the an-
orations on Catholic emancipation. I can
ely persuade myself that the intolerance of
and was spouted out of countenance by
braying of these donkeys, as the walls of
ho were overthrown by the braying of trum-
; but the canvas did very well as a sampler

to be flourished upon by the "promising young men." My brother's periods were about as much to the purpose as Rode's variations; and had I not forsworn politics in the narrative of my adventures, I would bring forward a little theory of my own on this point, almost worthy the solemnities of a Quarterly Review.

Stung to the quick by the triumph of Lord Ormington's son in the House, I was not sorry to find that Lady Ormington's had distinguished himself in the coteries by a *mot* aptly concentrating the pith of the Irish question.

"So your brother has immortalized himself by a speech upon Ireland?" said Lady Harriet Vandeleur, addressing me across the Duchess of Moneymusk's dinner-table, evidently for the purpose of provocation.

"*Poor* Ireland!—" was my reply, (accompanied by a significant elevation of the shoulders—implying—"will *no* one let her alone?" "The question of her legislation seems to me to resolve itself into the proposition suggested by

ille Desmoulins, concerning France and the
vention: — '*La Convention a trouvé la*
ce sans culotte; sa gloire et son chef-d'œuvre
t de la rendre culottée!' Whoever shall
reen Erin of her rags, will work greater
lers in her behalf than by allowing her to tell
wn beads, or palaver in her own parliament."
he diners-out applauded; for they were dis-
ed by the triumph of a man like Danby,
own to fame through their premonitory
sh of trumpets. But they dared not pro-
gainst him. There was no plausible "be-
" to preface their "dissentients." His
h was allowed to be a good speech. The
ersities were pleased, because it showed a
of scholarship; the country, because it was
ed in manly English; the town, because its
m was not altogether devoid of wit. As if
ere more or less than the *animus* of wis-
: — legitimate offspring of an union between
sense and good spirits!

ill, amid all these plaudits, Thersites found

something to rail at. The bitter bile of sarcasm engendered by the repletion of society, brought a sneer to its jaundiced cheek. Single-speech Hamilton was quoted; and the speech of the Honourable Member for Rigmarole, when printed, was decided to be a prize essay. The knowing ones pretended to discover a cotton weft through the rich pile of the velvet.

When the subject was broached in my presence, I took refuge, like other false prophets, in mysticism. My French quotation having served my cause so well, I replied to all questions concerning the abilities of my brother—"*Entre l'apparent et le réel, il y a tout un abime!*"—much as my boy Tim would have hinted that "the proof of the puddin' was in the ating."

One day, shortly after the sudden sprouting of the Danby laurels, I received a note from my Fee-faw-fum, Lord Votefilch, begging me to look out certain confidential documents, the whereabout of which in Downing-street was exclusively known to myself, and bring them to him at

House. The Opposition had thrown a hand
de into the ministerial camp; and it was
ary to clear away the wreck caused by its
sion.

lf an hour afterwards, backed by my Trea-
countersign, I was in waiting, to make my
ike other groundlings as occasion offered,
Treasury bench. There was a great hub-
That tumultuous assemblage which calls
a deliberative body, was considerably out
der; the light troops of the Opposition
been skirmishing like Pandours! When
I stood writing in pencil on the back of
t a few lines addressed to his lordship the
Sec., requesting instruction, a sudden lull
ded to the raging of the billows:—"after
mpest, a still small voice!"—
a moment, you might have heard a pin fall.
is always something awful in the self-still-
f a public assembly;—a tribute from the
ns of the many to the power of the one;—
e power of thought,—the magic of the mind,—

that power which no man could hold, "unless it were given him from above!"

Even I, though thwarted by having my habits and privacy invaded by the dirty work of the nation, and who had arrived at the House in a bitter bad temper, even I could not refuse to hear the voice of the charmer when I found him charming so wisely that even the cunning old serpents of debate-shirkers, crept out of their holes in the lobby; while the murmurs of the Opposition died away, like a night-storm at the dawn of morning.

It is an interesting sight, for people sufficiently Catholic in their spirit to cast away party feeling and interest themselves in the lights and shadows of public life, to watch the gradual development of opinion consequent on a fine piece of oratory, in an enlightened assemblage. Such a public assembly as the parliament of 1810, was an instrument that responded visibly, or rather audibly, to the touch of a skilful player. He whose hand I found upon the chords, was a player less adroit

n powerful; the ear recognised at once the
piration of genius. I was so placed that my
commanded the Opposition benches; but not
limpse of the speaker. I saw him only
divinity is manifested,—in the deep devotion
is worshippers, and the despair of the devils
hath cast out. The brows of the leading
osition members were contracted,—their lips
pressed!—But not a vestige of scorn, not
sture of levity.—They bore the sledge-ham-
blows dealt upon them, with the surly self-
ecting desperation of an Indian at the stake;
one may generally estimate the strength of
ntagonist, by the attitude in which his attack
rried.

ould I have allowed it to enter into the pos-
ty of things that I, Cecil Danby, was igno-
of any matter which it imported me to know,
ould certainly have addressed myself to my
st neighbour, to inquire the name of this
rful debater, this intellectual Milo, who had
ced the bellowing of John Bull and was

carrying him off upon his shoulders. But for worlds, I would not have committed a sin of ignorance on such a point, in such a place! The voice of the speaker was new to me. Husky in the onset, perhaps from infirmity, perhaps from excitement, it gradually cleared, and—

Rose like a steam of rich distilled perfumes,

as the soul of the orator expanded, and the moral overpowered the material in his sensitive nature. My heart thrilled as I listened. Half an hour before, I was not sure that I possessed one! —

There are as many modes of oratory as there are ways to dress eggs,—and there are even various modes, each of which, others besides my friend Connaught Bill and his whelp Tim might be pardoned for calling the best. The mode of the N. N. to whom I was yielding breathless attention, was the very type of style for a highly-born, highly-bred, highly-educated, and consequently high-minded young man; "young Har-

h his beaver up," ripe for an Agincourt of
nd;—"young Harry," fighting for his
y without violating the still holier bond of
creatureship;—"young Harry," feeling
f a prince, without forgetting himself to be
!—Good Lord! I am speechifying too!
parliamentary epidemic seems to exercise
humous contagion,—like the infection of
ague, communicated by the dust of the
fter a century's interment!—
ing apart, I was carried away, like the rest.
e whole house, no cheers more enthusiastic
ny own!
the subsiding of the uproar consequent
this eloquent speech, (which embodied a
as forcible as elegant, to a ferocious attack
the foreign policy of government,) I found
f eagerly surrounded—warmly congratu-
—
I have thanks to offer to yourself, my dear
y, as well as to your brother," said Lord
ilch, when informing me that my documents

were no longer wanted; "for I am convinced that it must be *your* information which has placed our invaluable champion in a situation to come forward thus readily. The finest reply that has been heard within these walls these ten years! —Not a living orator, sir, has a chance against your brother!—The Napoleon of debate! — If an usurper, he knows how to make his usurpation respected."—

I could have killed old Votefilch for the complacent crush of the hand, enforcing these effusions of his gratitude! —

There was a dreadful struggle in my feelings. Had I been left to myself, had there been no one but Cis Danby and the victorious gladiator under the roof of St. Stephen's, I verily believe I should have thrown myself on his neck, as Benjamin on that of Joseph, and claimed fraternal fellowship with his nobleness. But amid the vulgar crowd surrounding us, this demonstration might not be! The warmth of others chilled me. The exaggerated enthusiasm chaunting forth the praises

anby, only that its own voice might be audi-
educed mine to silence. My heart was as
as Pharaoh's by the time I reached the pave-
of Palace Yard! —
escape the conflicting batteries of St. James's
, I made straight for Buckingham Gate;
h with no intention, on *this* occasion, of
sing Colonel Morley knocking at the bower-
ber-door of his lady fair. I was on foot.
s a fine June afternoon. The shade and
re of the Park ought to have refreshed me.
by Heavens! through all the stillness of the
age Walk, where scarce a gnat or a nursery-
was stirring, I seemed to hear over again,
ne roar of the ocean in a dream, the tu-
ous plaudits of the House! I was brother-
. The soul of Cain was within me; or
, the soul of that Cain of civilization, the
e Franz von Moor.
e first thing that roused me from my medi-
s, was a cheerly voice that saluted me as
approaching Tattersall's; round whose

gates a detachment of tilburies, stanhopes, and led-horses were clustered.

"Anything *my* way, Mr. Danby, sir?" inquired Fetlock, touching his hat, and joining me on my way towards Hyde Park Corner. "As pretty a little bit of blood in my stable, just now, Mister Danby, sir, as you'd wish to see!—Let you have it a bargain, as the season's getting on:—carry a lady, like an arm-chair, sir!—The very thing for a gemman as knows what he's about, Mister Danby, sir; and 't would give me pleasure now, (if 'twas only for knowing what pride her la'ship, Lady Ormington, would take to see you so prettily mounted,) to let you have the mare on terms as might be agreeable.—A young gemman, like *you*, Mr. Danby, sir, which leads the fashion among the tip-tops—"

"Good morning, Fetlock!"—said I, seizing the opportunity of having reached the crossing by St. George's Hospital, to send him to Coventry or to Pimlico, while I proceeded into Hyde Park: for I could not stand being flattered by a

dealer at such a moment. It was like Cor-
, sinking broken-hearted under the load of
r-coin,—the ignominious guerdon of his
es.

reaching home, I found Lady Ormington
perately "nervous," (*Ang.* out of humour,)
concluded she had already heard of this
iumph of her first-born. I was mistaken.
new nothing about the matter, and cut me
at mere mention of the House of Com-

You know I don't care a pin for politics!"
ne. "Why plague me about such nonsense?
ularly when you see me so nervous! Just
ve your aunt Agatha taking it into her
hat she is well enough to come to town!"
You know I don't care a pin for my aunt
a. Why plague me about such non-
?"—retorted her graceless son: "but why,
may she not come to town when she likes?"
The season is more than half over. What
e the use of dragging Julia all the way up

from Devonshire, now that the birth-day is past?—I am convinced they only do it to torment me!"—

"It is a long journey for so small a purpose,—considering how easily your ladyship is tormented," said I, gravely. "I cannot, however, see why they should remain at Sidmouth during the dog-days. The summer has now set in severer than usual; and I understood it was only during the winter months, Baillie ordered the old lady to a milder climate."

"It is no question of the barometer!" cried Lady Ormington. "I see through it all!—It is Julia's doing!—It is all this stupid speech of Danby's!"

"You are in the minority in calling it stupid, my dear mother," cried I; "and I have the pleasure of informing you, that half an hour hence, the newsmen's horns will render it impossible for you to remain ignorant that you are again a grandmother!"

"*Grandmother?*"—reiterated Lady Orming-

ghast,—the last person in the world to enter joke.

randmother to a *chef-d'œuvre* engendered hn's flirtations with the tuneful Nine," laughing.

peaking again so soon?—What nonsense! often heard poor Sir Lionel say, there thing the House detested so much as a member, chirruping before it knew how to p its pipes. I am sure the reason these have come up to town so unexpectedly, is oy his triumph! As to Julia, from the he was born, she has thought of nobody but er brother."

ecause nobody else seems to have been at uble of thinking of *her!*"

ord Ormington wanted to have them all o dinner to-day. But I told him plainly, I great deal too nervous for a family party. s, I have promised to be with the Duchess She has got to go to the ball at Carl- ouse, after her loo."

"Got to go!"—Lady Ormington's syntax was scarcely so refined as that of her son's.

"But why not take Julia with you to-night?" said I, with the amiable intention of provoking her.

"Are you quite out of your mind, Cis?" cried she, rising from the sofa, and placing Bibiche carefully in her basket. "Lord Ormington and his sisters would just as soon let Julia set foot in a pest-house, as go to the Duchess of Monymusk's loo-party. I do not interfere with the scruples of their decorumships those two old maids. As they have been kind enough, (in consideration of my wretched state of health,) to undertake the task of introducing Miss Danby into the world, it would ill become me (would it, my pretty Bibiche?) to counteract their system of education. By the way, Cis, remember that Lord Ormington will take it amiss if you do not call on these people to-morrow!"—

I looked vaguely acquiescent. But I had cares, at that moment, far more critical than

aunts or a red-haired sister. I was about
e my *début* at Carlton House! Thanks
sonal influence, (certainly not that of
Ormington, who had no more interest
beau monde than I with the bench of
,) I had received an invitation from the
; and, till the startling event of my
's *succès*, experienced inexpressible de-
t a circumstance which I knew would be
ood to Jack Harris and Lady Harriet's
lonel.

inimitable Mrs. Davenport!—Mrs. Da-
t, whom Charles Lamb defined as "Gar-
petticoats,"—Mrs. Davenport, with whom
the ripe familiarity of that empress of
ic gossips, Juliet's nurse,—Mrs. Daven-
who, in the prime of thy mellow years,
hen playing to perfection the part in-
by Morton for thy transcendant merits;
ten has thy exclamation of "what will
rundy say?" since recurred to my con-
, in the course of my profitless career!

For those few simple words contain the germ of a thousand catastrophes,—the heart of a thousand mysteries,—the secret of a thousand downfals! The ruin of almost every imprudent family may be traced to the influence of a Mrs. Grundy! The presumption of forward boys, the rashness of public men, the speculations of private, are caused, nine times in ten, by the ambition of eclipsing some intimate friend or intimate foe, the Mrs. Grundy of our several destinies!—

Apart, however, from the desire of astonishing my rivals in love and coxcombry, I was overjoyed at the prospect of entering that renowned circle,—the school of my art,—the cradle of infant dandyism,—the incipient Order that was to supersede the bucks, ruffians, and bang-up gentlemen of the road, so long in possession of the *pavé*.

"Away with such triflers!" cries the sage, flinging aside our pages into the depths of his gloomy library, as if the grubbers among the dry bones

story did more to expedite the progress of mes, than those fluttering butterflies who e, at least, no dead weight to the general us. The truth is that, like a straw thrown determine the course of the wind, the s of any epoch are an invaluable evidence bent of the public mind. *They* are always g on the surface, — always ostensible! — are a mark for general observation. States- and beaux are the only *really* public men. rity will see, in Brummel and Castlereagh, eading characters of the Regency, — of lded, not the golden age!

e creation of DANDYISM — (pshaw not, ye ! nor exclaim "hold, enough!"—for the is obsolete, "*et il n'y a rien de nouveau qui est oublié!*"); the creation, I say of DYISM afforded the first indication to the , that, in spite of Stultz and Truefitt, the its of Sir Thomas and the certificates of Sir y,—the Prince was growing old!—Had we n the word then, it must have been thus,

——, or, at worst, o—d; for no one presumed to approach more definitely that fatal hint. If, when Louis the Fourteenth attained his seventieth year, his courtiers defined *soixante et dix ans* as *l'âge de tout le monde*, no one at Carlton House now presumed to be less than five-and-forty.

Nature, however, was no courtier. Nature began to hint that liqueurs were a less safe beverage than sherry,—that jollity was a plebeian effervescence,—wit a more princely thing than humour, — superciliousness than noise.—And, lo! dandyism "rose like an exhalation,"—stole in on tiptoe;—and the vulgar began to record the prowesses of George Brummell, as they now enlarge upon the feats of Mehemet Ali.

It is all stupid and silly enough in the retrospection; and Brummell is, at present, only known to history as an adventurer who, having given the law to princes, eventually received it from a *Juge de paix*, and died a lunatic in a public hospital; just as, fifteen years ago, Na-

was an adventurer who, having given the
emperors, eventually received it from Sir
n Lowe, and died of the worries at St.
!

the re-action has commenced. Napoleon
inning to receive ample justice at the
of a new generation; and our grand-
s will behold in George Brummell a great
r,—a man who dared to be cleanly in the
of times,—a man who compelled gentle-
quit the coach-box and assume a place
r own carriage,—a man who induced
enuous youth of Britain to prove their
otherwise than by threshing superan-
watchmen,—a man, in short, who will
for posterity as Charlemagne of the great
of Clubs.

ould never surprise me to find the ashes
great ex-dandy fetched home from Caen,
e of Napoleon have been from St. He-
be interred at the foot of the Duke of
column; on the identical spot where he

initiated the Prince into the mysteries of Roman punch; the Sully of that modern Henri whose good-nature probably wished that all his subjects might have "*un turbot au pot.*" No doubt that, like the great man of antiquity, George Brummell often threatened his ungrateful country that it "should not even possess his bones!" But flesh and blood are more susceptible in their generation, than the disembodied and enlightened ghost.

So Seneca — "Corruptibile corpus aggravat animam; et deprimit terrena inhabitatio sensum multa cogitantem!"

I digress, that is to say, I do not digress, but I grow garrulous; and nobody, now-a-days, is allowed to be garrulous in print, save "The Doctor," and the Poor Law Commissioners. If Rabelais had written with the fear of the weekly and monthly reviews before his eyes, he would have grown as stiff and concise as a drill sergeant.

One word more, however, about the Brummell

l ! If effeminate, conceited, frivolous, in pursuit of pleasure, they pursued it, at with less peril to his Majesty's lieges than ıfflers of more recent times. Melton, which its origin to their sportmanship, still attests they were good riders and good fellows, h they smashed neither turnpike-gates nor emen. They drank their claret, without g buckets of gin down the throats of the mob; and like certain insect tribes which upon each other, their victims were sought found in their own order of society. It t always that the scum floating on the sur- of every great capital, is of so innoxious a e. Theirs was the foam of champagne, he frothing of coculus indicus.

much in honour of the circle into which s that night inducted at Carlton House! nclude I passed muster respectably in the g; for, after a whisper with which his Royal ness accompanied his cordial reception of my er, I saw Lady Ormington's eye assume

the self-same supernatural brightness that had emanated from her lord's, on the day of Danby's *début* in public life.

I flatter myself my tie *was* irreproachable! It is not every man who can wear a white waistcoat and cravat, without looking either as insipid as a boiled chicken, or as dingy as a Spanish olive. But for those qualified by nature by clear complexions and well planted whiskers to surmount the difficulty, nothing like it to mark the inborn distinction between a gentleman and a butler! — The steward's room, and the Lord High Steward's room, were just then assimilated in the fashion of their garments. Tights and Tituses were the order of the day; and the costume which the present reign has restored to the English court, was the distinctive mark of a fine gentleman in the eyes of the finest gentleman in Europe. It brings tears into my eyes to reflect how that last remnant of the Chesterfield school has since been vilified. And why?—because, of the mingled

and spangles composing the ground-work
court, the succeeding generation preferred
nud.

ARLTON HOUSE (at the period of which I
) had not yet put on its judge's condemning
It was the Carlton House of the Prince,
f the Regent;—it was the Carlton House
ne Whigs, not of the Tories;—the bi-
c of the Opposition, not the tabernacle of
rch and State.—To me, there was nothing
striking in its aspect; for the same tastes,
same degenerate passion for trinketry and
putian *virtù*, encumbered its *consoles* with
a and its chimney-pieces with fanciful
ules, that rendered my mother's drawing-
a Dædalian mystery. Elegance, however,
there, though overgauded with superficial
ements. Even gold may be degraded by
-gilding, or attenuated to too fine a thread.
t my age, it was impossible not to be excited
he spectacle of a *fête* so brilliant in its ar-
ement, so remarkable for the beauty of its

female guests; and gay music and glaring illumination produced the usual exhilarating sensations, when the *coup d'œil* burst upon my view.

But such is the ordering of every human destiny, that, after the Egyptian custom, the death's head, the refrigerating *memento mori*, was not wanting at the banquet. Everybody was talking of my brother!—A new speaker of importance is more estimated by the adverse party than by his own. The Whigs were anxiously exclaiming, "Who *is* this young Danby?—whose son,—whose scholar? Eton or Harrow?—Oxford or Cambridge?—Did he distinguish himself at the University?—What private tutor?—What honours?—What Club?—"

Nay, when some dowager or damsel, smitten with the whiteness of my linen or blackness of my curls, was at the trouble of inquiring the name of the tall young man leaning against the door, I had the torture of hearing it answered,—"Don't you know?—A younger bro-

er of the Danby by whom all the world is en-
ossed!"—

Ye gods!—to be accepted in society as sup-
ementary to John Danby;—*faire la queue de la
mète* to my squinting elder brother! — I was
the verge of learning to despise conven-
nal distinctions. The noble nature of Emily
so far regenerated my own, that the True,—
Real,—was acquiring some value in my eyes.
t now, all was over with my dawning virtues.
e moment I found my position subordinate,
ne the ambition of rising. It was indispens-
e to my happiness not to be pointed out, much
ger, as the brother of the Honourable Member
Rigmarole.

But how to distinguish myself,—*how?*—The
of gladiators cannot conquer without a fight;
where, alas! was I to find an arena?—Nei-
r Bacon nor Milton, Burleigh nor Boling-
ke, could have made themselves remarkable
"a livery more guarded than their fellows"
clerks in the Foreign Office. Nay, as men of

genius, they had been less serviceable in active life than such men as Hanmer and Snatch, — as was exemplified by Walpole, when he pointed out that a blunt paper-knife was a better instrument to divide the pages of a book, than a sharper blade. In my official capacity, therefore, my prospects of distinction were as remote as if lying on the Oriental side of the Red Sea.

Even as regarded the Lists of fashion, a Jack Harris might distinguish himself, because, to a low-born man, notoriety is fame. Whereas, for one of my position to make himself remarked by dress or equipage, were defamatory as the branding iron! — The highest distinction for a nobleman's younger son in such a clique as that at Carlton House, is to become altogether undistinguishable.—Woeful annihilation! —a drop in the ocean!—a grain of sand in the wilderness!—

A sudden thought relieved my depressed spirits. What if I were to marry Lady Harriet Vandeleur, set the Thames on fire by our select dinners, and, like a hand at commerce, win the

by my skill at discarding?—A Cecil and
Harriet Danby unanimous in their views
projects, able to command the best so-
might per force of tact become fugle-
of the brigade of fashion. Eight thousand
, though nothing in the hands of a gambler
Morley, less than nothing in those of a
my, or a Sir Moulton Drewe, would be-
Pactolus, when flowing through the ferti-
regions of a brain like mine.

After all," I reasoned within myself, on
eturn from the gorgeous *fête*, which had
l such a scene of humiliation,—" after all,
r that expedition to Southampton Build-
I should have remained seriously attached
piquant little personage, whom Emily has
t me to regard as a doll. It would be a
small sacrifice on my part to become her
nd. The dozen years difference of age
en us, must be estimated at six hundred
r each, and the jointure makes all equal.
fording me the means of shining in the

beau monde, she commands my gratitude, and will, eventually, win my affection. Decidedly, I must set about recommending myself to the little widow,—a new Jason, devoted to the conquest of a second golden fleece."

Next night, came the Opera. I had already determined to drop my visits to Emily; though not so suddenly as to cause an alarming vacuum in her existence. I would wean her, poor girl, from my society. My visit to the box should be a short one. On many accounts, indeed, this was desirable; for the d'Acunhas were beginning to understand just so much English as rendered them confounded bores. They *would* be asking questions and misconceiving the answers; then further inquiries, with new misapprehensions.

From Emily, however, I had nothing to fear in the way of questioning. *She* was happy enough to have me with her, without indulging in frivolous curiosity; nay, she *had* no curiosity. With *her* I was secure from the vulgar

that beset me in company with Lady
et; tittle-tattle about births and mar-
promotions and preferments. So far from
ng who and who were together, Emily
t knew not even who was whom. Had
een my wife, this would have been a de-
in a friend, a charming, intelligent, conver-
al friend, it was little short of a virtue.
mind was thoroughly unsophisticated. She
read a newspaper,—never heard a scandal.—
I was at a magnificent ball last night, at
on House," said I, by way of reply to
y's remarks on my air of languor.

What *is* Carlton House, — a theatre?"—
red she, with a *naïveté* that must have
d for assumed with any one to whom the
iarities of her situation were unknown.

No, — the residence of the heir apparent,—
Prince of Wales."

The Prince of Wales?—I have heard Mr.
mer speak of him as a paragon! " said she.
e is young and handsome, is he not?"—

"On the contrary, a fat middle-aged man, with a remarkably wiggy wig," replied I, laughing at her gravity.

"*Quelle désillusion!*"—cried Emily. "But how came you to stay so late at the ball of this fat middle-aged prince?"—

"Because the ball, at least, was young and slim,—a charming *fête!*" cried I, with affected enthusiasm. A heavy sigh must have escaped poor Emily; for d'Acunha immediately turned his sallow saturnine visage round upon us, as if to examine what was going on.

One of the most bewitching charms of Emily Barnet, consisted in a throat long and slender as that of Anna Boleyn, which imparted a peculiar grace to her slightest movements. It was impossible to see her under greater disadvantage than I did;—always in the same place,—always in the same dress,—always in the same attitude;—no scope for the display of elegance of manners, or accomplishments of mind.

Yet strange to tell, there was something in all
that seemed to enhance the charm of our
rcourse. That dull silent box, with its so-
atmosphere of reserve, — the mourning
s of its inmates,—the peculiarities of their
and language,— imparted an almost mo-
c gravity to the spot, contrasted with the
iancy of my usual haunts, and the garru-
ess of my ordinary companions. I felt as
nder the influence of a spell from the mo-
I crossed the threshold. It was like step-
into some picture by Velasquez. It was
creeping into the heart of some old Spanish
nce.

ut I was going to remark that I had noticed
Emily, among the few expressive gestures
patible with her invariable position, a pecu-
node of turning away her head, on pretence
oking towards the stage, between the wall
the intervening figure of Madame d'Acunha,
never the discrepancy of our situations in life

became demonstrated by some incidental topic. There was a deprecation,—a tacit confession,—in her desire to avoid my scrutiny at such moments, which, even had not the movement itself been exquisitely graceful, would have touched my feelings. Never did she seem so lovely in my eyes as then — with nothing of her features visible but the fine oval of her soft cheek and dimpled chin, — fair as monumental alabaster, — and rendered still fairer by the contrast of the glossy curls hanging loosely from her temples. In that attitude does she recur oftenest to my memory. I seem to see her still, — averting her moistened eyes, and by slow degrees returning to her usual position; the long upturned eyelashes first becoming visible,—then, the arched lips, — the finely chiselled nose,— all that pure and noble physiognomy. — Poor, — *poor* Emily !—

She detested England, — how should she do otherwise ?—and all her pleasurable anticipations

ded her return to Portugal. Her lamenta-
incessantly recalled, like Mignon's song,

Das Land wo die citronen blühn !

visions were of silvery fountains and azure
; of evergreen shrubberies and craggy moun-
; of music and song, not as pleasing ima-
or mere accessories, but essentially in-
ven with the business of life. So strong
influence of early associations !—

She *cannot* have formed projects in which
e mutually interested," said I to myself,
apologetic tone, as I slowly descended into
ether world from d'Acunha's box on the
in question. "She *cannot* suppose, poor
hat there is anything in common between
on of an English peer and the daughter of
bon merchant, — between a Downing-street
nat, and the ward of a snuffy old solicitor
uthampton Buildings ! She *cannot* imagine
raving about the groves and skies of

Cintra, that I am ever likely to wander by her side among its froggy tanks and twisted-stemmed pomegranate trees!—Emily must be aware that I lounge away a pleasant hour with her, glad to refresh my eyes with her bright intelligent countenance, and as little serious in my attentions as she in her encouragement. She likes me, because I am a little younger and more amusing than old Hanmer or old d'Acunha; but would infinitely prefer some young Oporto winegrower of her own condition of life, to a mere idler about town like Cecil Danby."—

I said this to myself, dear readers, (ambitious plural!) with, of course, a secret conviction that Emily would be proud and happy to perform a pilgrimage barefoot to the shrine of Saint James of Compostella, for my sake. But it was as well to keep up the farce with myself of deserting her with the most honourable intentions. After having pressed her hand every time I placed her in her hackney-coach, and brought her a sprig of some favourite flower every time we

I made up my mind to back out of the
ess with a ceremonious decorum worthy the
champion at a coronation banquet!
had quitted the box the moment I saw old
unha wipe his opera-glass, preparatory to
g it in its morocco case; which was al-
the signal for their preparing to quit the
. Heretofore, I had seized that moment to
nyself to my chair; the happiness of my
g consisting in my transit from the clouds
earth below, with Emily leaning on my
her fragrant hair occasionally wafted across
eek by the night air of the passages,—her
almost mingling with my own.
t with my present views, it was high time
hould have an end. So I walked quietly
the box, as if intending to return; and in-
of returning, went straight down to Lady
et, and, (thanks to the ample themes sup-
by the *fête* of the preceding night,) found
on to be extraordinarily amusing.
mere woman of the world must be very

generous indeed, who does not allow herself to be diverted at the expense of her friends; who, she is well aware, would feel little scruple at returning the compliment. The Marchioness of Devereux, wearied by her ball, was not at the Opera. Nothing easier, therefore, than to describe to Lady Harriet the strip of plush on which her fair friend had mounted her diamond bandeau the preceding night, like the new order of a new Countess of Salisbury.

A peal of laughter from her ladyship and Lord Squeamy, who sat gibbering in the corner of the box, rewarded my sally. I next attacked the Duchess of Moneymusk, who, I declared, had wanted only a philabeg at the Prince's ball, to look the image of a Highland recruiting sergeant. Again, Lady Harriet's laughter exploded: but I noticed that certain persons or personages who had been chattering away in the next box, became suddenly silent, and had little doubt that her grace and her grace's Scotch bonnet were seated there in judgment upon my perfidy!

s it was my cue to take out Lady Harriet, make an exhibition of our intimacy in the -room, I remained till the end of the ballet. people of the adjoining box were just be- s in the lobby,—quizzes, decided quizzes! old woman, escorted by an ungainly look- ap with his hat on, and a simple-looking ry miss. I was struck, however, even in idst of my whispers to Lady Harriet, by ngularly melodious voice of the girl. She sed exactly the same varied and refined in- on which had imparted double eloquence to peech of the Honourable Member for Rig- e! And no wonder;—for, on her turning , evidently shocked by one of Lady Har- explosive laughs, exclamations were ex- ed between us of "Cecil!"—"Julia!"— found that I had been following in the of my maiden sister and maiden aunt!

hope you received my card?—I did myself onour of calling yesterday.—By the way, I no card, and simply left my name," said

I, addressing Miss Danby, sen. But with a sort of negative grunt, plainly implying she did not believe a word I was saying, the dear soul and her Bayard in the brown beaver-hat, passed on.

Julia, however, lingered a little behind, in conversation with Lady Harriet, whom she had known as a child, in Hanover Square; and I was startled by the singular sweetness of her countenance. It was a face such as Raphael or Titian would have delighted to paint; the earnest expression of the eye and angelic character of the mouth, being exactly such as the old artists used to lend to the celestial beings, whose hair bordered on auburn as the natural accompaniment of a transparent complexion.

More wonders! — The frightful sister was grown a beauty, just as the stupid brother had progressed into a genius!—The cockade was decidedly eclipsed.—What was I, after all?—A mere B. A. of the art of dandyism,—a clerk in a public office,—and desperately in love with a

g lady of problematical extraction, domiciled
e vicinity of Bloomsbury Square!—
ne hare and the tortoise over again,—always
are and the tortoise!—However, the race
ot yet won. I might still successfully atone
ne rash levity of genius.—

CHAPTER VII.

Si melius quid habes, accerse ; vel imperium fer.
HORACE.

Quelque méchant qu'on soit, on ne réussit guère à faire le mal avec plaisir. Si ce n'est le remords, c'est la honte qui paralyse souvent les ressources de la perversité !
GEORGE SAND.

I WONDER why people are so fond of calling Youth "ingenuous?—" No greater mistake!—Youth has not *courage* to tell the truth, even to itself. As I said before, it is only after thirty that men presume to have a will or a way of their own.

Youth is an imitative animal;—Youth is a monkey!—The world is in conspiracy against it. The beasts of prey have the best of it. The

nkey is condemned to a chain and a bag of
s. Were the marmozet to wax grave, we
uld cry, "Stupid little beast, look at its airs
gravity! Give it a poke with your stick, and
ke it climb."—The poor monkey is accord-
ly forced to be frisky, whether it will or no.
It dares not be natural: it dares not trust to
instincts.—No!—youth has very little title
be called ingenuous.—

But Youth has another and still bitterer
my than its masters,—ITSELF! Of all the
ckeries it has to dread, those most fatal in
creation of mistrust are its own. The gene-
s glow, the fervid impulse, are, in truth,
chsafed by nature. But the curious in ca-
stry are requested to decide whether, of the
its of good and evil assigned to each of us
our companions through life, the good have
the ascendancy over our material, and the
l over our moral nature!—The flush of joy,
thrill of horror, so instinctive in our early
rs, at the relation of wicked or virtuous ac-

tions, — the gushing tears, or uncontrollable smiles, evincing our sympathies of affection, are far more independent of our will than we care to own; — whereas, most of our evil deeds are the result of deliberation. But, hold! we are on the brink of the bottomless pit of metaphysics; and there are coxcombs enough enlisted in that transcendental department of the fudgerations of literature, without mustering among their number the Honourable Cecil Danby. My Pegasus is entered for higher stakes.

I only mean to say, — for the longest preamble must arrive at the fact at last, — that though I suspected myself of being desperately in love with Emily Barnet, I deceived myself and the truth was not in me, whenever I tried to bring myself to confession.

At my shaving-glass, (tonsorial operations being peculiarly favourable to reflection, nay, I am not sure that beards were not assigned by Providence to secure to every man five minutes' uninterrupted communing with himself in the course

he day) — at my shaving-glass, I often in-
gated my feelings; and whenever, by a
g blush or gentle sigh, they suggested that
ly had claims on my affections, I pished and
wed them into a more reasonable frame, as
gh I were old Munden enacting a peevish
dian in a Spanish comedy.

said to myself, "Emily is a handsome girl
gh," (my conscience whispering all the time
she was an angel!) "but every girl who
s upon one, at *my* age, appears a divinity."
d to myself, "It is true that, niched into
wretched opera-box, Emily's manners appear
able," (my conscience whispering all the
that they would have done honour to a
!) "but, launched in good society, her
tment would probably be as awkward and
aning as that of other misses." I said
yself, "Certainly, her mind appears culti-
. She has read a parcel of foreign books,
I know nothing about," (my conscience
ering all the time, that the originality of

her ideas was only exceeded by the depth of her acquirements!) "but it would be a bore to produce in good company a wife who seems to have been educated for a governess."

But this was not all. Bitter as were these treasons against Emily, I poured into the porches of my own ears a still more leprous distilment affecting the gifted being I was intent upon depreciating!

"After all," said Cecil Danby to me, (flourishing one of Packwood's razors gracefully in his hand,—and he deserved to cut his throat for his pains,—) "after all, *who* will guarantee me that this girl is not an adventuress?—How do I know that the whole affair has not been a trap to ensnare me?—What assures me that old Hanmer, warned of my coming, did not station his pretty ward (perhaps some illegitimate offspring of the prim old solicitor!) in his drawing-room, as a torch to singe the wings of the fashionable butterfly?—Lord Ormington's younger son may be a bad match for one of the daughters

he Duchess of Monymusk, or even for Lady
iet Vandeleur; but I flatter myself that,
my person and prospects, I am a catch for
iss Emily Barnet. As if those mum-chance,
-faced d'Acunhas would have allowed me
t there by her side, looking unutterable
s and saying unlookable things, without
zing her guardian!—If they did *not*, they
unconscientious, disreputable people; ad-
rers, also.—I am, however, the last man
e made a dupe of; and now that I have
n to espy the plot, will be cautious of
ing myself in the way of temptation."

ch was the "ingenuousness" of my "youth:"
I will answer for it that few of those who
plore Cam's smooth margin," or the banks
e Cherwell or Isis, after being flogged
gh Eton, Harrow, Westminster, or Win-
er,—Horace, Homer, and the Greek Tes-
nt,—are worth a maravedi more than myself
int of singleness of mind.

cil Danby kept his word with me like a

gentleman, on the present occasion. Next Opera night, not a sign of him in the d'Acunhas' box! — I even eschewed the pit, lest the old Guimaraen plumb should adhere to me, and invite me to accompany me up stairs. This manœuvre had the effect of bringing Emily, during the ballet, to the front of the box, where she had never made her appearance since the first disastrous night of our meeting. I could plainly see her eyes wandering over the pit in search of me. Nay, as if I were not sufficiently distinguished from the mass to be perceptible to the naked eye, she had even recourse to old d'Acunha's glasses, which, Heaven knows, I had never seen her use before!—

All this was in my favour.—For I was of course installed "close at the ear of Eve,"—close beside Lady Harriet Vandeleur;—and my cause with *her* was not injured by the attention universally excited by Emily's beauty. People raved about her;—for she was both a beauty and a mystery. Had one of the Duchess of Mony-

usk's daughters been thrice as handsome, the
orld would have said less about her; as a pla-
t, whose rising and setting might be computed,
ose aphelion and perihelion were matters for
e almanack.

But Emily was a brilliant meteor, known
ly by its radiance. All the world — that
all the fashionable world,—knew her by the
me of "Cis Danby's girl." I was the only
n admitted into her box; the only person ever
en to address her; and a vague report was
evalent (spread, doubtless, by the vulgar horde
o had dodged us home in the hackney-coach,)
at she lived in an obscure street in the neigh-
urhood of Bloomsbury Square. Was it *my*
lt that the world should form indiscreet sur-
ses from such grounds?—

The consequence was, that no one presumed
name her disrespectfully before me, any more
an they would have done my sister. Though
vassed far and near as the handsomest crea-
re in town, before *me* she was never men-

tioned. While talking that night to Lady Harriet, I saw her ladyship's eyes frequently directed towards the altitude where Emily's graceful head detached itself from the red curtain of her box, as by a halo. I could see that she was proud to have me with her, — proud to render me faithless to so lovely a creature ;—no, not proud! pride is a loftier feeling — she was vain ;—vain that the battalion of fops surveying her box from the pit, should whisper to each other, "Aha! — Cis has changed hands to-night! — Cis has forsworn the company of the gods !—Cis has come down to the things of this world."—

Cis *had* forsworn the company of the Gods ; but if Jove in his amorous de-deification disguised himself as a swan, the modern thunderer was proving himself a goose.

"I am quite anxious about Lady Ormington !—" observed Lady Harriet, suddenly addressing me, when she saw that my eyes were following the direction of her own. "She is growing ill and nervous again. I tried to get

r to the Opera to-night; but she would not
ar of it. I have not seen her so poorly these
o years."

I hazarded certain filial allusions to the heat
the weather: not, however, because blind
the fact that Lady Ormington's illness was
e-ordained so long as Julia remained in town.

"I wanted her to go with me to our water-
rty on Monday," added Lady Harriet coolly.

"To a *water-party*?—" said I, satisfied that
is was only a lure thrown out to make me
tition for an invitation, and choosing to be
iel. "You might as well propose such a
reation to a Frenchwoman, the most hydro-
obic of God's creatures; or to Lot's wife, after
r transformation."

"You are extremely witty to-night!" re-
rted Lady Harriet, drily — *very* drily.—

"My mother is one of the many English
omen who so band-box away their days as
lose, like Baron Trenck, or Latude, or any
her state-prisoner, all capacity for air and exer-

cise. In *her* youth, things so pretty were never made to stand!" I continued,—forgetting that the page of the register recording my mother's baptism, might almost include that of Lady Harriet.

"There will be no walking, and very little standing in our expedition," she replied. "However, perhaps she was right to declare off, for your brother and sister are of the party."

"Lady Ormington must feel proud of the miracles wrought by her son's success!" said I, bitterly. "Danby's parliamentary triumphs seem able, like faith, to remove mountains: for I remember once your telling me you had given up an engagement in Hanover Square, on finding he was to dine at home,—having no courage to confront a squinting man!"

"Mr. Danby has proved that he is worth listening to; and where *that* is the case, *looks* go for nothing. I then thought he was to make his way with us, like yourself, by superficial accomplishments. But who cares for the figure-

of a ship which, charged with a precious
ht, is cutting its way bravely through the
rs?"—

If we had but Gurney here to take you
!—" cried I, with the most supercilious
rtinence. "Do you know, dearest Lady
iet, you would make a dangerous rival for
, or Rosa Matilda of the Morning Post!—"
While Cecil Danby is to be rivalled only
he ineffable Cecil Danby!"—said she,
perfect coolness; "*Crispin, rival de lui-*
!"

was cruelly nettled: not by her sayings,
by her doings. What in the world had
ed her to form this offensive and defensive
ce with my brother?—Could John—fright-
ohn,—be superseding Colonel Morley, ab-
without leave?—Her invitation to Julia was
tural consequence; for it was well known
e Ormington clique, that Danby was no-
e so vulnerable as through his affection for
ister; that those twain were as one flesh.

But why desire to conquer him? *His* prospects were too good to admit of his marrying for money; and in the way of mere flirtation, what woman ever threw away her smiles upon a cub, because he had made a tolerable speech or two in the House?—Yet now I recollect—but, no!—there is no call upon me to reveal those secrets of my times, in which I did not exercise a personal influence.—

What right had I, meanwhile, to resent being excluded from Lady Harriet's water-party, when from her last *al fresco* entertainment I had been self-banished? I saw clearly that she had not forgotten Richmond, because *I* was beginning to forget Southampton Buildings; but chose that I should crawl my way, with other creeping things, into her ark. Her ladyship was egregiously mistaken.

"It is a pity you do not persuade Lord Ormington to join your party!—" said I. "It would then include, to the last fraction, the most high and puissant house of Danby."

Not exactly *to the last*,"—observed her hip, evidently preparing me a *coup de*

And what particle, pray, would be want-'—

The greatest, in his own estimation," she d, bitterly. But I managed to look so assly puzzled, that she was compelled ex- to add,—"*yourself!*"

am a mere nonentity!—" cried I, laugh- if relieved from my perplexity. "Be- all the world has heard of our Green- dinner on Monday, which is to include all birds of the heir (apparent) and all the of the Thames!—"

ly Harriet saw that her *coup* had missed As she did not frequent the clique of n House, she concluded that some party *petto* of which she knew nothing; and iqued like a pouting child, who discovers here is a doll in the world larger than its

"*We* dine at Colonel Morley's villa, at Fulham," said she. "I own I have not courage for the compound of villanous smells, punch, tobacco and small beer, which infect one after a dinner at the Ship."

"*The Ship?*—" said I, opening my innocent eyes with wonder.

"Did you not say you were going to dine at the Ship?"—

"I mentioned Greenwich. Your ladyship, I perceive, centralizes that nautical town into a fashionable tavern, just as people consider the Pavilion, Brighton,—and Paris, France! If the tribe of Danby collected round you at Fulham on Monday, are charitable enough to send us their good wishes floating with the return of the tide, I trust they will find me less publicly installed."

"I am aware that you are fond of secluded retreats!—" observed Lady Harriet, *piquée au vif*, and raising her opera-glass towards the d'Acunhas' box.

t I would not be brow-beaten. If once a r allows himself to be glared down by nimal he is bent upon taming, there is d of him.

Admit," cried I, gently caressing my "that there is some pleasure in straying the beaten track,—the vulgar, dusty, turn-oad of fashionable life,—to luxuriate among lge-row elms and hillocks green,"—youth, y, innocence and delight!—One is apt to Paradisaical at the rural season; when the out things of this world seem fit only for the ity shop. Buds and blossoms, hay-making love-making, go charmingly together, with hermometer at 78, and the reason at zero."

I quite agree with you,"—replied Lady iet, too much a woman of the world to rown off her guard, even by this coarse k, "when the haymakers are genuine y Nettletops, and the love newly mown the grass. But the *bergères galantes* of cher, with their powdered wigs and hoops

of pea-green taffeta, or worse still, the glazed calico shepherds and shepherdesses of a London ballet, are to *me* as tawdry as all other counterfeits. By the way, can you tell me the name of the illustrious unknown yonder, who seems to be watching us with so much interest?" —

I did not expect that Lady Harriet would come so decidedly to the point.

"That beautiful creature in mourning?—" said I, with quickened respiration. "A Portuguese I fancy. The gentleman at least, is a certain Don Vicente d'Acunha.—Perhaps you are acquainted with him?—It is amazing the number of refugees from Spain and Portugal, now in London. The other night at Carlton House, we had the Duchess d'Hijar, the finest figure in Europe."

"And has the Duchess also taken up her abode on the fifth tier at the Opera, and the neighbourhood of Bloomsbury Square?"—demanded Lady Harriet, losing all self-command.

"You had better inquire of Danby, at your

r party!" cried I, scarcely able to control irritation; "who is more intimate than lf in the house where I had first the ur of meeting the beautiful girl who ap- to have so powerfully excited your lady- interest.—Drewe, my dear fellow!—why you never sent the recipe you promised or cleaning meerschaums?—Though I sen- d my boy to a week's apprenticeship in the cks of the German Legion, Hudson assures he fellow has no more idea of handling a than I of hingeing a Laurencekirk!"

I had anticipated, Sir Moulton Drewe, ad never heard a word of the recipe, and ot even smoke, was so voluble in giving equiring explanations, that Emily was safe! e he had half recovered his astonishment, in the centre of the pit, squabbling with of the Stanhopes about the comparative s of Vestris and Deshayes.

begin to think there is a destiny in the Opera, (King's Theatre—Queen's Theatre,

— what is it, just now?—) for embroiling the affairs of bankers, managers, and lovers!—One of the cleverest fellows connected with its harassing concerns, has often protested to me that the London public would never enjoy a good and sufficient opera, till the present crazy barrack was burnt to the ground; and I am of his opinion. Fire is a universal purification. Perhaps, by the time the new houses of Parliament have risen, like blanched sea-kail from their cinders, the Fire-King of whom James and Horace Smith made themselves the laureats, may take to his embraces the great barn in the Haymarket, which, on the night in question, I devoted to him and all other Infernal Gods!—

Yet, after all, there is something sacred and classical in the old den!—The Opera House is pretty nearly the only place of public amusement of the Prince's time, left standing. Carlton House, Buckingham House, Ranelagh, Lords, Commons, Whitfield's Chapel, Vauxhall, Fozard's Riding School, the Argyll Rooms, and the

g's Mews,—all evaporated,—all flown off *umo!* This is the age of demolition,—the of rubbish. The very nature of London lings interdicts even a pretension to the ve- ble. The moss of antiquity imparts no dig- to brick and mortar. "Nothing more de- able than the decay of a plaster wall!" says ver French writer. "Like a gauze dress, it thing not intended for durability, which, it lasts, becomes a badge of shabbiness disgrace."

t all events, when the edifice which has ed the resources of bankers, taxed the wisdom rd chancellors, and enriched the Gazette with y as many respectable names as the battle Waterloo, shall down with its dust, like the ched capitalists whom it has involved in may some appropriate historian arise to im- alize its archives! When those charming s shall have ceased to exist, whose six-feet- re are enjoyed for sixty evenings of the year, e cost of very little more than the salary of

an Irish Bishop; when those stalls shall be broken up, which, like that of Caligula's horse, are plated with gold,—may some Antoine Hamilton or Callot of the twentieth century, dip his light pen in aqua-fortis, to depict the lights and shadows of a spot consecrated by such holy memories of beauty and genius,—art and nature;—*human* nature, of course,—the only nature worth writing of. Newgate and the Tower have been recently dug up and unrolled, like mummies, for the contemplation of the curious in villany. Between ourselves and Mr. Ainsworth, there is good ground still to be broken at the Opera!—

There was a time,—ere poets, like the gods of poetry, had departed,—when the Pastoral had still its votaries, and kings wandered amid happy valleys and wedded with shepherdesses. The world knows better now-a-days. The Pastoral has no longer a devotee, save in one of Haydn's symphonies; and kings abide in castles on the Thames, or palaces on the Seine, guarded by a legion of honour and legion of cooks,—*chefs*

escadrons and *chefs de cuisine;*—the only
epherdesses in whom they *now* take delight,
ng of *biscuit* or Dresden china, standing prim
l crisp upon their chimney-pieces.

Now the amiable weakness of modern times
t approaches nearest to the hallucinations un-
whose influence "King Cophetua lov'd the
gar-maid," is the passion of a lord for an
ra-dancer! An opera-dancer is the Perdita
he nineteenth century, and the Crockfordites
her Florizels. Some denizen of St. James's
eet even proposed to extend the constitution
he country into King, Lords, Commons, and
ra,—and why not?—

I am not certain whether the choregraphic art
not the nearest approach to a universal lan-
ge,—that *desideratum* of sages and centuries!
How else can we account for the mightiness of
own which hath bruited the name of Taglioni
n Indus to the Pole, enabling her to subdue
Imperial or Hyrcanian bear of St. Peters-
g, and flourish in the court-circular of the

Celestial Empire?—What statesman, what philosopher, what elder among the conscript fathers of art, science, or jurisprudence, hath attained an European, American, Asiatic, and African reputation, like Fanny Elssler?—Which would England, which would Europe, most deplore,—the final exit of the Lord Chancellor or of Cerito?—By Terpsichore and all her caperings! the ceremony approaching nearest the apotheosis of the ancients, is the crowning of a popular opera-dancer!—

Vainly do envious or jealous detractors attempt to throw a slur upon these sham divinities, as *les monstres les plus charmants que l'on puisse imaginer*, or, as somebody called them, "angels lined with devil."—Their nature must be hyper-diabolical indeed, to circumvent fascinations, powerful as if one of Titian's Venuses were animated by a Promethean spark,—endowed with the creative genius of Shakspeare,—the fantasticality of Goethe,—the piquancy of Voltaire, —the grace of Boucher,—the *mignardise* of

ignard,—and the irresistibility of ——, con-
nd me if I gratify her vanity by putting the
ne in print!—

To me, I confess, the old Opera House con-
utes a species of Elysian fields, where I
old flit by me shadows of the great depart-

Often am I tempted to exclaim from my
uded stall,

Visions of glory! spare my aching sight!—

Mara, Banti, Grassini, Catalani, Pasta, Son-
, Malibran, Grisi,—Mozart, Rossini, Cima-
, Paesiello, Bellini, Meyerbeer, Donizetti,
the very names have music in them!—Were
old theatre demolished, the stones would
of their whereabout,—like the granite statue
Memnon, emitting harmonious anthems.

The stage too,—the stage over whose boards
e bounded the fantastic toes of Angiolini,
llisberg, Mélanie, Noblet, Mercandotti, Fanny
s, Pauline Leroux, Didelot, Deshayes, Ronzi
stris, Heberle, Brugnoli, Taglioni, Duverney,
sler, Cerito,—binds us in boards for ever

more. The mast of the Victory has been carved into snuff-boxes,—the Red Barn, in which Maria Martin was murdered, cut up into tooth-picks! What might not be expected, as a speculation, from the conversion of the boards of the Queen's Theatre into articles of domestic furniture?—

Oh! Henry S——! quaintest and kindliest of mankind!—survivor of that cordial race, in whom good-breeding never refrigerated the warmer impulses of the soul,—when this work of destruction shall be accomplished, to thee be dedicated the prompter's box, sad relique of departed years;—and in place of monumental inscription, the feudal legend of the Thane of Fife,—"VIRTUTE ET OPERA!"—

I know not how I find courage for pleasantries upon the subject,—unless as More and Anne Boleyn jested upon the scaffold. For of all the adventures of my youth, that which commenced on the stair-case of the old Opera House, has left the most indelible impressions on my mind. The evil issue thereof had its

rigin in the indiscretion of speech wrung from
e, on the night in question, by the tauntings
f Lady Harriet Vandeleur!—

The following day I was to dine with Lord
otefilch, who had a villa on the Thames to
fresh himself one day in the week by contact
ith the mud of nature, after immersion the
maining six amid its clay. It was an ex-
fficial dinner, or I should not have been in-
ted. Lord Votefilch the minister, lived in
t. James's Square, and gave dinners on Satur-
ys; Lord Votefilch the man, at Putney, and
ve dinners on Sundays. I had rather have be-
nged to the Saturday *pow wow;* for Votefilch
e minister, was a great man in the political
rcle; whereas Votefilch the man, was a mere
diocrity among the Watierians and their kind.
Besides, (as Chippenham and I agreed when
invited us in an unceremonious way at the
ice,) it is adding insult to injury for a *chef*
invite his youngsters to a family dinner,
ich he knows they dare not refuse. I wonder

he did not beg us to bring our fishing-rods, like other clerks out for a holiday! Even then, we could not have allowed ourselves to feel affronted.

To dine at Putney at half past six, ther the general hour, necessitated a toilet at five; and I consequently looked in for a moment, *en passant*, to Lady Ormington's drawing-room, at an hour at which I was little in the habit of testifying my filial respect. My mother used to receive tribes of visitors on a Sunday. Fine ladies often do, as the consequence of their retreat from the mobs let loose upon the earth on that day of general debondagement. Kensington Gardens was, if I recollect, just then the resort in fashion. Kensington Gardens, (a spot which oppresses my spirits as if the atmosphere confined within its masses of trees and brick walls, were mephitic as the jungles of Sierra Leone,) has always undergone fierce alternations of popular favour and scorn. It is sure to be either so much in fashion and so crowded,

every blade of grass is worn from its sooty
; or so deserted, that the palace looks
med to be standing there by itself, *faisant*
de grue, like a pelican in the wilderness.
the period I write of, Bow Street runners
d to be stationed at the gate, to prevent his
jesty's lieges from being mummied in their
mpt to pass the wicket.—No! that was
preceding year!—At present there was no-
y in Kensington Gardens but the gate-
pers in their suits of green and yellow me-
choly,—green coats and jaundice.—It was
the ring that the idlers devoted their gravel-
nding.

Lady Ormington and Co. consequently re-
ined in their several habitations, sealed up
e patent medicines.

I had forgotten however that, in her dread
family dinners, it was her ladyship's cue to
nervous; and that she was consequently
not at home;" and it startled me when, on
tering her china warehouse, instead of the

murmur of voices usual at that hour under its fresco ceilings of blue sky, (a hateful fashion of that day, conveying the bitterest irony upon the dingy heavens without,) I heard nothing but the peevish voice of Lady Ormington talking to herself or Bibiche,—in notes that might have been mistaken for those of a sick parrot, quarrelling with itself over an almond.

Poor Bibiche!—I should have been sorry for the little beast, had not the adage of "*tel maître tel chien*," been strictly exemplified in her case. A legitimate descendant of the original Dash staring its unmeaning eyes out in Cosway's portrait of the Right Honourable Lady Ormington, Bibiche was whimsical, fretful, and unattached. I was never sorry when my mother worried the dog; for the dog had an immunity for worrying all my mother's fellow-creatures.

On the present occasion, however, it was not the spaniel to whom her ladyship was murmuring her woes. It was an animal of more

sequence. It was the heir of the noble House Danby.

Saul among the prophets!—What on earth ld the rising young man be about in the sanc- y of Bibiche and her lady?—I should as soon e expected to find old Droneby himself in- urated among the bonzes and mandarins at lton House!

Lady Ormington was evidently agitated. Her , when flurried, had a peculiarly ridiculous ap- rance, like the marble basin of a flower-garden, n ruffled by a stormy wind,—which I take to he wire-wove edition of a puddle in a storm.

The Hon. Member for Rigmarole, who was ding up before the fireless fire-place, as glishmen are apt to do, (as one sees a sen- l still on guard over poor dismantled Kew ace,) looked as cool as if he had been iced. ucky presentiment forewarned me not to nod im, as usual; for a moment afterwards, I was oured by him with a Grandisonian bow,—one

of those bows for which one hears the foot slide formally on the carpet!—The honourable member saluted me as he would have done old Votefilch; and the salutation which, addressed to the minister, had denoted humility, when addressed to the clerk of the F. O. was, of course, an impertinent signal of superiority.

The colour rose to my cheek.—Not the flush of anger. No!—I was positively overawed by the *sang-froid* of the Hon. John Alexander Danby! Before I recovered my parts of speech, he had left the room!—

"A pretty business you have made of it!" whimpered my mother, as soon as he was out of hearing.

"Business?—*I* guilty of business?"—cried I, trying to recover my usual flippancy; "and on the Sabbath?—Fie!"—

"Don't be absurd, Cis. I am quite nervous enough, without your silly jokes. I tell you, you have irretrievably offended your brother!"

"I rejoice to hear it. I was afraid he was

ly slightly affronted, which would have given
e the very unnecessary trouble of trying to
ng him into better humour. — The word,
etrievable, decides it. — I love an extreme
e."—

"*Pray* don't talk such nonsense! — If you
ew how completely you depend upon Lord
mington and Danby, you would not indulge in
se boyish caprices. I tell you once for all,
, (and you well know that my word may be
pended upon, in what concerns your interests,)
ır only chance of a settlement in life is by
ciliating the good-will of your brother! —"

'A *settlement*, my dear mother?—The very
d is as hard of digestion as an unripe pine!
ettlement? — Just what Stultz had the au-
ity to mention to me yesterday!—A settle-
nt?—Why, if I were on the verge of com-
ting matrimony—"

'For *once* be serious!—" cried Lady Orm-
ton, angrily. "Your position is a most pre-
ous one!—Take warning!—Take heed!—If

Danby were to make representations to your father of the injury he has sustained at your hands—"

"Why what, in Heaven's name, have I done to him?—I cheered his speech till it cost me my month's allowance at Gunter's for Florence-drops, to cure my hoarseness!—I may have said, perhaps, that he dressed like a gentleman from the Inns of Court,—and so he does.—Nay, if Herries, or any other of my brother clerks, were to require a bow from me in Pall Mall, buried to the ears in such a coat as Danby's—"

"Cecil!" interrupted Lady Ormington, with more energy than I had ever seen her exhibit. "Had your brother addressed to his father, instead of myself, his grievances against you—"

"He has been complaining, then?—" cried I. "The pretty boy *has* been here, with his finger in his eye, declaring that unless I beg his pardon for having torn his kite—"

"Do not FORCE me to bring you to reason!" cried my mother, with so sudden an assumption

uthority, that I sat down quietly in a chair, pared to listen patiently to her expostula-ns. "With all your pretensions to good man-s and good sense, Danby has shown, on this asion, far more than yourself. He came here ply to appeal to me, as your best friend,— your only friend,—to engage you to observe ards *him* the same forbearance and reserve maintains towards *you*. It is his wish,—his agement, indeed, with me,—that you shall et in public as friends; and maintain towards h other, in private, the mutual deference of er and younger brothers."

'And pray, in what point of this extraordi-y compact have I failed?"—cried I, a sudden l terrible light breaking in upon me,—a light ich I own I wanted courage to humiliate her l myself, by bringing to distinct admission.

"You have injured his reputation,—you have unded his feelings!"—persisted my mother. Do you suppose that everybody is as indifferent good repute as yourself?—Do you imagine

that because *your* heart is unsusceptible of attachment—"

"Come, come, mother!—If you are going to set up John Danby in the pattern young man line, I must really beg you to let me off!" cried I; "I dine at Putney—"

"With Lord Votefilch?—How unfortunate!—You will meet your brother!"—

"Unfortunate, indeed!—I have a great mind to break my leg, and send an excuse. Meanwhile," said I, "try to make me understand, in as few words as possible, *where* I injured the poor fellow's reputation, and *how* I have wounded his feelings?—"

"By representing him, last night, in Lady Harriet Vandeleur's box at the Opera, as sharing your dissipations. You accused him of being engaged, as well as yourself, in some disgraceful *liaison!*"—

"Nonsense, nonsense!—I merely silenced Lady Harriet's inquiries concerning a young lady, (unknown, I admit, in the fashionable world, but

the highest respectability,) by informing her
t Danby was as well able as myself to satisfy
curiosity—"

"Which you know very well that he was
!—"

"He *might* have been,—since she is the ward
old Hanmer of Southampton Buildings, with
om my brother keeps up quite as much inter-
rse as I do."

'Old Hanmer's ward? — This completely
rs the state of the case!"—cried Lady Orm-
on. "Why she passes in the world for
g—"

'No matter!—The world is an ass!—The
ld believes anything that anybody in the
ld chooses to assert,— yet the world never
rs a word of truth! — And so, after all,
by feels irreparably injured by being accused
an acquaintance with a charming girl, of good
ily, of—"

'You are aware, Cis, of Lady Harriet's style
repeating things! Between jest and earn-

est, she attacked your brother about it in the crush-room, with Lady Susan Theydon on his arm, to whom, you are aware, he is paying attention."

"*Danby?* — to Lady Susan Theydon? — the coxcomb! — one of the prettiest girls *in* town!"—

"You will probably find her Lady Susan Danby before the season is over; that is, *if he* manages to get over, with her mother, who is the most particular woman alive, the unfavourable impression made by Lady Harriet's allusions."

"I am damned sorry the thing has happened!" —cried I, in all sincerity; "for I can understand that, under such circumstances, he may have *felt* vexed by what was on my part a mere *étourderie*. But why couldn't John Danby come straight up to me, like a man, and ask for an explanation, without all these petticoat negotiations?"—

"Because he is under a promise to me never to enter into disputes with you of any kind!"

I shrugged my shoulders.

' Between my father who negotiates with me
ugh his lawyers, and my brother who treats
me through your ladyship, I am beginning
ncy myself a prince in disguise ! "— said I.
Rather, a beggar in expectancy ! "— faltered
y Ormington. " But not a word more, Cecil !
ve said enough to induce you, if you have a
of good feeling in your composition, to
e the necessary reparations to your brother !"
was about to utter a bitter rejoinder ; when
butler hastily announced that Lord Chippen-
, who was to drive me down to Putney, was
ing at the door.
Merciful powers !—A toilet of five minutes at
summer !—What had society done to me
I should insult its understanding by appear-
before it under circumstances so disadvanta-
s ?—I dared not reflect upon the interpreta-
his Majesty's ministers might give to my
evelled locks !—I thought of Copenhagen,
f the gallant Nelson,—of the incautious
r, and trembled !—

CHAPTER VIII.

The proprietors are bitten by the rage of what they fancy to be improvement, and are levelling ground, smoothing banks, and building rockwork, with pagodas and Chinese railing. The laburnums, willows, and flowering shrubs are beginning to be tortured into what the gardener calls genteel shapes. Even the course of the river has been thwarted, and part of its waters diverted into a broad ditch to form an island, — flat, swampy, and dotted over with exotic shrubs. BECKFORD.

"On y trouve bons compagnons, chère transcendante, vins très vieux, femmes très jeunes, des bougies à faire pâlir le soleil, tous les élémens avec lesquels se fabrique ordinairement la joie humaine."

ENGLAND is thought to excel in villas. A villa is an architectural fantasia, wherein every individual is allowed to display his taste or want of taste; and the Dublin cit, accordingly, places his portico on the second floor, over

verandah: the Parisian *badaud* ornaments sphinxes over his gates with coquettish aw hats, tied knowingly under the chin; and Holland, rows of tin aloes in stone vases ranged along the wall. But in the envi- s of London, ye gods! in the environs of ndon, from Brentford to Stratford le Bow, n Paddington to Putney, what vagaries in k and mortar,—what barbarisms in Portland e!—

n all directions, for ten miles round the tal,—villas—villas—villas! A villa is one he first indications of prosperity on the of a professional man. Thriving mer- nts — popular actors — popular dentists — ular lawyers — popular all sorts of things, sure to have their Tusculum, their *rus in* , their Eden, their 'appiness 'ouse! — A is the *agrément* of a laborious life, the oration of an unwholesome one; and the s of many a cabinet minister have been thened in the land by the *bel respiro* of

his Gloucester Lodge or Footscray, his Ealing or Hayes.

But, above all, a villa is an essentially aristocratic appurtenance. Lords and ladies cannot dispense with a green and sunny nook, in which to go and hide their heads, when they are glad or sorry, in the sweets of a honey-moon, or the sours of widowerhood.

Among these, there are doubtless a few such as

> Youthful poets fancy, when they love.

There is Chiswick, matchless Chiswick!—There is Strawberry Hill, somewhat the worse for wear, but classic ground, every inch of it;—Gunnersbury, where the flowers and fruit are formed, like those of Aladdin's magic garden, of rubies and emeralds;—Sion, Wimbledon, Roehampton, Mount Felix, Ken Wood, Osterley; where conclude, if once I venture to begin, the enumeration of our suburban residences of high degree?—

point of truth, the excellence we claim
the villas of London resides less in their
ation, than in the intensity of verdure
ndered by our ever-weeping climate. Their
attraction consists in the soft, green turf,
shaded here and there by a clump of beeches,
apely tulip-tree or drooping cedar; skirted
tervals by parterres of geraniums, or creep-
rained in fanciful devices, throwing them-
es like fountains of blossoms into the
— while clumps of the choicer shrubs, all-
e trees, magnolias, or the gum-cistus, ex-
their musky perfumes, like Moorish slaves
ing their censers of incense to and fro.
that is not a bran-new simile, O Public!
n pretty particularly mistaken!)

speak all this feelingly, for one of the
urite subjects of my mother's grumbleations
the want of a villa. Ormington Hall was
ancashire, a two days', nay, for a nervous
, a three days' journey from town. What
to become of her at Easter and Whit-

suntide?—What was she to do, during family mournings or other plaintive exigencies?—Her sole resource was Brighton,—everybody's resource, from the Prince to the haberdasher. It was enough to put her out of conceit with being out of spirits, to have to exhibit her black crape or blue devils on the Steyne!

There was a time when I used to agree with Lady Ormington. It seemed a deuced hard thing to have no intermediary spot, betwixt the Hall and Hanover Square; some genteel purgatory, between paradise and its antipodes. Every now and then, in the cowslip season, her ladyship used to be taken rural, and "babble of green fields." She would sigh over the advertisements of the auctioneers, grandiloquizing the glories of Richmond Hill or the beauties of Shenley, till "the greenth and gloomth" of Horace Walpole were outdone. I really thought Lord Ormington would have to end with bartering his borough for the rangership of the parks; or one of his Yorkshire woods

r a gove of Canada poplars in the purlieus
Primrose Hill.

But now that my official helotism was be-
nning to familiarize me with the ministerial
uggeries ranged along the river from Vaux-
ll Bridge to that of Richmond, in white and
arkling rows, like the mineral teeth of De-
abode, I was beginning to thank his obduracy.
ow be-frogged I used to feel, after one of
se dinners of Votefilch's!—Nothing but
ndine could have swum it!—I am convinced
t will-o'-the-wisps must have danced often-
es, after night-fall, over his lordship's lawn;
ile his ponds and tanks bore forcible resem-
nce to tureens of green-pea soup or basins of
tle. I could have fancied I felt fins expand-
, after a day in his charming fen.

The drawing-room windows commanded a
w of an osier-bed on the opposite bank;
t rising out of the water, however,—for that
ght have impaired a Canaletti-like charm, or
titled one to dream of "Sabrina fair," uplift-

ing her "pearly arms" from the "pure translucent wave;" but between the pewter-tinted Thames, and the dingy sallows, there stagnated even at high tide a strip of alluvial soil, barely concealed by patches of coarse rushes, while, at low tide, were perceptible some twenty yards of that filthiest deposit of the cloacæ of London and its suburbs, called Thames mud; compelling one, at times, to hold one's nose, and inclining one, at others, to close one's eyes.

On one side of Maybush Lodge there was a great soap manufactory, which indicted itself as a nuisance once a quarter, in order to be beforehand with its neighbours and pocket the informer's fine; while, on the other, reeked a brewery!—A distant view of a patent oil-mill completed the charm.

But then the river!

"The exulting and abounding river!"—the charming, bright, cool, refreshing river;—the river, so propitious to the natatorial essays of the preparatory schools in the neighbourhood.

ess than to the termination of the woes certain deluded sempstresses, induced to n to the Tempter in the Eden of Cum- and Tea-gardens and other rustic resorts in parishes of Chelsea and Milbank;—the ri- of coal-barges and lighters, funny-clubs and rries; where, three times a week or so, one the satisfaction of beholding the victims of h punch dashed against the piers of the ges, and dived for by the jolly young water- , as though they were the pearls of Ormus the wreck of the Royal George; — while hes and glees, oaths and imprecations, eks and groans, "oars and sculls," consti- e the intermingling music of its waters! — Oh! happy river!

> River, that rollest by the ancient walls
> Where dwells the lady of my love;

er, whose flounders, like Mithridates, fatten poisons; whose white-bait delight in gas, d whose eels luxuriate in pyroligneous acid:

— sooner locate beside the fœtid banks of a Batavian canal, sooner become a toll-keeper of Lethe's wharf, than breathe my summer breath within scent of thine unsavoury odours, within reach of thy pandemoniacal sounds!—

Lord Votefilch's villa was one of the best of those compact white dwelling-houses, "seated," as George Robins calls it, "on a verdant lawn," like a solitary billiard-ball lying on its green table. The house was commodious within; without, of Doric architecture. Nothing fanciful about it, nothing rustic: but it was as damp as a catacomb, unless during the dog-days, when its frontage lay exposed to a glaring south-western sun.

Maybush Lodge was the growth of royal favouritism. It had been created in George the Second's time by the old Duke of Newcastle; and during the long reign of his royal grandson had as regularly alternated with the Whigs and Tories, as if a part of the administration. What tales could its wainscots have

nfolded, if wainscots were included in the cate-
ory of wooden orators! — What conspiracies
gainst the country) had been hatched in its
remier-coop! — What wars and rumours of
ars had gone forth from its portals!—How
ten had France been sent to the devil under
coved ceilings; how often the balance of
wer weighed in its scales, and found wanting.
oor Maybush Lodge!—green eyrie, to which
e crook-beaked birds of prey retreated to feed
eir young ones with young ones torn from
e nests of other birds,—what heaps of whiten-
bones my mind's eye seemed to descry
ound the retreat of the plunderers!—

To do mine host justice, no one could more
llantly lay aside the cares of state, or hang
more resolutely in his hall the toga of public
. There was a Lady Votefilch;—a woman
a certain age and uncertain temper, whose
mer beauty one took for granted, though
le trace of it remained, as the only means
accounting for the infatuation which had

rendered so shrewd a man the proprietor of such a nonentity. There was a niece, too, either of hers or his, who resided with them,—a certain Lady Theresa,—the idol of my colleagues in Downing Street. It was a matter of special duty among such of them as were admitted to share the venison and household leisure of their *chef*, to fall in love with Lady Theresa.

I scarcely know why. She was not old,—not ugly,—not disagreeable;—negative qualities at best; but it was like finding a flower in the wilderness, to discover anything approaching to young, pretty, or agreeable among those bald heads and sunken faces. The first time I saw her sitting there among them, mute and undemonstrative, I wondered what the deuce Chippenham, Herries, and the rest of them had found in her, to turn their heads. But after a dinner or two at Maybush Lodge, I began to examine her more curiously,—to experience an interest in her merits,—to watch

er inexpressive blue eyes with the hope of etecting some talent, sentiment, or emotion. he was the only very human thing present. bird which alights upon the mast during a a voyage is an object of intense interest to e mariner, however dingy its plumage or poor s note.

To make the agreeable to Lady Votefilch and r niece, at the Sunday dinners, was part of e week's duty. The major part of the task as easy enough. Lady V. was a vain foolish oman, not too fastidious in the quality of ulation. To compliment her on her beauty, d been scandal in disguise; but she was con- nt to accept the far more easily levied tribute compliments upon her toilet. She cared for thing but dress. A reigning divinity of Fa- ion, she was also one of its votaries; dressed t so much in the fashion of the day, as *à la de de demain*. While the Right Hon. Sec. as inventing political combinations and specu- ing upon European alliances, she was cabal-

ling with Madame Le Brun, the Talleyrand of modern *modistes*, concerning revolutions in caps, and conspiracies against turbans that be.

To such a woman, Cecil the son of Lady Ormington—*the* Lady Ormington—could not but be an object of interest; and when she found I had tact enough to refrain from dedicating my sighs with the general monsoon of the Foreign Office to Lady Theresa, she concluded that I recognized my insufficiencies as a younger son, and begged Lord Votefilch to honour my forbearance by a general invitation. He knew better,—for he really wished to see me familiarly at his table; and consequently restricted his civility to giving me a formal invitation more frequently than to the rest of his quill machinery.

Chippenham and I arrived late. When we made our appearance, dinner had been announced, and people were pairing slowly off with much form and ceremony, to traverse in couples twelve yards of Brussels carpeting, over which

y would have stepped singly without form
embarrassment. Old Votefilch was con-
ting a fine-looking woman, known to me
name and history; then came her lady-
, escorted by a stupid-looking man, who I
must be somebody, or he would not
e presumed to look so stupid; and lastly
ne Lady Theresa, arm-in-arm with the lion
the hour, — with Danby!—It was Chip-
ham's privilege and place; but my dilatori-
s had deprived him of his honours; and we
re compelled to scuffle in with Herries and
o great unknowns, to promiscuous places at
le.

Though far from in my best of humours,
was soon interested in the conversation,
ich, at such tables, flows as naturally as if
ped round with the soup. The two non-
cripts were official men of first-rate abilities,
their preferment; the glassy-eyed individual
porting Lady Votefilch, was Lord Falkirk,
man who affected dulness as Pope Sixtus

caducity, in order to influence, unsuspected, the Conclave or Privy Council; and the tall handsome woman in white satin, was one of those showy intrigantes, those prima donnas of society, who, whatever minister shall reign, are always to be found in musk-scented note-paper correspondence with Downing Street.

It was none of these, however, who imparted the colloquial charm to that chatty little party. It was the man who seemed determined to extinguish me by his superiority, in private as in public life. As the trunk of the elephant is constituted to pick up a straw after crushing the body of a man, Danby seemed bent on proving to his humiliated younger brother, that his small-talk was as great as his speaking was effective. He could drive a tandem as readily as the car of Jaggernaut. To do him justice, I never met a more agreeable man. There was something fascinating beyond description in the melodious refinement of his

nunciation. His tone was easy,—his language
ient,— and he was as good a listener as ready
reply, — prompt in argument, modest in
rsuing an advantage. Budge and Fudge,
e official aspirants, were evidently vexed to
d themselves thrown into the shade by so
ung a man. But they were soon reconciled.
ere is no disgrace in being eclipsed by Ju-
er.

Next to the chattiness of my brother, the
ng that struck me most, was the influence
time and place upon my collaborators, Chip-
ham and Herries. Herries was, by birth
l education, official. He was the Asmodeus
an ink-bottle. His cradle had been a des-
ch box,—his swaddling-clothes were sheets
government foolscap. At the desk, he was
at, for the atmosphere of Downing Street
s as natal air to him; and like Antæus, on
ching treasury-ground he became invinci-
I had always stood in awe of Herries'
erior abilities, when I saw him issue from

the Blue Chamber, with confidential documents in his hand, such as were entrusted by Lord Votefilch to no sub. but himself.

But at Maybush Lodge, his distinctions vanished. At Maybush Lodge, the peacock became a dingy jay again. I suppose it was because he did not feel himself at ease; but he was tongue-tied. He joined in the conversation only to become an obstruction. A fastidious choice of expressions embarrassed his diction. He became heavy and verbose from trying to talk too well; missed the point of every story he attempted to relate; and filled up the pauses of his conversation with an unmeaning laugh.

Chippenham, on the contrary, who was anything but a genius, and who at the office passed for a ninny, became talkative and agreeable among people of his caste. The subjects discussed were familiar to him. His pockets were full of the small change current in such society. He had twice as much to say as

Halbert Herries; or rather, with half as much to say, quadrupled it by his easy unaffected mode of expression. I perceived that with *him* Danby was quite ready to talk and listen; whereas, when poor Herries addressed him, he fixed his eyes vacantly on the stammering man, who seemed baffled by the redundancy of his ideas or the insufficiency of his elocution. I was amused,—perhaps a little gratified. In the office, Herries had the best of it. Whenever Chippenham, I, or Percy, or De l'Isle, stood convicted of the blunders inevitable to even the cleverest novices, he used to over-crow us without ceremony. I was not sorry to see him silenced by my brother.

At that period, the Whigs and Tories of public life, whether dictating in the House "*avec ce calme sans entrailles qu'on appelle dignité parlementaire*," or disputing after dinner with the drouthiness of men whose real business in life is that of converting full de-

canters into empty ones, were now properly divided into a party maintaining that one Englishman could lick four Frenchmen, or that England "bangs Banagher, which bates the world;"—and a party beholding in Napoleon a man in authorized command of the powers of darkness,—Demogorgon, minus his hoofs. The after-dinner politics of London consisted of "Are we to annihilate the French, or are the French to annihilate *us*?"—It is rather late in the history of the world to assign such overweening majesty to the edge of the sword. It was one of the evidences of the brutalizing power of war, that, from long contemplation of perpetual and bloody conflict, we were retrograding to the insensibilities of the dark ages. The law of the stronger was becoming our Alpha and Omega.

Precisely on this point, was the superiority of Danby's mind apparent. His ideas were not exclusively extracted from the returns of the War Office, or the statistics of Extraordi-

y Gazettes. Danby marched with the times, rather, marched with the pioneers who clear way for the progress of the times. It upon the force of public opinion and strength of popular feeling throughout Eu-, that he grounded his calculations. His gment was not moulded by the dictation peremptory articles in Quarterly Reviews. was a scholar, and a ripe one. His stu- at Ormington Hall were not comprised, I had chosen to imagine, within limit of Aldine authorities. Herodotus and Thucy- s were but the plinth of the column of universal knowledge. The modern, living, thing, circulating literature of Europe, the es and arteries of the contemporaneous body nankind, constituted the pillar's strength. French, German, Italian, nay, even the Scla- ic languages, were familiar to him; and, rally supplied with the best publications the day, he possessed a key to the gates that mighty continent, from which, as by

a miracle, we were so long shut out. In the progress of public enlightenment, he traced the progress of public events. It was from the excitement of Germany, the indignation of Russia, the resentments of Holland, that he drew his horoscope of France, and foretold the downfal of a triton of the minnows, a Gulliver among the Lilliputians, a Cæsar among the principicules of Germany, whom the liberals of France detested as *un grand homme avorté en empereur*,—a conqueror whose foot was not only upon the neck of humbled nations but upon that of public opinion,—the executioner of the Duc d'Enghien and of the liberty of the press;—a man whose greatness was composed of the wrecks of a great revolution, as the early temples of Italy were framed of shattered fragments of the noble architecture of former ages.

Newsvenders' horns were not his only organs of information. Wellington might be a great general, but Danby humbly opined that a still more powerful instrument was the combination

the many, against the tyranny of the one; a balance of power, having France and its nnon in one scale, and Europe, with the nsciousness of right, in the other. He fore- w clearly, and announced moderately, that e days of the empire were numbered.

Nothing more enrages a knot of middle-aged icial men, who have been buffeting all their es with the waves, till familiar with the ength of unseen currents and the peril of ken rocks, (the practical difficulties of pub- life,) than to find a young fellow, of ne- sity a mere theorist, pretend to see further ough the mists of politics than themselves. is useless to insinuate that, while engaged the difficult operation of keeping their heads ove water, *he* may have been stationed in e lighthouse, beholding,

——— as from a tower, the end of all ;—

warden, anxiously watching the operations contending parties.

To the arguments modestly put forth by the young Member for Rigmarole, accordingly, Budge and Fudge replied by interchanging glances of contempt. They knew nothing, not they, of the power and views of Russia. They cared nothing about Berlin. Germany was, to *them*, a country where a deluded population applauded Schiller's Robbers, or whimpered over the Sorrows of Werther. They quoted Pitt and Fox, Windham and Percival; they talked about invariable principles and the wisdom of our ancestors; but they wanted to hear nothing about the Continent. The quarrel lay in a nutshell; the question was comprised in the Peninsula. It was there the oriflamme was displayed; it was there that the cabinet was writing its leading articles in characters of blood.

But for old Votefilch, Danby would have been talked down; but the Right Hon. Secretary understood the art of extracting information, even under the semblance of disparage-

nt; and took care that the young talker, o talked *not* for victory but out of the ındance of his heart, should have "ample ıce and verge enough" for the manifestations his knowledge.

I saw Lady Votefilch shrug her shoulders despair. She had hoped better things of elder brother of mine, (for herself,) and ter things of an elder son of Lord Orming- (for Lady Theresa). Even I, as regarded my n feelings, should have been better pleased to l him less earnestly occupied with *la chose blique* at that moment. I had made up my nd to a frank explanation with him. My heart s more open towards John than it had en since our days of nankin frocks; and I ısted to see him more reserved in my pre- ıce. I had even hoped to find him angry; it is a work of labour and sorrow to stir the cold embers of indifference.

Most young people fall into the blunder of tributing to all other human natures the

strength or weakness of their own ; or, as my friend Fetlock expressed it, "they buy and sell by their own bushel." I, for instance, chose to judge of Danby by myself—my Self, like most other young men, warm-hearted and generous while glorying in the affectation of superciliousness and folly. But there are spirits both brighter and blacker than this sweeping denomination ; and Danby was of the minority. I shall not explain whether of the elect virtuous, or elect vicious ; but he was better or worse than the common herd. When, taking him apart after dinner, I entered warmly into my self-exculpation, instead of expanding into the generous warmth I anticipated, admitting himself to have been overhasty, and, like the hero of a German comedy, throwing himself into my arms and swearing eternal friendship, he listened calmly,—judged dispassionately,—advised me to be more prudent in the selection of my confidants, — and turned on his heel !

I was furious!—I had accosted him, charged
the muzzle with magnanimity,—my cox-
mbry laid aside,—my envyings and jealousies
bdued,—my fraternal sympathies on the *qui*
ve.—His coolness chilled me to the heart's
re!—I had only despised the ugly John of
rmer days—I hated the Honourable Member
Rigmarole, at whose bidding the stormy de-
ters were still.

Biting my lip till the blood started, I lounged
ross the drawing-room, and affected as much
pressement with that classical antique Lady
otefilch as the tall beauty, Mrs. Wrottesley,
s bestowing upon the Foreign affairs; and, on
fficiently recovering my composure to glance
nd the room, saw that Lord Falkirk was
king apart with my brother; while Budge,
dge, and Halbert Herries stood pretending
converse together, with their ears pricked
to catch a word here and there of the con-
rsation. Even Chippenham, though smiled
on by the gentle Lady Theresa, was evi-

dently wanting to get away, and hear what Danby was saying. His influence had fixed its teeth upon them all. The power of the strong mind was manifest. Danby had snatched the tiara from their hands, and crowned himself a potentate.

We had scarcely even noted the transcendent excellence of a dinner from the *casserole* of La Fenouille, the Francatelle of his day. We had not so much as even found fault with (the common criterion of approval) the finest claret then extant in port-bibbing England. We did not perceive that the lawns of Maybush were steeped in delicious moonlight, or that the fragrance of a thousand flower-beds was stealing in through the open window. For through dinner, dessert, coffee, a master spell had been upon our minds; and Lady Theresa and Mrs. Wrottesley smiled as vainly as the moon was shining.

There was but one way of breaking the charm — Lady Votefilch asked for "a little music

orth came the harp !—Up started Chippenham,
o sang charmingly in every style. Not a more
icient method of delivering society from the
endency of a superior man, than to call for
t general extinguisher of light—"a little
sic !"

The only bad result to myself was, that
ippenham, to whom on our return to town
as inclined to enlarge upon the bore of the
ole thing, as the only stupid dinner ever
rd of at Maybush Lodge, was of course
pleased at having heard himself sing, that
had forgotten having heard my brother hold
h. I could have killed him for the good
h with which he declared that he had been
nding a very pleasant evening.

He put the finishing stroke to my ill-humour
we passed Hyde-Park Corner, (where a
e turnpike used in those days bid every
n stand and deliver, ere he set foot in
ndon,) by inquiring whether he should meet
at dinner, at Morley's, the following day.

"*Not asked?*—how came that about?"—

Is there a greater impertinence than to inquire the motive of one's being omitted from some agreeable party?—

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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CECIL:

OR,

E ADVENTURES OF A COXCOMB.

A NOVEL.

He was such a delight, — such a coxcomb, — such a jewel of a man!

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CECIL;

OR, THE

DVENTURES OF A COXCOMB.

CHAPTER I.

Se amor non è, che dunque sento?

PETRARCA.

How the first little rubs of life linger in
e's memory! — I have had my share of
levances. I have drunk my fill of vinegar
d hyssop. Yet I can recall to mind, even
w, the irritation of smarting under the im-
rtinence of Lady Harriet Vandeleur, the
ntempts of Morley, the vulgar quizzing of
ck Harris, and, above all, the coolness of
y brother.

There are moments when petty slights are harder to bear than even a serious injury. Men have died of the festering of a gnat-bite. Yet, strange to tell, the only person on whom I visited my vexation of spirit, was one who had never offered me offence; —Emily was the victim. Not even her pale anxious face, watching for me throughout the opera and ballet, exercised an extenuating influence. She looked sad as a white rose over a sepulchre; yet I remained cruel,—cruel as a grand inquisitor or a jealous woman.

I never went near her. — Poor Emily! — Though I had almost given up my projects relative to Lady Harriet, I could not make up my mind to condescend again so readily. Besides, *she* was always attainable; I might take *her* up again at any time. That was the secret of my coolness. We grow indifferent to blessings whose continuance is assured — the light of the sun—the bursting of the spring—all the fairest phenomena of nature. I should

ave taken the trouble, perhaps, to ascend to
ıe old box, had I surmised that I was fated
ever to see her there again! For after that
ght, it remained empty. It was some com-
rt not to see it polluted by strange faces, par-
ıularly such faces as one usually espies at that
ominious altitude. But it had been let for
e season to the d'Acunhas, who neither re-
rned nor underlet it.

After the first night of missing them from
e spot, how I used to sit and watch that
x!—No astronomer waiting the rising of his
wly-discovered planet could be more intensely
xious. My "upturned and wondering eyes"
ıst have given me a strangely ridiculous ap-
ırance; but, for once, I was not thinking
appearances.

I bore it for a week—a fortnight; still,
a vestige of her. The season was drawing
a close. I had taken no heed of its waning
asures since I became anxious about Emily.
was haunted by the pale pensive face, of

which I had merely said at the time, "Emily is not in beauty to-night,—I will go and visit her another time."

The last representation of the season took place. Everybody who frequents the Opera, and happens to be in town, is sure to be there on the last night; and I made sure of seeing her. I provided myself with one of her favourite magnolias. I felt my cheek burn with eagerness as I took my station in the pit, with my eyes uplifted as usual. I dare say Morley was in Lady Harriet's box. I never looked. I was thinking only of Emily.

But the box was again vacant!—That night it looked to me like a tomb. I knew that my last chance of meeting her was at an end. For six gloomy months, no opera. For six gloomy months, that box, so long a paradise, must remain a little, dusty, damp, ill-savoured closet, given over to mice and spiders. I hurried up to sit there once more. The box-keeper readily admitted me, and I took Emily's

lace behind the curtain. I even laid down
ie magnolia before it on the crimson cushion,
; if she were there. The scent of vanille
ngered there still, as though its former inmates
ad only just quitted the place; and so power-
lly were they brought before me by the
sociation, that I kept expecting every minute
hear their voices by my side.

I could stand this suspense no longer. Next
y, after office, I went straight to Southamp-
n Buildings. Nay, I inquired explicitly and
ithout hesitation for Miss Barnet. I was
sperate.

My inquiry struck no amazement into Pep-
r-and-Salt. He seemed almost prepared for
; almost to expect that one of Mr. Hanmer's
ients should knock at the door, and ask to
e his ward; and there was a twinkle of
tisfaction in the creature's eye, as he an-
ounced that "Miss Emmily warn't there no
nger."

"Was she gone to Monsieur d'Acunha's!"—

"May be she was—may be she warn't—he couldn't say. Should he inquire of the head clerk?—"

It was, of course, more agreeable to me to inquire of d'Acunha himself; so away I went to Burton Crescent.—A bill up!—THIS HOUSE TO BE LET!—Deeply mortified, I turned my horse's head once more towards the West-end. But on reaching Portland Road, I had the weakness to turn, and to return. Perhaps the person charged to show the house, might afford information. I alighted, and requested to look at it; and the dry, withered, wooden thing in a green-baize apron,—man, woman, child,—for it seemed to partake of all three,—immediately began to enlarge upon the size of the "parlours" and the extreme convenience of sinks and fountains, sufficiently innocent of this world's sophistications, to believe that a person of *my* manners and appearance entertained serious intentions towards a house in Burton Crescent, at a period of the year when

lberts and jargonelle pears were coming into
eason!

I inquired after the last lodgers: it knew
othing about them. It was "put in by the
ouse-agent." It "s'posed the last ludgers
as furriners; for the house smelt of baccy
ough to p'ison one." It even wanted to tell
e how much soap and how many scrub-
ng-brushes had been required to obliterate
e d'Acunhas.

I went home thoroughly wretched. While
illusions lasted, I had scarcely noted the
ogress of the season. They were gone, and
discovered that I was alone. All was over.
ere was not only no Emily, but no London.
Watier's that night, scarcely a soul!—
had never occurred to me before, that a
vernment clerk was a denizen of Downing
eet; that the rest of the world shot grouse,
toured to the lakes,—or betook itself to the
very sands of the Isle of Wight,—while a
rkly pen must perforce remain in the ink,

and a clerkly hand on the pounce-box. I began to think (as I sulked in the corner of the sofa at Watier's, sole monarch of all I surveyed,) like a grumbling minister, who has been snubbed by his sovereign, or by his sovereign's sovereign, the House of Commons, — about sending in my resignation.

The recollection of Lord Ormington's stiff conditions touching the ways and means, luckily suspended my resolution. I had not forgotten Lady Harriet's advice to me, not to trifle with Lord Ormington. Moreover, he was out of town. I had never missed him. I ought to have inferred that he was gone; for parliament was up, and our officials comparatively out of harness. Nothing remained but the clerks and the desks: the rest of the wooden furniture had migrated. But though the rumble of Lord Ormington's carriage every evening had ceased, and the grumble of Lord Votefilch's discontent every morning, I had been unconscious of my loss.

Such among my readers as may have been ompelled to outlast the season in London, rom being in office, in love, or in debt, must ecollect the strangeness of suddenly discover- g, like Aladdin, that the magic palace has isappeared. For the last month, we notice osts of travelling-carriages departing, with a nsation of relief. The dull and elderly go st. All June and July, one sees family- aches setting forth with post-horses as one coming home from balls; and *then*, there is iumph in remaining: for it is the select few ho are left, to eat the *diners d'élite*, and do l sorts of pleasant things never attempted long as the mob remains undecimated. It a distinction to be one of the court-cards pt in hand. Carlton House was never so illiant as during the dog-days. The last rtnight of the season resembles one of those ie summer's nights when only stars of the st magnitude are visible; when favourite con- ellations stand out in relief, all the myriads

of little stars having hidden their diminished heads!

But this distinction imparts only a deeper shade to the succeeding darkness. On the day which rouses us to the consciousness of being alone in hot, dusty London, when the oblique rays of the autumnal sun betray the coating of soot and dust encrusting the houses,—when the sparrows, grown tame, hop chirping impertinently along the streets,—when the city looks and smells like a city of apple-stalls,—when shopmen stand with pens behind their ears on the door-steps instead of behind their counters,—when the suburban theatres and gardens placard the walls and palings, (and all London in a state of repair, furnishes palings in abundance,) with every variety of coloured paper announcing every sameness of colourless entertainment; then it is that we suddenly inquire where all the people are gone;—and Echo answers "Where?—"

What a relief when the hollow nymph favoured *me* for the first time with this contemptuous reply, to reflect upon Lady Ormington's false appetite for the Metropolis! — It was an unspeakable comfort to think that our house was not going to be paled in or shuttered up like the rest. On the day I returned home from my expedition to the house agent's who had the letting of the "family mansion" in Burton Crescent, with information that the D'Acunhas had sailed by the Oporto packet, on the first of the month, for Portugal, and that, to the best of his belief, they were accompanied by a young English lady, name unknown, I could scarcely have borne to find myself alone in an uninhabited house. Even Bibiche was better company than my thoughts.

For my reflections were anything but rose-coloured. I was fain to confess that, with all my tact and cleverness, my season had been a failure. I had achieved nothing. My advantages had

been great, the result—*fiasco !*—My squinting brother was at the top of the tree. The last object that had struck me, on the last night of the opera, was Jack Harris installed in the Vandeleurs' box ; not on sufferance, but smiled upon and encouraged by Lady Harriet and the Marchioness of Devereux,— evidently on the way to obtain waistcoat the third. Chippenham was the established pet of Maybush Lodge, and Danby was gone down to Lady Warburton's family seat, as the accepted lover of Lady Susan Thedon. Everybody had paired off, saving myself.

When these humiliating conclusions occurred to me, I presumed to accuse Emily as the origin of my failure ! Second thoughts whispered "Curse not Southampton Buildings, even in thy chamber." A painful presentiment already connected itself in my mind with the sweet face I had seen looking so sorrowfully down upon me from the opera-box.

The impression did not diminish as the au-

mn drew on. "*Les jours se suivent*," says the overb, "*et ne se ressemblent pas.*" The tor-ent of London, *out* of the season, is that e day telleth another, and one night certifieth other: eternal sameness,—the sameness of ea voyage. Even the business of my official rning was thrice as tedious as during the sion of parliament. The gods were depart-; — the master-spirits gone who imparted ne relief to my labours. There was no e left beside myself but Herries—plodding erries,—one very silent old senior clerk, who s pretty much on a par, in point of intellect, th Babbage's Calculating Machine,—and two three juniors, whose chief recreation, like own and other natives, consisted in gaping. e Parks were enveloped in mist. The Town rotting like the fat weed on Lethe's wharf. was like a city of the plague, nay, worse. the terrible descriptions of Defoe and Boc-cio, there is something to excite the two rongest of our sympathies, pity and terror.

Autumnal London excites nothing but *ennui*. —I would as soon dig in a lead mine !—

I record all this by way of apology for the infatuation with which I soon began to attach myself to the recollection of Emily Barnet. I had fitted up my second chamber as a sort of study, —a study of anything but books; for I neither was, nor pretended to be a reading man. But I studied there something more valuable in the perusal than printed paper. I studied my Self, —I studied the past. My leisure was the leisure of busy reverie. Whether seated, meerschaum in hand, before my sparkling fire, or pacing my rooms with listless steps, I was absorbed in living over again the events of the last few months, arm-in-arm with Cecil Danby.

And how wonderfully did poor Emily gain by the retrospection ! How sweetly did her words and looks come back upon my memory ! I could recal to mind only what was thoroughly attractive — thoroughly attaching.

had never heard a sentiment escape her lips
at was not noble and gracious. I had never
en her indulge in a look or an attitude but
ight have served as the model for an artist.
n atmosphere of poetry surrounded her, —
mmunicating a charm to all she touched,
l she addressed. I recalled to mind the
iginality of her opinions, — the freshness of
r ideas, — the vividness of her expressions;
d no longer wondered that such companion-
ip had estranged me from the vapid no-
ingness of the great world. Lady Harriet
as equally brilliant, — more brilliant. But in
r, not a touch of nature; in her not a gleam
the womanliness imparting so surpassing a
arm to the conversation of Emily.

And this angelic being was lost to me for
ver! — I had ascertained beyond a doubt that
e was gone. At the very time I was harass-
g myself with expeditions into Bloomsbury,
he was already on the high seas — on her way
o the land of citron groves. I should see and

hear of her no more. Had she remained in England, perhaps we should have been equally alienated. A Miss Emily Barnet could never be more than a Miss Emily Barnet to Cis Danby. Still, it was something to be within reach of such an embellishment to one's existence; like knowing that a volume of choice poetry is at hand, which we may snatch up and peruse, when we find the realities of life growing too hard for our digestion.

Sometimes my reveries assumed a less favourable colour. After excess of solitude, as after all excesses, a reaction of feeling takes place. *Ne sait aimer qui ne sait haïr.* I used to gratify my irritation by uttering blasphemies against my Egeria. She had come upon me so strangely, and departed so mysteriously, nay, she was so disconnected with the world of which I formed a part, that I began almost to doubt her very existence. She was a *feu follet*, a will-o'-the-wisp.—"Earth hath its bubbles and she was of them." I thought of

elusina the sorceress, beloved by the Comte Poitiers, whose face was that of an angel, ose body that of a serpent. I thought — why recapitulate the foolish fancies of lover or madman? — After all, if I had en into the snare of an enchantress, there s some pride in having retained, after a ege education, the generous weakness which nits of becoming a dupe.

I struggled hard to get out of the net. e sentiment was not the order of the day. e pallid muse of Byron, in her black-crape epers, had not yet brought despair and uish into fashion. There was no encou-ement to turn Octavian, or let grow one's rd. After all, if I had overrated my des-es,—if I had mistaken the salutation of the rd sisters on my arrival in London,—if I fancied that I was to be king (of the *monde*) hereafter,—hereafter was a wide d,—I need not yet despair of my enthroni-ion. Jack Harris might have made his way

faster; but his extinction would probably be rapid in proportion to his elevation, like the fusee of a rocket. Danby might be crowned with laurels; but they would, perhaps, wither while mine were flourishing!

I determined, in short, to box it out with destiny. I put myself in a Cribb-like attitude for a milling-match with my fortunes; and when at length even Lady Ormington's maternal sensibilities were insufficient to detain her in a city where nothing remained but Irish bricklayers and gentlemen compelled to live by rule, I dashed down to Melton, while *she* departed for the Hall; and by dint of drinking and riding at a pace—such as Satan might ride and drink when indulging in one of those "walks on earth" which Porson and multitudes of imitators have immortalized in the "verse that eternally saves" (even Satan), —I returned to Downing Street at the close of my six weeks' leave of absence, with the tremour of my heart transferred to my hands.

Between agitation of mind and body I was
thoroughly done up.

went through my duties like one walking
his sleep. Unless when a packet arrived
n Lisbon, I found it impossible to interest
elf in the progress of public affairs. I had
rtained that the vessel which bore the
cunhas from this country had reached Por-
l in safety. I knew that she was back
n with her father,—back again at Cintra,
ack again among those beloved haunts of
and shore which she used to paint with such
ildering enthusiasm. So much the better!
All that remained for me was to recom-
ce life anew, from the point at which I
been distracted from my career by this
less acquaintance. I had just attained my
ority; an excellent epoch for a new start.
t happened that Chippenham, into whose
ety I was thrown by the business of
office, was nearly as much out of sorts
n fortune as myself. After falling into the

snare set for him by Lady Votefilch, which *he* called falling desperately in love with Lady Theresa, his father, Lord Merepark, was kind enough to extricate him by an assurance in writing, that he was too young to settle, and that for many years to come it was out of his power to make a settlement upon him. It is well known that next to a pipe of Port, there is nothing so difficult to settle as the eldest son of a peer of the realm.

Chippenham had no means of helping himself. The Votefilchs dared not encourage him to brave and bring down on them the displeasure of a father, having three boroughs and a half at his disposal; and all that remained for him was to join with me in execrating the ruggedness of the course of true love, and in exorcising the little god by the power of a bigger — Bacchus versus Cupid. I scarcely know the love that could stand out against a couple of bottles of claret a day, topped up with garus punch.

The Flemish painters are greatest in their neations of the most unsightly objects; and obima is never more admirable than in a dy ditch or mudpool. I am not so sure a genius for depicting sloughs; and will sequently pass over the dissipation of two perate boys, in the enjoyment of too much ure, cash, and health, and finding an apology their own vicious inclinations, in the pretext having a secret sorrow to escape from. I l every prospect of becoming "*un de ces en- s du siècle, caducs avant d'avoir vécu, et farons de désillusions.*" Now-a-days, when oung man is affected by a fever of the heart, ague of the mind, such as the feelings which ve us into folly, he goes abroad. The Con- ent is a mighty safety-valve. It is surprising quantity of vice that escapes in that direc- n. But during the war, people were obliged stay and sow their wild oats in London; l fertile was the crop ever ripe for the kle!—The coffee-room at Stevens's could tell

tales if it chose!—But it had better hold its tongue.

If the brilliant coteries of the fashionable world had been unable to efface the impression made upon me by the fascinations of Emily, it was not likely that the unrefined, unlettered heroines, with whom I was now in contact, should obliterate that charming recollection. It required all the madness of the orgies to render me sufficiently blind and deaf to support their company, even for an hour. I can understand the fable of the Sirens having been invented for such creatures; only that in modern times one is forced to put cotton in one's ears to avoid the disgust of their discourse, instead of the fascination of their song.

Do what I would, however,—laugh and listen, or listen and sneer,—eat, drink, and be merry, or merely drink and be sad,—the ever-haunting face and form were still before me. My follies and vices, appeared to add new force to the vividness of that first impression. As the trea-

res of Herculaneum and Pompeii have been eserved in pristine freshness by showers of ders, the lava, intended for the destruction the image cherished in my heart, served for preservation.

The only sacrifice, the only victim, was my-. After months of vulgar dissipation, I nd myself more irritable in temper, more rm in health, and thoroughly disgusted with profligate companions. People were return- to town again; but whether they came or ed away, I cared not. Parliament was nt to unloose its thousand tongues, — but ther they wagged wisely, or too well, was natter of indifference. A cloud was upon spirit. I was only half a coxcomb. I sel- appeared in Lady Ormington's coterie, ever in those of her gay associates. I was oming a lost man.

One day,—it was but a few before the meet- of parliament, and I was beginning to an- ate Lord Ormington's presence, superadded

to my domestic displeasures,—when I was struck by the elongated visage of Herries, issuing from the Blue Chamber at the Foreign Office.

"What the deuce is the matter, Hal?" cried Chippenham. "Is Grimgruffinhoff vicious this morning? Has he found out a false concord, pray, in your last despatch, or—"

To our great surprise, Herries, who was the meekest of mankind, replied by dashing down the papers he held in his hand upon the table, with the addition of an interjection not to be found in any polite dictionary.

"My dear fellow, you seem horrifically out of sorts?" said I, looking up from my desk, —almost envying him the power of being in a rage at anything so small as His Majesty's Secretariate of State.

"And so would you," cried Herries, white with suppressed ire, "if, after having drudged here, as I have been doing for the last fourteen months, without even applying for a day's holiday, and being, at length, on the eve of asking

or two months' leave, for the purpose of—
f—no matter!—"

"Well, well, we will take the purpose for
anted. If, after all this, you say, we were
—what?—"

"To be sent pitching over the Bay of
iscay, in the month of December, to deliver
spatches to Sir Charles Stuart, which would
quite as safe in the hands of John the por-
r!"

"Off to Lisbon?—" cried Chippenham—
ercy—all of us at once.

"Lucky dog!" added I, in a lower tone, and
longer in chorus.

"Lucky?—" exclaimed Herries, angrily
king me up. "I should like to see *you* resign
urself to such luck! I should like to see
ord Votefilch send any one of you on such
expedition! He knows better. There
ould be fathers and mothers, or, rather,
es and noes after him, in no time. It is
ly because I have no parliamentary interest

to back me — because I am *fils de mes œuvres.*"

"Hush, hush!—" cried Chippenham, who really liked Herries, and saw that he was committing himself.

"Poor Hal!—" added Percy, provokingly. "It shan't be sent to Lisbon. It shan't sail up the Tagus It shall stay at home and eat its Christmas turkey by its own fireside."

For my part I said nothing. I was wrapt in cogitation. What if I could obtain to be sent in his room? Not a moment to be lost! I explained myself to Herries. He was quite sincere in his detestation of the appointment. It was not a *nolo episcopari* opposition, and he hastened, hand-in-hand with me, to Lord Votefilch, representing that I was exceedingly ambitious of replacing him; that I was slightly acquainted with the Portuguese language; that my health, which was in a declining state, would be materially benefited by a sea voyage, and that the services of Mr. Herries were, just

, peculiarly in request in the office, for
ng in train the arrangement of certain
al documents, previous to the meeting of
ament, which had been especially recom-
led to his diligence by the Lords of the
sury.

y preamble went for nothing,—for worse
nothing,—for an impertinent interference
authority;—but this last argument decided
matter, and I was desired to hold myself in
iness to start for Falmouth that very night.
a human being was in my confidence, as
rded my loves and likings; and this sudden
ication was, consequently, a thunderbolt
ie office. Herries thought me a fool;—all
rest, mad.—Had Lord Ormington been in
n, the thing would probably have been
ented. As it was, I found it easy to per-
le my mother that I had been selected
Government as a confidential agent for a
cult duty; and, though she wept a little,
begged me to take care and not put my-

self in the way of the plague or the yellow fever, she was comforted when I promised to send her home, by return of packet, hank of Lisbon chains and a "wilderness of monkeys." She still continued to murmur something about Lisbon being such a dangerous place, and to beg me to take care of the earthquake; but turning a deaf ear to her maternal anxieties I hurried away to issue my last instructions to Tim, and a long farewell to the convolvulus chamber.

My preparations were easily achieved. I bequeathed to Lady Ormington the settlement of my Christmas bills. Government was my courier.

Facta etenim et vitas hominum suspendit ab astris!

My chaise was at the door,
My transport on the sea;

—and an announcement in the next day's Morning Post, that, "last evening the Hon. Cecil Danby left the Foreign Office with despatches

His Majesty's minister at Lisbon," con-
l all the adieux necessary to my discon-
friends and creditors.

art from the hope of seeing Emily again,
was something in the suddenness of the
ure that imparted piquancy to my plan.
rattled along the road, at the pace which
sitaries of despatch boxes contrived in those
to be rattled, I could not help picturing
yself the surprise of Lord Ormington, on
arrival in town, at finding that, without
rting from our compact, I had contrived
istance both him and Messrs. Hanmer and
ch. It was a triumph, too, to know that
ould escape the mortification of being omit-
among the invited to Danby's wedding;
ch the newspapers assured the world was
ake place soon after Christmas. Parthian-
, I was intent upon leaving wounds behind
as I posted it along.

My enthusiasm, however, began to relax as
hurry and excitement of departure gra-

dually subsided. By the moment of embark tion, I saw things in their true light, whi was far from a pleasant one; and, witho sharing my mother's apprehensions of bei swallowed up, either in the Bay of Bisc or a second Lisbon earthquake, began to pe ceive that the bright eyes of my inscrutab divinity were leading me strangely out of m latitude.

Not that the sight of the dark blue wate inspired me with the nausea so afflicting the many.—As nurses reprove a squeamis child with the assurance that "people sic in a carriage weren't never born to ride i one,"—I am of opinion that a sea-sick ma was not born to sail in his own yacht; an am proud to declare that the heaviest swe finds me enjoying the robust health becomin a gentleman.

Still, the sea in December!—the bay of Biscay at Christmas!—The perils and inconvenience of the ensuing three weeks, were such as would

ve reconciled me, without further argument,
find myself back again in poor Hanover
uare. La Bruyère, or some other of the
lows whose sayings one is always remem-
ring, observes that a woman must be charm-
indeed whose husband does not wish him-
f unmarried at least ten times a day. So a
-voyage must happen under circumstances
culiarly favourable, if a man do not wish
nself on dry land, forty-eight times in the
rse of the twenty-four hours. I shall never
get the fervour of my thanks to Providence
en I found myself at length going it easy
the smooth waters of the Tagus!

'His Majesty's service!—" I could not of
rse forget that I and my despatch-box were
Majesty's.—Though conscious that the mag-
which drew me to the shores of Portugal
ided in a quinta at Cintra, I was forced to
through the ceremony of delivering my
spatches, my notes confidential, and a day's
rth of private explanation, to the individual

and collective majesty of the mission, before I even named the name of Barnet.

But how to do justice to the bore o being cross-examined by an ambassador, secretary, a private secretary, and three *at tachés* :—in the first place, concerning the mys teries of their calling as connected with the fountain-head in Downing Street; and in the next, concerning all that insignificant chit-chat of London, which becomes so important the moment one gets out of earshot of its babble Next to the smell of the quays at Belem, and the spectacle of their squalid population, the investigation I was compelled to undergo was the most disgusting incident of my arrival.

Let it not meanwhile be supposed that, at the mature age of one-and-twenty, I was young enough to be beguiled into precipitate inquiries in my turn. For worlds I would not have evinced the slightest curiosity concerning any thing or anybody in Lisbon. Among my super cilious diplomatic brethren, I chose to be better

ainted with all that was going on at the
of war, than Wellington or Beresford. I
so good as to tell them what had been and
ld be again; and described to them the
e of parties in Lisbon, with a graphic accu-
that obtained me unlimited credit.

o occasion to explain how much of my
e had been spent the preceding summer
company with those to whom the welfare
Portugal was as vital air; and the beauties
he Tagus a sacred recollection!

The rock of Lisbon was, in fact, scarcely
re familiar to me now that I had sailed under
clifted heights, or the monastery of Mafra
w that my eyes had rested upon its majestic
lls, than when described by the glowing and
quent partiality of Emily. Long before we
pped anchor in the Tagus, I could have
inted, as after a circumstantial sketch, the
wers of St. Julien, and the castle of Belem,—
e white walls of the various quintas and con-
nts, peeping from among their gardens of

evergreens,—the imposing palace of the Ajuda —the venerable portal of St. Jeronymo—and the lofty towers of the mother church, reflected upon the surface of the waters.

I could almost have wished myself fated to know them *only* by description; for Heaven knows the bright and varied scene gained little by its accompaniments of sound or smell. A more ill-favoured, ill-savoured community than the rabble of the quays of Belem, is scarcely to be imagined; and for many days after my arrival, I was tempted hourly to invoke as ideal the perfume of orange trees and sound of guitars wherewith my romantic friends had chosen to enliven their descriptions. The wrangling of beggars, the grunting of pigs, and the *bouquet* of these and other *animaux immondes*, such as barefooted friars, appealed only too energetically to my patience.

My sense of smell is at all times painfully acute. The least ostensibly developed, it is by no means the least susceptible of the senses.

trange that we have no word definitive of its nperfection or extinction! — There are the lind and the deaf, there are even the near-ghted and the dunny; but we want a name r those fortunate individuals who walk through fishmarket or a glue manufactory, without incing; or a thymy woodland or choice con-rvatory, without rapture. For my own part, protest that my most vivid anticipation of the ys of Eden, consists in the aromatic gales scribed by Milton, as

Able to cure all sadness but despair.

However excruciating the torture of my factory nerves at Belem. I was nevertheless nply rewarded at a subsequent period, when aversing some of those exquisite valleys on e banks of the Mondego, shrubbed over with vender and rosemary, or balsamic thickets the gum-cistus; whose lofty baytrees, cy-esses, or cedars, bathing in intense sunshine, part an almost Oriental spiciness to the

atmosphere. But I had much to undergo in the interval. My irritability, after three days spent at an Hotel reeking with garlic and tobacco, and enlivened eighteen hours of the twenty-four by the incessant drumming and fifing of a military parade, was the precursor of illness. I had often known sea voyages produce the most deleterious effects upon the constitution, when they fail to affect it in the usual manner; but in my own instance, I apprehended nothing. Never having experienced an hour's ill-health, I scoffed at the idea of sickness; and for the first three or four days after landing, attributed my disorder to change of climate, change of food, or fatigue.

I felt almost insulted when advised to see the embassy physician. I was still more angry when the said physician, having been peremptorily introduced into my room by one of the *attachés*, talked of bleeding and chicken-broth! My indignation however, was to little purpose; for, three days afterwards, the ignominy of a

tonsured head was inflicted upon me, without my being conscious of the offence! Instead of making my way to Cintra, I became delirious; in imminent danger from the paroxysms of a bilious fever!

Poor Lady Ormington!—How little had she suspected when, in our farewell interview, she bade me beware of the plague and yellów fever, that her darling was carrying with him the germ of a disorder equally perilous! There was every chance that instead of marmozets and Lisbon chains, the packet which conveyed back to England intelligence of our safe arrival would also carry news I was sleeping my last sleep in the church-yard of Saint Jeronymo.

If it had, I very much doubt whether any of them would have cared. I was spared all efforts of sensibility on that or any other point; for during the ensuing three weeks my mind was in a state of torpor. I knew not even that I suffered; though, judging from

the result my sufferings must have been severe, for when my danger ceased my weakness was as that of a child.

One of my first impressions was a painful consciousness that, though thus thrust among strangers to sicken, and all but die, I had experienced as much sympathy and kindness among them, as I should have done among my own people, and in my father's house. This is a confession, by the way, which people are apt to make as a reflexion upon their relations, whereas it disgraces only themselves. It is a case of rare misfortune when we are not loved by our nearest of kin, in proportion as we desire and deserve to excite affection. As to me,—but on this head I have enabled my readers to judge for themselves.

The most imaginative bard of my time, he whose poetry may be considered as the matrix of that of Byron, has favoured us, by way of a psychological curiosity, with a picture of one of his dreams, the result probably of opium,

which a recent traveller* has declared to be so exact a transcript of the scenery viewed from Mount Lebanon, that, when halting under the hoary cedars of the antique world, he could find no truer description of the landscape before him than the celebrated verses of Coleridge.

Are we to infer that to the inspired brain of the poet, that Oriental beatitude was literally manifested? "There are more things in Heaven and earth than were dreamt of" in the philosophy of Horatio. But there are more things in the human mind than were dreamt of even by Hamlet, even by Shakspeare. May there not even exist senses still imperfectly defined by physiological science? May there not be mysteries of the soul still undeveloped, indicated only by the divining rod of the initiated, a mockery to the learned, but of profound conviction to more delicate organi-

* Lord Lindsey.

zations conscious of magnetic influences—such as might be esteemed a supernatural visitation, did aught in our frail and miserable nature seem to entitle us to communication with the invisible world?—

I can have no object in deceiving myself or others; and I swear that during my illness at Belem my chamber was haunted! I solemnly protest that no spot or scene I ever visited in health and strength, is more vividly impressed upon my memory than the realms in which I seemed to live and move, and have my being, during the period in which my physicians pronounced me to be labouring under mental excitement. To me, Portugal was still *terra incognita*. My experience of the landscape scenery of my own country was of the most prosaic nature; Ormington Hall, situated in the ugliest county in England,—Oxford—Putney. I had seen nothing, I knew nothing; nor had even art done aught to expand or refine my ideas of the picturesque. Claude

and Poussin, Salvator and Ruysdael, had spread their transcript of the beauties of nature vainly before my eyes. All I knew was, that the prevailing colour of a landscape is green, and that the prevailing colour of a sky had *better* be blue.

But the existence I seemed to lead at the time when all was seeming, lay in a land whose acclivities were clothed with the pale foliage of the olive; whose rivers ran among overopping wildernesses of canes and reeds; whose lofty bay-trees extended their deep, fragrant, glossy, glorious growth like the tree of which David sang in his hour of inspiration; whose rocks were overshowered with the pink blossoms of the oleander, or the blue and vaporous bloom of the rosmarinus; whose rich groups of cork-trees, through which the gleam of marble aqueducts was apparent in the distance, afforded shade from the noontide heat to droves of buffaloes; whose bamboo fences were surmounted by the spiky leaves of the aloe and

entwined with convolvuli of very different hue from those of my poor old blue chamber in Hanover Square!

Was this prescience?—Was the influence of the land already strong upon my spirit?—Was the companionship that appeared to haunt me in those peculiar and well-remembered scenes, also a delusion?—Were the words breathed in my ears by her who appeared to be ever present with me, words of warning?—I dare not dwell upon these speculations! I am aware that, in this age of grovelling materialism, everything savouring of a pretence to higher sources of intelligence is condemned as the impertinence of a fool or the vagary of a madman. Perhaps I *was* mad. I will even admit that I was mad. But this I know, that I would exchange the more rational moments of my existence for a single day or night of that stage of lunacy, which seemed to transport me to the banks of the limpid

Mondego, "with one fair spirit for my minister."

So conscious was I even then of the ridicule attached to my faith in this "supernatural soliciting," that my first inquiry on my restoration to health regarded the degree to which my exclamations might have betrayed my secret during my illness. I interrogated my nurse. I questioned poor, faithful Tim, who had lain day and night like a dog at my bedside. I challenged, with a smile, my young friends of the embassy. But in vain. The Portuguese nurse and Irish groom admitted that I had raved like a man possessed; but they did not seem to know whether by angel or devil. As to the *attachés*, they talked about my being light-headed, but were not much disposed to be at the trouble of knitting up the ravelled skein of my perplexities.

All I knew with certainty was, that my restoration to health had snatched me from

illusions worth an empire; and that the foul, filthy, sweltering, vermin-haunted, yelling, drumming, strumming Belem which presented itself before me in fetid reality, was a very inferior spot to the city of Morisco convents and marble palaces, which had risen out of the blue waters of the Tagus in my land of Thought.

Bales of letters had arrived for me by the packet, during my illness; Christmas bills,—reproaches on pink paper,—and in black and white (from Messrs. Hanmer and Snatch,) Lord Ormington's formal signification of his displeasure that I should have solicited from Government an appointment necessitating my absence from England, precisely at a moment so fraught with interest to the Danby family as the approaching marriage of my brother.

But this was not all. The pragmatical firm in Southampton Buildings, patented by his Right Hon. Lordship with the privilege of lecturing me in his name, was furthermore

pleased to intimate that, "should my visit to Portugal purport the renewal of my connection with a certain family, which by their means had been casually introduced to my acquaintance, they were instructed to inform me, that my income would be peremptorily suspended on the slightest intimation of anything tending to promote a nearer alliance."

A long shot, and wide of the mark!—I had been more than a month at Lisbon, without even attempting to obtain information concerning the persons thus harshly pointed out to my avoidance. I knew, indeed, that as regarded the d'Acunhas, I might as well have walked to Whitechapel, inquiring all the way for a family of the name of Smith; and with respect to Emily, felt a natural hesitation about pointing her out to the notice of the young gentlemen in kid gloves, who manœuvred the international relations between England and Portugal.

Lisbon and its environs abounded at that

time in English merchants. The sealing up or corking up of France, rendered the fierce potations of Spain and Portugal our sole resource against the humid climate of Great Britain. I determined to defer my inquiries till I could visit Cintra in person. The prohibitions contained in the thirteen-and-fourpenny epistle of Messrs. Hanmer and Snatch, having served only to stimulate my impatience of the sick room, and to determine me upon attempting an airing, full a fortnight earlier than the measure was sanctioned by that remarkably obtuse body called the faculty.

CHAPTER II.

J'étudiais cette femme avec un culte égal à celui qu'ap-
ortent les peintres devant les lignes pures et les chastes
ontours des Madones de Raphaël ou de Cimabue. J'in-
rrogeais en silence l'expression de son visage, afin de
viner ce qui se passait en elle. J'écoutais le son de sa
ix ; j'épiaus un sourire, je la regardais marcher. Que
us dirai-je ? C'était mon idole, la Madone que je m'étais
oisie.

ALPHONSE BROT.

Jucundum cùm ætas florida ver ageret.

CATULL. *Epig.* 67.

FEW people pass through life without having
perienced the rapture of convalescence. So-
ates has described the delicious itching of
e human flesh on the removal of manacles,
worthy the endurance of bondage to appre-
ite ; and it is quite as well worth while
be ill, for the satisfaction of finding oneself

well again. The transition from the stag nant atmosphere of a sick room, from lug brious faces and presages of evil, to th blessed and revivifying light of day, with i snatches of fragrant breezes, its "lapse streams and tune of birds," is like a foretas of heaven.

Above all, *I* had every plea for exultatio on finding myself for the first time transporte beyond the confines of that fair-looking and fou smelling capital of the land of oranges an lemons. I, who had come so far,—who ha defied my father and all his solicitors, — m creditors and all their small accounts, — fo the sole object of looking once more upon th most angelic of human faces, had indeed cau to murmur against the captivity which bes me on my arrival, and to triumph in m enfranchisement.

To attempt an excursion to Cintra on th first day, or on every one of the early day of returning health, was of course impossibl

lais tout vient à point pour qui sait attendre.

a week, I might push my excursions as far the Richmond of Lisbon. Cintra was not out to move from its pedestal. In a week, might hold the hand of Emily in mine!

I am ashamed to say how many days that ek appeared to contain!—From the moment felt sure of our approaching reunion, my im- tience was redoubled. I felt as if the yearn- of my heart must kill me, unless speedily tified. All the wild imaginings of my ams had only stimulated my ardour. I gan to appreciate the excellence of Emily I had never understood it before. The nestness of her character,—its truthfulness— cordiality;—the total absence of pretension pretence, were merits which my familiar quaintance with the artificialities of the world dered doubly attractive. I cannot under- nd how men of sense and feeling become hralled by women whom they never see ray a natural emotion, or hear avow an

honest sentiment. To me, no charm so irresistible as the society of persons in whose faces are reflected the mutations of their minds, and whose remarks and replies arise out of the genuine impulses of the heart. I felt sure, for instance, that on entering Emily's presence, I should learn at once, either from her expansive smiles or cold severity, whether she resented my conduct; or whether her sudden departure from England had been equally a source of grief to *her* and to myself.

For I could not disguise to myself that, though an unavowed lover, I had spared no pains to recommend myself to her regard; that my attentions were such as should never have existed or never ceased to exist; and was resolved that, should I discover her regrets to have been as poignant as my own, I would not again sacrifice to worldly ambition, a treasure which the hand of Providence seemed to have placed expressly in my path. She should

e mine, or—I had not yet exactly fixed upon he alternative.

While placing her before me in the character f an affianced bride, I retouched in my memory he picture of her bright and beaming beauty; picture that might have served as the image f youth or the type of spring,—so unrivalled as its freshness—so pure its colouring—so ounded its contours—so vivid its brilliancy! often sat dwelling on the recollection of mily, till I could have sworn that she was sibly present—my idol—my love—my wife! ow I had wronged her, how wronged my- lf, not to have snatched her to my heart, ng, weary months ago under that endearing esignation, instead of leaving her exposed to e animadversions of the world!—

Spring was breaking ere my convalescence as sufficiently advanced to admit of extending y drives. For some time, indeed, the phy- cians insisted on my not venturing out un-

accompanied. Either the nature of my excitement or the suddenness of my former attack, rendered them cautious. At length, I was sufficiently strong to defy them.

"You may burn your books, my dear doctor!" said I to my kind attendant, on the day of my purposed expedition to Cintra. "I have better remedies in store than the forests of cascarilla you are inflicting on me. Within a week, I promise you I shall be no longer the same man. You will not know me. At all events, I shall disdain to know *you*, and pass you by as the summer wind, which you regard not."

"So much the better," cried Dr. A——, "so much the better! But I had rather you did not threaten me with so bright an eye, or so hurried a pulse. I have been writing a flourishing account of your amendment today, by Sir Charles's desire, to Lord Ormington. Unless you lower your tone, sir, I will recal my bulletin till the next packet."

I did not think it necessary to inquire of

he official Esculapius whether he had addressed is intelligence to his lordship through the me-ium of Southampton Buildings; in short, I as too happy at that moment to trouble my-lf about kith or kin. I had done like the ods invoked by Nat. Lee in his tragedy,— annihilated both time and space to make vo lovers happy." I had even overcome mething *more* indomitable than time or ace,—my own listless nature,—my own cox-mbry! I had braved the perils of earth d sea, the displeasure of Hanover Square, d the fury of the Bay of Biscay, in order enjoy once more the intercourse of that ightest of human beings,—refined gold amid e baser metals of society!

Beautiful Cintra!—how I rejoiced to recog-se in its rocky pinnacles all that Emily had often described!—Two images seemed before e as we slowly ascended the *calçada* of that gion of *quintas*;—the sunny reality, with its hite walls dotted amid glossy verdure, and

the picture imprinted on my imagination
the gentle voice so dear to me. Twofo
enjoyment appeared to surround me.

Oh! that odoriferous breath of gardens!-
that vitality in the air, as of the young-ey
spring bursting into life and joy through a tho
sand blossoms!—I seemed to bear the burth
of life too lightly as I reached the first shrubb
steep of Cintra, and looked up to the rock
heights crowned by the convent towers of Nos
Senhora da Penha. My heart was blithe as
bird. I was something better than Cecil Danb
at that moment. I was a human being create
to be happy and to confer happiness; on th
point of sharing my joyous thoughts and fee
ings with a being still more nobly constituted.

I inquired—that is, my Portuguese attend
ant inquired of a young vinhateiro, whom w
met trudging down the hill with a pole slun
across his shoulder, and a modinha upon h
lips, in strict accordance with the season an
the scene, whether he could direct us to th
quinta of an English gentleman at Cintr

"Inglese?" cried he, after the usual courteous
Viva!" of his country. "There are so many
nglish. There is the general,—there is the
mmissary general,—there is the surgeon ge-
ral,—there are twenty others who have quin-
s on the hill."

"No—it was not a gentleman connected
th the army."

"A fidalgo, then?"

"No! not a fidalgo,—an old settler,—a
erchant."

"The Senhor Barnet!—" shouted the man
th a gladsome countenance, as if the name
d a cheering influence, as connected with
odness and beneficence. "*Nossa Senhora!*
ho does not know the quinta of San José!"—
And he seemed to take pleasure in directing
e coachman the number of turns to the right
d left which were to convey us to the spot.
ur progress was between stone walls, over-
pped by the verdure of the ilex and the bay,
d intersected here and there by the gates of

different quintas, enabling the eye to penetrate into the interior of their trimly gardens and orange-orchards. But to me, every foot of earth we traversed was holy ground. I thought of her surprise,—her welcome,—her eyes varying perhaps from the flash of joy to softening tears,—her grateful recognition of all I had braved, all I had forsaken, to prove myself worthy her regard. As we gradually accomplished the number of turns and twistings pointed out by the vinhateiro, my breath came so short, my heart beat so painfully, that I felt, if my expedition had been of much greater extent, I could not have supported the excess of my emotion. A sad admission for a coxcomb, to be shaken thus!—But I was recovering from an illness of two months' duration, and the inflictions of three physicians.

At length, we approached a gate of somewhat statelier appearance than the preceding ones,—which I recognized at once as that of San José by the peculiarity of a level grove

evergreens, surmounted by a single ancient press of prodigious height, which constituted andmark for the neighbourhood. Emily had cribed this to me as the first object that, a distance, would speak to her of home.

We were at the gate. The house, a modest nsion of white stone, two stories in height, fered in no respect from the neighbouring intas, save in lying more exposed to the d,—the whole façade being visible from the es. But of all the human abodes I ever eld, it presented, at that moment, the ghtest aspect. The house was surrounded th almond trees, in all their effulgence of om. The air seemed actually brightened the shower of pink and white blossoms, own out into stronger relief by the dark ckground of evergreens formed by a lofty e-grove to the rear of the quinta.

The white mansion on which the sun was uring its brightness, as if delighting to salute fairy-like a scene, encompassed by a wilder-

ness of blossoms, looked like a fair girl arrayed for her bridal. It was afternoon. The nightingales, nowhere more mellifluous than on the shores of the Tagus, were commencing their song in those gladsome thickets. 'Twas just in such a sunshiny place I could have desired to feast my eyes, once more, upon the smiling face of Emily.

The gates were thrown open, but I would not let the carriage drive in. I did not feel sufficiently authorized in acquaintanceship to demand admittance. Two gentlemen were sauntering on the broad gravel-walk under the almond trees;—elderly men,—one of them probably, the proprietor of the quinta.

Alighting from the carriage, I inquired of the porter whether that were Mr. Barnet,—pointing towards the gentlemen, one of whom had stopped short in his walk, attracted by the jarring of the gates, and was looking earnestly towards me; *so* earnestly, that *on* his answering in the affirmative, I thought it better

hasten at once towards him, and explain the ject of my visit. Luckily for my nervous emours, he came forwards to meet me.

"I have taken the liberty, sir," said I, dressing the old gentleman, hat in hand, with e most deprecating politeness, "to intrude on you, in the hope that—"

"Is she coming?—" demanded he, interrupt- me, in a whisper, as if apprehensive of being erheard by his companion.

"My name is Danby. I have not the hon- r of being personally known to you," said concluding that he mistook me for some her person.

"Is she coming?—" he repeated, in precisely e same tone, and keeping the same intense k of inquiry fixed upon my face.

"You are under some mistake, I fear, sir," replied, beginning to fancy that I, too, must in error. "I had the honour of being ac- ainted in England with your daughter; d—"

"Is she coming?"—again repeated the old man, in precisely the same tone, and with a fixedness of aspect that began to excite vague uneasiness in my mind. I could scarcely doubt that I was addressing a person of disturbed intellect: even before I perceived that the individual by whom he was accompanied on my entrance, and who had now rejoined him, was making signs of intelligence to me to desist from the conversation. All the notice *vouchsafed* by Mr. Barnet to this interruption, consisted in turning towards him with the same sort of glaring scrutiny he had previously bestowed upon me, and the reiteration of the same simple question, uttered in the same stern whisper,—"Is she coming?"—

"Presently, presently!"—replied his companion, in the coaxing tone used to deceive children and maniacs. "But you have had a long walk, sir. Supposing we go in and rest ourselves?—This gentleman has promised that he will come and visit you another time!"

"Another time?"—muttered the old man, folding his hands, and in a tone of deep despair. "It is always another time!"—

Nevertheless he quietly took the arm extended towards him by his companion, (who made signs to me to await his return in the garden,) and submissively attempted a few steps towards the house. In a moment, however, he stopped, as if some new idea had entered his mind, and returned suddenly towards me. "At least, before I go, let him tell me whether she is coming?"—said he, in precisely his former tone and manner. Then approaching me and laying his hand familiarly on my arm, he inclined his white face closer towards my ear to falter in a lower whisper. "I will tell none of them if you will let me hear the truth.—You said you knew Emily.—Is she—*is she coming?*—"

"I had thought to find her here, sir," said he, painfully agitated, but not daring to refuse him an answer. "It is many months since we met. I learned with satisfaction her safe ar-

rival in Portugal; the hope of meeting her, indeed, was one of my inducements to visit Lisbon."

"Then you will be my friend,—you will go in search of her for me!" cried he, suddenly, giving way to a burst of passionate feeling. "You knew Emily,—you valued her,—perhaps you loved her?—But no! you were not her father.—You would not love her as I loved her.—You could not have found the cruel courage to send her away from you, that she might be safe in happy England,—safe from the terrors of war,—safe from the ruin which is overwhelming Portugal and all belonging to her.—Do you know how it fared with my girl, in England?—my beautiful girl,—my pride—my glory,—the comfort of my old age!—They persecuted her,—they vilified her,—they killed her for me, sir!—The curse of God light upon them in everlasting fire, for the deed!—They—they—but is she coming?"—said he, suddenly dropping his infuriated accents into his

former tone, with a mild earnestness that made my flesh creep!—

"If you agitate yourself in this manner, Mr. Barnet," interposed his companion in a tone of authority betraying the keeper, "I shall not be able to allow you a walk in the garden again to-morrow. You are distressing this gentleman, a stranger to you."

"No! not a stranger!"—interrupted poor Barnet, again laying his hand upon my arm. "I can see by his face that he is no stranger. He is grieving for me,—he is grieving for Emily!—He knows that it will be a long time before they let my child come back to me again. —You see he dares not answer me when I ask for her!—The way with you all!—No one,— no one will say whether she is coming!—You told me your name just now?"—cried he, stopping short, and again intently regarding me.

"Danby,—Cecil Danby!—"

"I should know it,—I seem to know it,—" he exclaimed, shrugging his shoulders impatiently.

"Somehow or other, I forget everything now. Nothing seems to stay with me.—My girl would not stay with me.—Poor Emily would not remain at San José.—They tell me I shall see her again.—But *when!*—Can *you*, tell me when?—*you*, sir!—Mr. Danby,—Englishman,—what are you?—Is she coming, I *say*!—is she coming?—"

"You had better retire, he is always thus excited in the presence of strangers," observed his companion, with the insensibility of a person habituated to such scenes. "I will rejoin you at the lodge, as soon as I have succeeded in restoring him to composure."

"How dare you call any one a stranger who comes to San José to demand hospitality in the name of my daughter?—" cried the old man, turning fiercely upon him. "Don't you know that Emily is still mistress here? Don't you know that, when she comes back to me, her first care will be to drive out of the house the brute who has presumed to tyrannize over

er poor old father,—to beat me like a child, -me, a grey-headed man!—She loved me ry dearly, sir," he continued, abruptly ad- essing me. "Though she left me, she loved e very dearly.—Come with me into the house, d you shall see the picture she drew of me. is not finished, they say.—There was not ne to finish it, ere they took her from me. ut she is coming back to finish it;—she ght to have been here by this time.—The wers are come, you see," said he, pointing the almond trees around us, "and the birds e singing,—and the sun shining,—just as if mily were here again.—Bright, bright!—it all so bright and beaming, that my poor ad and my heart ache with it.—It is a very d time the spring!—*Is she coming, sir*, that u are here to meet her?—Ha! ha! ha! e shall disappoint them yet.—They think ey have buried her.—But I know better! -I know,—I *know*—that she is coming!"

He had now locked his arm fast in mine,

and a request was whispered to me, by h
attendant, that I would lend my assistan
towards restoring him to tranquillity, by accor
panying him into the quinta. The propos
was a welcome one, for my own strength w
failing me.

As we approached the house, the hall-do
was thrown open by two servants, who p
ceded us into a large saloon, the *jalousies*
which were closed; so that, entering it fr
the dazzling sunshine, I could not, at first, d
tinguish the objects it contained. My f
impulse was to stagger to a seat. If
dreadful surmises excited by the ravings of
poor maniac before me should be groun
in truth!—if Emily should be really gone
gone for ever!—

One word addressed to the keeper, w
was standing at only a few paces distan
would have determined the matter. But I
not courage to give it utterance. I had
courage to know the worst. A deathly fa

ess came over me. I seemed to distinguish
the chamber that peculiar perfume of vanille,
indicative of her presence. Like old Barnet,
could scarcely refrain from exclaiming, in a
antic whisper,—"Is she coming?—"

A few minutes afterwards, (I conclude that
inutes only had elapsed,) I found myself
clining in the same chair, with a chilly
nsation creeping over me;—on one side,
e lunatic, with his unmeaning eyes peering
o my face; on the other the keeper, who
s holding my hand in his, as if feeling my
lse.—Great God! was he going to exercise
horrible functions upon *me*?—

"He is recovering. I told you, Mr. Barnet,
, that you would harass him by your wild
estions," said the man, addressing, in a surly
ne, his unfortunate charge. "How can you
pect that your friends will continue to visit you,
you flurry and vex them in this manner?"

"He is not my friend. He is *her* friend.
er friends will always be indulgent with me!"

ejaculated the poor old man; and he lean
over me, with a look so piteous that I stru
gled doubly hard to recover strength and e
tricate myself from my dreadful position.

By degrees, my eyes accustomed themselv
to the gloom of the darkened chamber;
could now perceive that it contained a th
sand indications of female habitation. Th
were musical instruments,—books,—flowe
There was an embroidery frame upon the tab
and a lory chained to a stand, sidling restles
to be noticed, as if impatient of the darkn
and stillness of the place. My fears beg
to subside. Why had I listened to the in
herences of a madman?—Emily was proba
in the house.—It was all I could do to refr
from demanding, in my turn, of the kee
whether she were coming.—The contag
seemed to have touched my brain.—At leng
I rose feebly from my chair.—

"These are Emily's books,—Emily's wor
—whispered the poor old gentleman, leading
courteously to the table. "If she were he

, she would show them to you, and sing
you, and bid you welome. See! there is
e mark left in her favourite volume,"—he
ntinued, showing me a sprig of withered
rtle placed between the pages of Burns,
writer we had often, very often, discussed
d praised together. "It is so strange that
e does not come and finish all these things!
ople do not leave their work incomplete, and
ir mark in a book, week after week, in this
y. I can't tell you how many days have
ssed, sir, since I heard the sound of music
this room. You know how she used to sing!
ever was there heard such a voice on earth!
Nel silenzio!'—did you ever hear her sing
Nel silenzio?'—Banti never attempted it
er she had heard my Emily.—And now,
t a note!—not a single note!—nothing,
nothing!—*So* still that you may hear all
y the clinking of poor Yilko's chain.—I
ould send it away, but that it was hers.
he poor bird seems watching for her with
e.—Every one is watching for her.—"

I shuddered. I was beginning to feel
instinctive horror of the concluding phras
indicative of his bewilderment.—This time
spared me.—

"Supposing we go and look for her?"—c
he, with a vacant smile, as if struck wit
bright idea. "I know where they took
when she was carried away from San José;
if we were to go and call her, together,
likely she might come back to us. Ask
gentleman to accompany me. He will
unless *you* ask him. No one does anyth
here that you do not bid them," said he,
dressing his keeper, with a significant look.

"Will you promise me, sir, if we hum
you, to return quietly home, and take a
hours' rest?"—was the man's prudent rep
"you know you have not closed your e
these two nights."

"Would you have had me sleep, wh
Emily had promised me a visitor?"—demand
poor Barnett, with one of those cunning smi

culiar to madmen. "But I *have* wel-med him, you see, in spite of you. I have own him her books,—her flowers,—her bird; and now I will take him to her,—that is, you will allow me."

"If you would so far indulge him, it would an act of charity," said the keeper, drawing e aside. "For several days past, Mr. Barnet's roxysms have been dreadful. To-day he is ore subdued; and if I could only bring him shed tears, as he usually does after that vourite walk, it would ensure him the com-rt of a night's sleep."

"I am myself, as you perceive, in so feeble condition,—" I was beginning.

"*Feeble!*"—interrupted the lunatic, who was agerly listening. "No matter!—You shall an on my arm.—I will support you.—We ill go together and visit Emily.—It is but a tep.—Allan, the key!—You are a good fel-ow, though brutal. You shall come with us. There,—softly!—don't hurry yourself, Mr.—

What did you say was your name?—Danby Don't hurry yourself.—She will wait for us. She was always so good,—so patient. I nev heard her chide so much as a dog!—She w wait—she will wait.—"

And continuing to mutter praises of h daughter, he led me through a suite of room the keeper closely following; one of which, fr various articles of female attire lying abo as well as from a peculiar look of neatness a elegance, I concluded to be the chamber Miss Barnet.

"She is not here, you see!" said the c man, pausing a moment, opposite to the c white bed. "She loved this room, though. Look!—there is her father's picture hanging the wall,—opposite to the spot where, when s was a little, little child, she used to kneel dow night and morning, and pray to God to bl him.—No one ever prays here for me no —God has forsaken the house!—Ichabod! M glory has departed!—"

"You promised, sir, to take this gentleman visit her," interposed the keeper, discerning mptoms of growing excitement, connected, I ppose, with the spot.—"You must not break ur word."

"Who talked of breaking my word?—Am not a gentleman still?—My daughter has saken me.—The French have burned my res,—have ravaged my vineyards,—have ned *me*,—have devastated Portugal.—But m a gentleman, I hope, for all that.—Don't rry me, Allan;—you know I cannot bear ng hurried!—I—I am a gentleman. I ver thought of breaking my word."—

And with stealthy footsteps, he made his y out of the room, and attempted to open glass-doors of a small adjoining vestibule t seemed to communicate with the garden. lan immediately took a key from his pocket, d enabled us to pass; then, after traversing ong gravel walk, skirted on either side by ll-like espaliers of closely shaven myrtle,

cut into fanciful arcades, we reached the e
tremity of the garden; and again, the kee
produced his pass key, and unlocked the po
ern door of a boundary wall.

We were now in an orange grove; a s
of little interest in the eyes of any inhabit
of Portugal, to whom the aspect of
glossy verdure, golden fruit, or snowy
richly scented blossoms of that Hesper
tree, are as uninteresting as an apple-orch
to ourselves.

But it happened to be the first realizat
to *my* eyes of a scene so often and so vivi
described by Emily, in association with
scenes and sports of her childhood.

"This was her play-ground, sir,"—said
Barnet, pointing among the smooth stems
the venerable trees, proud with the burth
of their golden treasures,—"and yonder—"

At that moment, Allan unlocked a third d
in the exterior wall, and I found myself i
small green enclosure,—the turf of which, ris

re and there into mounds of a peculiar form. But why describe all this?—

The old man led me slowly, reverently, and ntly, to the remotest corner of the litle en- sure; over which, the boughs of a fine bay- e, overhanging from the gardens of the quin- extended their shade.—There was a stone on the ground;—placed there very recently, for the rough clay around it had not yet ained a vestige of verdure, and a few dis- ced sods still lay withering around.

'This, as you are probably aware, sir, is English burying-ground," said Allan, breath- his hateful whisper confidentially into my . "I am not often able to indulge him h a visit.—I dare not bring him here alone ok!"—

The poor old man was down on his knees, h his head bowed upon the stone,—tracing h his trembling finger the letters engraven re:—

Pray for the Soul
of
EMILY BARNET,
Aged eighteen years.
Died on the 17th of February, 1811.
Ora pro me.

Only three weeks in the grave!—The ear
scarcely closed over that beloved face!—Ob
misery—misery!—Had I hastened to San Jo
on my disembarkation, I had been in time
save her,—to spare the shattered reason of h
wretched father!—Why—why thus tardy
my atonement?—

For she had died of a broken heart.—Th
which the keeper, Allan, called a rapid decli
was the anguish of a broken heart. I heard
soon afterwards, from the worthy man wh
aid was now once more called in to rescue
from the grave. He had attended her. He h
been her friend,—her confidant. Having
tected a moral influence as the origin of
disorder, she had owned to him on her dea
bed, that her sudden return to Lisbon

ıused by the infamous rumours spread con-
rning her in England, by a noble family,
ıo resented the attentions she had received
m one of its members.

" The spiritless man whom my father had
pointed my guardian," murmured the dy-
girl, " forsook his charge in the dread of
se people's displeasure. He sent me from
house; — he even dared to accuse me of
ity, — of duplicity, — of shame!—But that
s not all. He — he for whose sake I bore
this, — he, by whose groundless boasts I
s exposed to such indignity,—*he*, too, shun-
l me in my disgrace.—He deigned not so
ıch as make one inquiry after her whom
had thus ungratefully injured!—But no mat-
!—May God forgive him, as I do!"—

When this was told me, I felt that not even
e prayers of that sinless being could procure
e the pardon of Heaven! Tears flowed from
e eyes of my kindly attendant, as he adverted
her touching death-bed. All human skill

had been unavailing.—She refused to be
forted — she disdained to live ; — but ex
in peace and charity with all men—a sain
martyr !—

By a strange coincidence, he had closed
eyes on the very night he was first summ
to attend on me. Two hours after wit
ing the departure of that tortured spirit,
had hastened to my bedside. He had scar
resigned her clay-cold hand, when my bur
one claimed his ministry in its place !—

And I had known nothing of all this !-
who had come so far but for the delight
beholding her again, had heard the passing
toll for Emily,—had seen mourning worn
her,—had—But no matter—

From that day,—

——quem semper acerbum
Semper honoratum (sic di voluistis!) habebo,

I became an altered man.

CHAPTER III.

Mon Dieu ! il s'accuse d'avoir été joli garçon, d'avoir eu de charmans cheveux, une jambe fine, le mollet bien placé, le pied petit, et une certaine tournure, dont fut jaloux plus d'un capitaine de dragons. Le drôle !—Brot.

Μισω σοφιστην, ὁστις ουχ αὑτῳ σοφος.—Eurip.

I HAVE lingered long, much longer than I had intended, on this afflicting chapter of my reminiscences. I ask pardon of my reader. I know not what right any scribbler may have to add a single gloomy shade to the direful dolefuls with which nature has encompassed poor human nature.

Most writers seem to have a predilection for the dismal side of things. Historians are sure to dismiss a golden age in half a dozen

lines; yet when they come to a bloody wa
and a sickly season, to sieges, battles, a drough
a famine, the plague, the cholera,—see ho
they run on!—What flowing periods!—wh
high-sounding epithets! — Decidedly the a
thor-itative classes have a leaning towards t
unsunny side of events.

For myself, be it plainly understood, my on
motive for alluding to this melancholy episo
at all, is to excuse to the world what mig
otherwise appear an unpardonable act of foll
—my having volunteered to join the brigade
Beresford; and having fought through the
maining three years of the Peninsula war, as
rociously as if born the seventh son of a We
curate, with an ensigncy in a marching regime

I have no ambition to pass for a fightin
man. I do not want to impose myself on t
world as a hero. It is necessary, therefo
to explain, not only that I came, saw, and co
quered—but why I came at all.—Vain we
the remonstrances of my brethren of the *cor*

plomatique; vain the indignant letters of Lord rmington, calling upon me to return instantly England, on pain of disinheritance. Though that occasion, and for once, he addressed e with his own hand, I was steadfast in my rpose. I cared nothing for his threats. I red nothing for my future fortunes. To have nfronted London,—cold, heartless London,— ndon, to whose scandals Emily had laid down e sacrifice of her life,—would have been greater rture to me than condemnation to the gallies. My object was to die,—speedily,—bravely; d so escape the guilt of the suicide, or the gradation of insanity. I will not attempt describe the self-reproaches called forth by e unwitting revelations of my good doctor. Then that heavy blow overtook me, I was no condition to wrestle with affliction. The ly wonder is, that I preserved sufficient rength and reason to seek out an honourable reer as the termination of my sorrows.

More people, however, expect to die of grief

than fall victims to the poignancy of their s
sibility. *I* was not an Emily Barnet. I w
only Cecil Danby, the coxcomb!—After a f
months' desperate service, after volunteering
every rash attempt,—leading a forlorn hope
two,—and fording a river or so under
enemy's fire,—new desires presented themselv
I still wished to die; but to die the death
the glorious. I hoped that a laurel mi
wave over my tomb, as a bay-tree over t
of Emily. I trusted that, though my d
were not to be long in the land, the fame
them might survive me.

The man who cherishes a strong ambiti
of whatever nature, is in no immediate dan
of dying of a broken heart. At the close
the year, instead of having accomplished
promises to myself or to the memory of
dead, I was alive, strong, vigorous,—a go
soldier,—almost a good man!

Not a fellow at Watier's would have own
my acquaintance. All that coat, hat, or boo

ould do to disgrace a gentleman, I was under-
going at the hands of mine. Ragged,—patch-
d,—wayworn,—sunburnt,—who would have
uessed in me the creature of the cockade,—
he fribble of the convolvulus hangings,—the
et of Lady Harriet Vandeleur,—the darling
f the Right Hon. Lady Ormington?—

Be pleased, dear public, on arriving at
he conclusion of the last paragraph, to con-
eive me, placing my pen behind my ear and
ny considering cap on my head, to deter-
nine whether or not I shall fight my bat-
les in Spain or Portugal o'er again for your
amusement. I am conscious that I could tell
you a thing or two you have never heard
before. I have got some terrible winter fire-
side stories, concerning sackings of convents
and burnings of churches, the desecration of
my lord abbot's cellar, and my lady abbess's
oratorium; but, in my opinion, the pipeclay
novelists have taken the shine out of all that
sort of thing. Since people took to writing

about the Peninsula campaigns, nobody believe a word one says, when one begins to twaddl about one's conquests. When Gleig opene the trenches with his "Subaltern," indeed, th ground was unbroken and smelt wooingly, lik all freshly turned earth. But now, it is th disturbed mould of a churchyard.

Besides, when one wants to embroider little in one's narrative, as heroes and aut biographers are apt to do, one gets so abominabl brought to book by those confounded milita periodicals,—United Service Journals and Nav and Military Magazines,—that there is no stan ing it! Were I to attempt a sketch of t storming of St. Sebastian's, for instance, or t hateful business at Bayonne, I should be ha ing platoons of letters fired at me and m publisher, from "Fair Play," or "An o Soldier," for the next six months; and, perhap have to fight some fire-eating Irish major the end of the correspondence.

All things considered, therefore, (and havi

come to this determination, I take the pen from behind my ear again,) permit me to parenthesize my years of heroism. I beg you to believe me valiant as Lieutenant-general ——, or the God of war, or Tom Thumb, or any other great commander, or knight-commander; and release me from the task of playing commentator on my own Cæsarianisms.

Joking apart, there have been worse soldiers than I was, for a man born without any natural genius for fighting. Recollect that I was enlisted in the cause only by the casual twirling of the wheel of fortune!—At Eton, the regimentals of the Guards, as they amused themselves at cricket in the Windsor Park, had determined my juvenile inclinations towards the army, in its least martial form; and then, the negative of the governor and the governor's lady had sufficed to defeat my intentions. Now, when I had literally enlisted for fighting's sake, without heed of a uniform, or thought of promotion, not even the threat of disinhe-

ritance could turn me from my purpose. There must have been a fate in all this; or I, the slave of Southampton Buildings and drudge o Downing Street, should never have found my self thanked for my services after the actio of Toulouse; which, according to competen authorities, had the singular fortune to b gained by the English under Wellington, th French under Soult, and the Portuguese unde the Hon. Cecil Danby. But this last littl piece of bragging, is an interchange of especia confidence betwixt myself and my readers.

Three years, — three years of peril an privation,—elapsed between my landing a Belem and our triumphal hoisting of the *dra peau blanc* in the good city of Bourdeaux. cared little for the restoration of the Bourbons —who *did*,—of all those who devoted their bloo and breath in the peninsula to that memora ble cause?—My feeling was the general feelin of the army,—to put down the French,—t

drive the French back again into their territories,—to bind them down,—to confine their ambition to the country wherein it was their pleasure to decapitate a king and queen one day, as a punishment for the crime of being a king and queen, and create new sovereigns the next, to be dethroned on the third; just as if, after destroying a nest of serpents, one were to thrust the eggs into the sunshine, for the perpetuation of the race.

Nevertheless, in common with some fifty thousand other blockheads, no sooner was the white flag flying, than I chose to fancy we had been fighting solely for the purpose of placing a fat, greedy, infirm old gentleman upon the throne, in place of an active, temperate, and enterprising one; and, satisfied with having laid Napoleon on the shelf at Elba, began to fraternize with the French nation, *en gros et en détail*. During the week spent at Bordeaux, previous to my embarkation for England, I had

swallowed more oysters, perpetrated more con
quests among the *grisettes* of the Allée d
Tournon, and converted more Napoleons int
Breguet watches, dozens of gloves, boxes
eau de Cologne, and *extrait de millefleurs*, tha
any other numskull in the British army, or i
auxiliaries.

La Rochefoucault has had the audacity t
say that there are "peu d'honnêtes femm
qui ne soient lasses de leur métier;" a senten
which has caused the prudes of successive cen
turies to bristle up their quills. I shall, perhap
provoke a similar porcupinism on the parts
the heroes of my native country, by avowin
my belief that few soldiers, in war time, bu
are equally sick of their calling. It is n
danger and death by which they are disguste
but privation and fatigue; and, above all, th
caprices of those "drest in a little brief autho
rity," upon whose tempers, harassed by priva
tion and fatigue, depend the minor grievance
of the march or the garrison.

I am free to confess that never was I better leased than on throwing aside the harness of ar. My pride had yoked me to its endu- nce, so long as the bubble reputation floated efore the cannon's mouth; but I quite agreed ith the allied armies that it was time for ose brazen rascals to close their mouths; and, rly in the month of May, one of his Ma- sty's transports landed me at Portsmouth, wenty times more eager for home and its njoyments, than when released from Eton and ll its birch.

How completely the ways and habits of anover Square were razed from the tablets f my brain, was sufficiently proved by the ct that I rattled up to the door, in my post- haise, no whit ashamed either of my plebeian ehicle, my ill-cut coat, my execrable Bour- eaux hat with its voluted brim, or the bronze ce it pretended to shade. After three years' bsence, I felt privileged to be as uncouth nd ill-favoured as I pleased.

Some months had elapsed since I had com
municated with home. There was nothing t
encourage me to punctual correspondence. M
mother's letters, which were short without bei
sweet, rarely contained more than a bulletin
her own and Bibiche's ailings; and every no
and then, a fresh outburst of reproaches at n
having flung aside all consideration for n
name and condition, and embarked in a bran
of service in which I was never likely to
heard of. She even persisted in addressi
her letters to the Honourable Cecil Danl
after I had attained the brevet rank of a fi
officer.

Other correspondents I had none. The b
terness of misanthropy into which I had fall
after the painful event which seemed to divi
me from social life as completely as thou
I had taken the vows of a Trappist, left
no inclination to hear more of the Lond
world than was to be gleaned from the new

papers which occasionally reached us. Nay, it had actually been news to me to read in one of those polite intelligencers, at Bourdeaux, an account of the festivities at Ormington Hall, in honour of the christening of my brother's son and heir. My brother officers jested with me upon what they called my crestfallen face, on discovering that I no longer figured as second in heirship to the title and estates. Yet Heaven knows that no slighter thread could exist, than the tie which united me with any member of the Danby family !—

Nevertheless, on re-approaching the old mansion in Hanover Square, some natural emotions came choking to my throat. I had quitted it so suddenly,—so unadvisedly,— so like a thief in the night, and had since experienced such bitter resentment against its inmates, that I dreaded the moment of our meeting. I almost wished I had written from Bourdeaux, or even Portsmouth, to announce my coming.

But I had been deterred by the apprehensio
of seeming to bespeak the killing of the fatte
calf, in honour of one who formed such slende
pretensions to the tenderness of the family.

When the chaise rattled up to the door,
disagreeable presentiment forewarned me tha
something was amiss. But it was not for m
to trust to presentiments. Had I not entere
the quinta of San José with my heart flutte
ing with joy,—like a bridegroom—like a
enfranchised slave—like all that is most ex
ulting among the children of clay!—

At all events, there was no achievemer
over the door; no emblazonment interminglin
the monsters of heraldry with skulls and cros
bones, to proclaim to the passing mechan
that an ennobled corpse was gone down t
the worms. But since my father and moth
were still alive, for whom was worn the blac
array that met my eyes as the hall-door wa
thrown open?—In whose honour gloomed thos
sable liveries with their black *aiguillettes*,—

lugubrious contrast with the well-powdered heads of Lady Ormington's standard footmen.

Neither the butler nor his delegates were known to me by sight; for Lady Ormington, like most ladies curious in lapdogs, was hard to please in the article of her slaveys. They were always too slow, or too fast; or they snorted, or snuffled, or were guilty of some other human infirmity. The three fellows who stood staring at my postboy, being unknown to *me*, I was necessarily a stranger to them; and as there was little to command respect in the discoloured valise and dressing-box strapped to the dickey of that least imposing of all four-wheeled equipages, a yellow chaise having a wooden St. Andrew's cross on its green glass windows, and "licensed to deal in post-horses," on the rail, — I had no reason to be indignant at the air of supercilious amazement with which these well-dressed, well-disciplined varlets surveyed me, when I bad them assist in uncording the luggage.

"I beg your pardon, sir,—but pray is my Lord expecting you?"—inquired the butler, while the two standards gazed at each other for an explanation,—which neither was likely to afford.

"Be so good as to pay the man, and see the valise taken off,"—said I, not altogether aware of the perplexities I was exciting.

"This is Lord Ormington's, sir,—number eighteen;—I fancy there is some mistake," persisted the butler, bowing back towards the house, and evidently about to close the door in my face.

"I will thank you to have my luggage carried up to my room, sir,—to Mr. Cecil Danby's room,—" said I, by way of explanation.

"Sir?—" ejaculated the man, receding in consternation, as I prepared to jump out, attributing his dismay to remorse for his ungenerous reception of his master's son returning from the perils and dangers of foreign service.

"Is Lady Ormington at home?"—said I, following him nimbly up the steps.

"Shut the vestibule door, John.—Shut the estibule door!"—cried the butler in an authoritative tone, when he found himself *tête-à-tête* ith me in the hall. "Shut all the doors!"—nd instead of replying to my question, he proeeded to whisper in the ear of the said John message, in which I thought I could distinuish the words Marlborough Street and Bow treet runner.—It was clear that my identity as a matter of suspicion.

"You seem to entertain some hesitation bout admitting me?—" said I: "excusable nough; for you are all new since I quitted England. But there must surely be some erson left in the household who can identify ny person?—"

"Young man," said the butler, whose mind was running upon his plate-chest, "it is a nassiful thing for us all that the family happened to be in town to defeat your nefarous pupposes. I am under the necessity of keeping you in custody till,—"

"Blockhead!—" cried I, out of all patien
"I tell you again that I am Colonel Dan
—Lord Ormington's younger son!"—

His reply was an insolent laugh, echo
of course, by his familiars, John and Thom
He even added something about his eye, wh
would be no ornament to these pages.

"As we happen to be in mourning, my
fellow, for the only son as ever my Lord h
with the 'ception of Mr. Danby the membe
parlment,—" John was beginning.

"In mourning—in mourning for *me*?—" c
I, in spite of all my irritation bursting int
laugh. "And where was I killed, pray?—St
—as you appear to be more idiotic one than
other, beg Mrs. Ridley, the housekeeper,
walk this way,—or Mademoiselle Aglaé, if s
with Lady Ormington.—Even Bibiche wo
recognize me, and set your minds at ease."

Something in the decision of my tone, I su
pose, convinced them that I was a man havi
authority; for Mrs. Ridley was instantly su

noned, and, albeit, little in the habit of tod-
lling out of her still-room, made her appearance
melling of lemon-peel, cinnamon, and ratafia
akes, as English housekeepers are wont to do
hen disturbed in the afternoon, during the
rganization of their second course.

I spare my readers the recapitulation of her
jaculations, varying from horror to wonder,—
elight,—ecstasy.—At one time, her joy threat-
ned hysterics; and hysterics from fourteen
tone and a half, avoirdupoise, is a serious
ffair. Suffice it, that under the housekeeper's
uthority and a double battery of apologies
om the butler and co. I was removed into the
ining-room, my valise admitted into the hall,
nd the postchaise dismissed.

"How ever we *shall* be able to break it to
y lady, is more nor I can take it on myself
o say!"—sobbed the fat housekeeper. "To
e sure, Mr. Cecil, how my lady *did* take on
hen you was returned missing, and soon
'ter'ards killed!—And now she 'll take on again

every bit as bad, to learn as you be st
alive and well! — Bless your soul, sir," s
continued, drawing aside her white apron
display her bombazine, "we 've been in mou
ing for you this month or more; my crap
a-beginning to be a-rusty. I 'm sure I do
know who 'll dare speak about it to my la
till Miss Richardson comes in."

"And who the deuce is Miss Richardson
—cried I.

"Lor', Mr. Cecil, sir, pray have a ca
or the men might hear you!—Nothing 's do
in this house now, without Miss Richards
sir. Miss Richardson is my lady's compani
sir,—what Ma'mselle Aglae calls her *dam*'
honour."

Poor Ridley pronounced the word so sing
larly, that in spite of the solemnity of h
bombazine, I laughed outright.

"And when is this '*dam*' *d'honour*' likely
make her appearance?" said I, "for I am i

tient to be admitted to your lady, and learn
e latest particulars of my decease."

We were interrupted by one of the footmen
rsting into the room, with outcries for the
usekeeper and sal-volatile. The new butler,
thout much faith, apparently, in her lady-
p's sensibility, having walked straight to her
ssing-room door and announced the visit of
r ladyship's dead son, as coolly as he would
ve done that of her apothecary.

"Since the mischief's done, sir, maybe you 'd
tter come up with me at once," said Ridley;
d scarcely knowing whether to laugh or cry,
ollowed her into the presence of my mother.
ie room smelt powerfully of burnt feathers.
hy they had been committed to the flames,
can scarcely take on myself to say; for
rtes I never saw any one further from a
inting fit than Lady Ormington. She re-
ned in her *fauteuil*, indeed, with her arms
ndent over *its* arms; but her two cheeks

were as red as pomegranates, or as Made
selle Martin's *végétal superfin*.

"Was there ever anything so shamefu
the carelessness of the War Office, my
Cis!"—cried she, as soon as I had convi
her by an embrace that I was substantial
and blood. "Lord Ormington saw the re
'KILLED,' with his own eyes, at the H
Guards! — This is the third instance I
known of a similar blunder.—We have
in black ever since the returns. How gl
shall be to throw it off! The weathe
getting very close for bombazine. But,
cious Heaven, Cis! how you are altered
You are so brown, I might almost sa
black as a Spaniard. I hope you mea
shave off those horrible mustachios? —
will drop the dragoon-officer now, I tr
—By the way, do the French women of
wear the chimney-pot bonnets, imported
the Duchess of Oldenburg? I cannot
suade myself that anything so extravag

du bon genre; and, after all, the Duchess, hough the Emperor's sister, can't be called criterion of fashion. But you don't ask ter poor Bibiche?—"

"I don't ask after her — because I want news; her effigy yonder cries '*circum-ice!*' as loud as the monument of Sir hristopher Wren in St. Paul's. The natu-list has done her justice! Except at Guild-ll, I never saw a finer specimen of stuffing. nly that she looks rather more animated than hen alive."

"Ah, Cis, you were always shamefully un-st to that poor dog!—It is only two months nce she was taken from me!—I assure you feel her loss sensibly.—There are times when am obliged to throw a handkerchief over the lass-case.—When Miss Richardson is out of e way, and I am sitting here alone, I often ncy I feel her scratching my gown to be aken up.—Blaine attended her through the inter.—But he said from the first, it was a

lost case!—She was in years, poor little c
ture! She would have been thirteen year
had she survived till Michaelmas.—In fact,
died of old age.—Blaine called it asthma,
it was old age.—They always talked ab
asthma, when Zaime, her mother, grew infi
But *I* knew it was old age.—"

It was painful to interrupt these import
family communications, with inquiries a
Lord Ormington, my brother, and sister.

"Danby?—oh, much as usual, I believe.
rather think Lady Susan is going to be c
fined again. I wrote you word, last ye
didn't I, of the birth of his son?—They m
a wonderful fuss about it, down at Orming
—roasted oxen, and made bonfires, and
that sort of thing, as if it were the first s
and-heir ever heard of in the world. L
Ormington took especial delight in mark
his triumph. Danby has a house in Connau
Place; just like him, (isn't it?) to go a
settle at the extremity of the world!—I

ather, however, does not seem to think it far off, for he is there every day of his life. I an tell you, Cis, that if you wish to stand well with Lord Ormington, you must not be wanting in civility to Danby and Lady Susan."

"My dear mother," said I, gravely, "before I quitted England, you were constantly advising reference to Lord Ormington and my brother as a matter of policy rather than of affection. I don't pretend that I ever found my heart overflowing with the family tenderness I have observed in other men. But whatever may have been exacted of me as a boy, as a *man* I will never affect a particle of concession towards either of them, beyond what their conduct claims at my hands. Lord Ormington used to communicate with me through his lawyers; as to my brother, he might have conversed with me through a speaking-trumpet, for any fraternal civilities that garnished his communication. *So* let it abide; what they have made me, they will find me. Thank Heaven, I have

found friends in my profession, whose regar
enables me to dispense with their niggardl
kindness."

"We will enter into this another time," sa
Lady Ormington, somewhat nervously; "b
I entreat you, my dear Cis, don't let me he
you talk about 'your profession.' Your pr
fession!—Even if you had gone into the Guard
as you wanted, I should not have liked to he
you talk of the army as a profession;—and—"

"Perhaps not,"—said I, ruthlessly interru
ing her; "but, after fighting my way throu
three years' hard campaigns, and by my ow
exertions attaining an honourable rank in t
service,—"

"The *Portuguese* service!—which alwa
sounds like the marines, or something of th
sort—"

"I should recommend no one but your lad
ship to disparage it in my hearing," said
with becoming indignation.

"There!—exactly the dragoon tone a

cut," cried Lady Ormington, whimpering. "It couldn't be worse if you had been spending the last three years in country quarters!—"

Luckily for my patience, Lord Ormington at that moment entered the room; and I can scarcely do justice to the warmth and deep feeling of his welcome. I had not thought "the old man had so much blood in him;" for there were actual tears upon his cheek as he pressed my hands in his. I suspect the news of my death had produced considerable self-impeachment in the family. More than one of them felt they had visited too harshly upon my head, faults or crimes of which I, at least, was innocent.

Again and again did he recount to me the particulars which had reached Government of my having fallen at Toulouse; and very readily did I explain in return that, having been taken prisoner, slightly wounded in the hand, the exchange by which I was released, was not

effected at the period of despatching the re
turns.

"No need to recur to it now, since you
are safe and among us again," cried Lord Orm
ington, looking kindly at my mother, as i
sympathizing in the joy she must experienc
on the occasion. But Lady Ormington wa
absorbed in considering what summer dres
would be in readiness for her to put on
when she threw off her mourning on th
morrow.

I could see that I had gained enormousl
in Lord Ormington's estimation by the goo
reports of my conduct, as a man and an of
ficer, which had reached the Horse Guards
with the announcement of my death. Thre
years of active service had redeemed me fro
the personal obloquy under which I had pre
viously laboured; and the bronzed face an
shabby coat which so disgusted her ladyship
were in *his* eyes the honourable badges of
noble calling. For my own part, I felt tha

no mortal had ever undergone in three years such a transformation for the better as Lord Ormington. I had reason to suppose the opinion reciprocal.

It was not, however, solely to my accession of merit that the change in his feelings was due. I had ceased to be his heir presumptive! —I had ceased to be an object of jealous antipathy to him!—The early marriage of Danby had been of his lordship's devising; and so gratified was he in the success of his plan, that he seemed almost inclined to include even *me* in his gratitude to Providence for having blessed my brother with increase, in direct heirship to his honours.

It seemed a relief to him, moreover, when, instead of exhibiting envy or soreness, I frankly congratulated him on the birth of the grandson, the fame of whose sponsal rites had reached me in lands beyond the sea.

"It *is* a prodigious fine boy!"—cried Lord Ormington, with sparkling eyes. "Croft as-

sures me he never saw a finer!—And Lad
Susan expects to be confined again about Mi
summer!—"

In this triumphant announcement, I saw onl
a promise of the duration of my favour. H
proposed to me to accompany him to Co
naught Place, after dinner; and was satisfi
with my excuses only when I represented th
danger might arise to Lady Susan Danby fro
too sudden a presentation of the brother-in-la
for whom she was in mourning. Meanwhil
not a word of Hanmer and Snatch,—not
sarcasm,—not a covert sneer!—Lord Ormingt
was as companionable with me after dinn
as though we had done nothing but doat up
each other from the hour I was born!—

It is true, we soldiers were just then t
sawyers in the world. We had so much
relate which, though now a hundred and thri
told tale, was then new and startling. A
we had seen and suffered, still wore its gl
of novelty. There was something in our u

couth raiment, and weather-worn visages, that attested our vauntings. The very same anecdotes related by the soft silken Cis Danby of the F. O. three years before, would not have assumed half the authenticity.

Lady Ormington was doubly enchanted when she found that the sympathy testified towards me by her Lord, was but a faint foreshowing of the fever of fashion I excited among the coteries of the season. I was the lion of the day;—that is, the lion of private life, as the Emperor and Kings, of public. After Blucher and Platoff, in fashionable favour, came the Cecil Danby who had risen from the dead. The story of my return, with variations *ad libitum*, was related throughout all the coteries royal, noble, and ignoble of the Metropolis; how the butler swooned and my lady shrieked,—how Lord Ormington was forced to alter his will, and the '*dam*' *d'honour*' to change her apartment.—

The '*dam*' *d'honour*,' the Toady Richardson

aforesaid, was, I believe, the only person wh
thought I might have been just as well lyi
in the sands of Toulouse, as in the blue co
volvulus bed. No longer blue convolvulus, ho
ever. Profaned by the investiture of Toad
ism, I represented to my lady-mother the nece
sity of complete renovation; and had now t
honour of sleeping in hangings of sea-gre
damask, precisely the pattern of those whic
the following year, Bullock sent out to Lon
wood for the use of a still greater hero tha
myself.

"I must really have you sit to Lawrenc
Cis, before your guerrilla look is quite wo
off!—" cried Lady Ormington; "or Phillips!
should like Phillips to paint you in the sty
in which he painted Byron, in his Arnaou
dress. You would make a beautiful brigand
Lady Susan assures me you were more ru
after at White's ball, the other night, tha
any of the Duke of Wellington's aide-de-camps.

"I was not aware of being hunted," sai

I, relapsing into one of my ineffable smiles of former days. "Certainly the *Pékins* have just now a sorry time of it. The hero fever is raging. We poor soldiers must make our hay while the sun shines."

I appeal to those readers of my own sex who are able to call to mind the epoch in question, (for to call upon readers of the fairer, to remember the events of seven-and-twenty years ago, were to add insult to injury,) whether the shabbiest and most rusty pair of mustachios might not have taken the field against ten thousand a-year?—My brother had every reason to exclaim as Sir Walter Scott did to Moore—"Ah! Tam, mon!—it's lucky for us we came sae soon!"—The political distinctions which had made a demigod of *him*, three years before, would not have stood their ground against a cornetcy of Cossacks.

It is true, the Emperor and King, or as the mob familiarly abbreviated them, "Proushia and Roushia," had inquired for him by

name, as one of the most distinguish
speakers of the House. But what was t
curiosity of an emperor, compared with t
idolatry of Almack's lavished upon one wh
the lovely creatures protested had been t
first in the breach at St. Sebastian's, a
was not only killed, but buried, at Bayon
Women seldom trouble themselves to be v
accurate in such matters.—But who would
rather be blundered about by the enthusia
of a hundred handsome women, than fig
legitimately in the pages of Napier's Histo
or Gurwood's Bulletins?—

What a moment it was!—Stars and garte
what a moment it was!—What an outbr
of public feeling celebrated the cessation of
European panic, the great blessing of pea
peace that was to re-consolidate broken fortu
suppress taxes, and heal the wounds of
many bleeding families; peace that was
efface if possible from the records of God, t
damning fact that the progress of forty c

turies of civilization and eighteen of Christianity, had done no more towards humanizing mankind, than comported with murders by thousands and tens of thousands, sanctioned under the name of WAR!—

I was young then, and under the dominion of the enthusiasm of the moment. But on looking back dispassionately to my three years' apprenticeship in the art of heroism, I shudder at the idea of the ferocious enormities in which I acted my part. It puzzles me to guess whether the tears of good angels, or the mirth of bad ones must exceed, while watching the progress of this wholesale butchery,—this crime with a premium,—arising from disputes whether such and such districts of the earth shall pay taxes to such or such a sovereign!—At all events, from the said sovereigns down to a poor colonel of auxiliaries, like myself, all the world united to welcome the piping times of peace; and the coteries of London, so long given over to the twaddling of Lords and school-boys,

knelt down to kiss the print in the dust o
pair of jackboots.

Wellington,—Wellington whom they h
since hissed and pelted,—was at that mom
a divinity!—St. Paul might have preached
Hyde Park, and not attracted a greater c
gregation, than crushed itself to death at
heels of a conqueror, what Thiers descr
Napoleon, — "*la plus grande gloire de*
César!" — He might have overthrown
reigning dynasty, as easily as a child bl
down a pack of cards. I am not sure that
last phrase may not be high treason,—or
structive treason,—or treason of some shap
colour. — But pardon me, O Lord Chief
tice and bench of Judges!—I am only gi
utterance to the opinions of a Coxcomb.—

Not that the people had reason to complai
their Lords and Governors. The afflicted K
was as though numbered with the dead: an
to little Benjamin their ruler, the Regent, w
to beguile The Times, looked like the time

of all modern princes he was the man to play the host to the exotic royalties to whom we were affording kingdom-room: graceful, — gracious, — a proficient in foreign languages, and super-skilled in the superficial arts of life.

It is true the shapely waist of "Roushia," and the rough manliness of "Proushia," formed a disadvantageous contrast to the unwieldiness of a prince who had not been dieting on soup made of his own boots; nor was the effigy of His Royal Highness the Prince Regent the one most calculated to win a lady's eye, of all those limned by Lawrence for the edification of posterity. As my friend Byron said one night at Watier's,——but no! —had he intended the *mot* for publication, he would have printed it himself.

For my part, it was neither Roushia nor Proushia,—Lawrence nor Byron,—the Regent nor Mr. Wilberforce,—who arrested my attention. Reflect, indulgent reader, that for three years past, my eyes had beheld nothing fairer,

in the shape of the grand-daughters of Ev
than the suttlers of a camp, or the coffe
coloured beauties of the Peninsula. I nev
could abide the complexion of Spaniards
old point. I like a woman's cheek to be
the rose, before black roses were invented
modern science. I do not care to see the ic
of my soul blush walnut-colour. To me, t
transparent beauty of those English faces w
something angelic! Like the Teutons, I co
make no distinction between *Englisch* a
Engelisch!—I am not sure, by the way, th
English women were ever before seen to su
advantage, and I doubt whether they ever w
again; for they were *themselves*. No Fren
modistes or *coëffeurs*, no torturer in sta
shoes, or curling-irons, were established in
sophisticated London. Their curls, shap
complexions, were their own. They talk
English, and they looked English. A Fren
woman is sweet as the sweetbrier, and nea
as *piquante*. But an English woman who

fects the French woman, is like the donkey in the fable, leaping spanielwise into his master's lap.

Never do our countrywomen blunder more heinously than in renouncing that nationality which, in 1814, caused the Allied Sovereigns to assign them the palm over all that the banks of the Seine had developed for their captivation. It is true their Majesties regarded, just then, those self-sufficient divinities with the scorn of captors,—the scorn which prompted Bonaparte in the rampancy of success, to deter the painter David from the completion of his picture of Timoléon, by saying that "*après tout, qu'est ce que les Spartiates?—Des vaincus!*"—

I would give—all that is left me in this world—my credit in St. James's Street—(I do not mean at Sams's or Crocky's, but as a man about town,) to live over again a day or two of that glorious month of June, 1814!—to be smiled upon again, as I was then; to go through those fêtes of White's, Watier's, and

Carlton House, with the same partners, — mothers, or in some instances, grandmothers of the poor vapid things I now see whisking round the rooms at Willis's, mere shadows of the brilliant beings who wreathed the laurels of Wellington and Alexander, the first to dash through the fiery-footed *étourderie* of the *valse à la Russe !*—

Ahimè che memorie !—

NON RAGIONAM DI LOR, MA GUARDA E PASSA

CHAPTER IV.

Plus que personne, j'admire l'intrépidité qui rend indifférent aux plus épouvantables dangers. Mais il y a erme à tout!

EUGÈNE SUE.

At five-and-twenty, when the better part of life is over, ne should be something. And what am I? Nothing ut five-and-twenty, AND the odd months.

BYRON.

BREAKING up for the holidays is a pleasant hing, whether to soldiers or school-boys. But fter sickening themselves with plum-cake, omes the re-action. Homer and birch cannot be laid aside for ever.

The first thing Peace had leisure to discover was that War must be paid for; and

long before the triumphal arches of laur
had been cleared away, or the stages for fi
works removed from the Parks, the nat
began to cry aloud that it was about
appear in Basinghall Street; that it was
up with Great Britain!—After pretending
give the law to the universe, she was all
amenable to the Poor Law, and strongly
vised to take the benefit of the act.—Tel
not in Gath!—or, at all events, tell it no
Gaul:—but so it was!—

After the rumblings and grumblings of
Metropolis, how charming appeared to me
verdant tranquillity of dear old dull Orming
Hall! — Instead of imploring my mother
defer her departure till September, I was
glad to go in August as if its grassy upla
had been scrubby moors, and its partrid
grouse. The rookery disturbed me no lon
I began to feel that the place was home; t
its plantations and turnip-fields were not
other plantations and turnip-fields. I had

et forgotten how often among the scorching lains and unsightly maize-fields of the Penin-ula, I had longed to flee away, and be at est under the shade of my ancestral oaks.

Lord Ormington was pleased with the frank-ess of these admissions. He was beginning o treat me, if not as a son, as an agreeable cquaintance. Since my resuscitation was an nevitable evil, the whole family seemed re-olved to make the best of me. By tacit onsent, not one of us ever adverted to any vent antecedent to my precipitate expedition o Lisbon; my mother having admitted that it vas in consequence of the remonstrances of ord Ormington, grounded upon those of Danby nd the intelligence of Lady Harriet, that old lanmer had entrusted to other hands the care f his illstarred Portuguese ward. But she isavowed all knowledge of the harshness of is conduct: and was indignant against him vhen I assured her that the flight of the 'Acunhas from England originated in the ter-

rors with which they were beset by the c
ning old lawyer.

That the broken heart of Emily was at
butable to a similar source, viz. the pict
of my follies and vices and levity towards l
self, skilfully touched by the solicitor in So
ampton Buildings, proved Messrs. Hanmer
Snatch to be my bitter enemies. Lord O
ington, however, made no further allusion
their name. My allowance was paid thro
his bankers, and his pleasure signified by him

I fancied—it was probably only fancy,—t
after the birth of Lady Susan Danby's sec
child,—*a girl*,—he grew a little less cor
But I had no reason to complain.

If reserved with me, he was mysterious
all the world; and we got on a wonderful
better together, now that I knew a bean f
a pea field, and mangel wurzel from Swe
and condescended to potter with him in
rides and walks.

The house was full of company for

shooting season. Battues were not yet in fashion; but the Ormington preserves had lost nothing during my absence. All this was better fun than among the guerillas. I scarcely understood the philosophy of Danby, who had declined my father's proposition to give up the family place to him on his marriage. But the peculiar distinction of my brother's character was moderation,—the highest quality, perhaps, of the philosophy of civilization. Sabine farms are thoroughly out of fashion. The first incentive to distinction, in modern times, is prodigality; and we have seen not only the richest inheritors gallop through their fortunes into beggary, but the greatest men, who by high faculties have achieved riches and honour, condemn themselves to years of misery, by an attempt to rival the brilliant existence of people richer and sillier than themselves.

I was not then able to appreciate the profound wisdom of Danby's modest establishment. It requires a great mind to enter into the great-

ness of moderation. All the mediocrities
public life, for instance, admitted themselv
disappointed in the honourable member for Ri
marole. Since his splendid outburst, he h
not made a single speech deserving the ho
ours of the press. He was little cited for e
quence,—those who had raved about him as
orator having given him up for showier
butants. It was only the practical men, l
Votefilch, who saw in him the unboasting H
cules whose shoulder was ever to the wh
of the party,—whose prognostications had b
oracularly fulfilled,—and whose greatest gre
ness of all, was the modest good sense w
which he contented himself with a subordin
place in the eyes of the public.—For if
power of acquiring be a great thing, the pow
of abstaining from acquirement is a thous
times greater.

I never saw two happier people than Da
and Lady Susan; domestic, without nauseat
others by a display of their domesticity, and who

free from that impertinent egotism, *à deux coups*, which passes for a virtue among the exceedingly selfish, rigidly righteous, of Great Britain. They neither withdrew from society, to be made more of by each other than society was likely to make of them; nor, in society, affected to see and feel for themselves. It was impossible to bear their faculties more meekly, or to fulfil their parts more discreetly on the great stage of the world.

Another, and scarcely less sober couple in our family circle, were Mr. and Mrs. Halbert Herries, or, as the newspapers would say,—"Halbert and the Hon. Mrs. Herries"—Julia having been many months the wife of my former colleague. But my former colleague was now under secretary of state; and his bride, in addition to her hereditary ten thousand pounds, had inherited forty from her maiden aunts. The match was consequently a prudential one on both sides; and Herries, originally as grave as a judge, was now as grave as a lord chan-

cellor.—I am not so sure, by the way, th
the illustration is a happy one; the chancellors
have seen on the woolsack,—including Erskin
Eldon, Lyndhurst, Brougham,—having been r
nowned for runaway marriages and convi
propensities, rather than for the solemnity
their deportment.

My mother could not bear the marriag
She had written word of it to me in Spa
as a job of Lord Votefilch's; and was co
stantly lamenting that her daughter had n
married Lord Riddlesworth, a Catholic Iri
peer; or Colonel Morley, who, on finding La
Harriet Vandeleur's jointure forfeitable by
second marriage, had looked upon Julia's rea
money as a readier payment for his deb
Even now, though she saw Mrs. Herries pe
fectly happy, and occupying a highly honourab
position in life, she was always protesti
against the precariousness of official distin
tions, and the odiousness of office-men.

Her *taquinerie* appeared to fall innocuo

on the happy couple. They were like people living secure in a thunder-storm, under shelter of a conductor. They were content! So far as Herries was concerned, the boy had proved so genuinely father to the man, that is, the clerk to the secretary, that I very much doubt whether he were so much as cognizant of any event occurring beyond the pale of the official circle radiating from the centre in Downing Street. Herries always looked puzzled when accosted by Lord Ormington with domestic or country news; as if he longed to say, "I beg your pardon,—that belongs to the Home Department!—"

As for my sister, my red-haired sister, poor contemned Julia, I scarcely venture to speak of her, lest in making the *amende honorable*, I seem to fall into the contrary extreme of partiality. La Bruyère has said, "*si une laide se fait aimer, ce ne peut être qu'éperdument*," since it is a passion that must arise from the weakness of her lover, or some inherent

quality superior to beauty. Mrs. Herries po
sessed a plurality of qualities superior to beaut
She was both *aimable* and amiable ;—both es
mable and excellent, — that is, both loveal
and excellent; for there was something in t
charm of her manner and intonation of h
voice, combined with the alabaster-lamp-li
transparency of her countenance, which m
men found irresistible. Wherever she went, t
place by her side was eagerly appropriated. N
one talked more agreeably; no one possess
such general information, or said her say
so pleasant and unpretending a manner.

We had not spent a week together at Or
ington, before I began to repent me of
former injustice. Grateful for the gentle co
ality with which, as Herries's wife, she acce
ed as a friend the man who, as Julia Dan
had rejected her as a sister, I repaid her
nerosity with the gift of my whole confiden
Julia was the only member of my fam
to whom I ever named the name of Emi

nd never shall I forget my thankfulness when he tears of my neglected sister flowed in sincere sympathy at the recital of my troubles.

Of all confidantes, give me a woman!—For warmth of sympathy,—for active aid,—for good faith,—for trustworthiness,—I say again, give me a woman!—Man (who in the fable painted the subjugation of the lion,) has chosen to paint, both in fable and history, the inconsistency of womankind,—its infirmity of purpose,—its incontinence of tongue. Away with fabulists and historians!—Rather a thousand times confide a secret to a woman, than to a babbler of one's own sex; whose jealousies and envyings are gaping to devour one; and who, instead of being a noun substantive, is, after all, only an item of his clubs and his freemason's lodge. A woman is *herself*,—that is, kind, generous, and true. I swear I would as soon run my head against an iceberg, as entrust my sorrows to one of my own cold, double-breasted, double-milled sex.

Of my former friends, or associates, som had achieved greatness, and some had grea ness thrust upon them. Chippenham ha achieved it by a natural progress, on the d cease of his father, to the Upper House; a having of course inherited with his peer's rob the graces and faculties of estate, he was no an ambassador, with her Excellency La Theresa for his Countess. The Earl a Countess of Merepark throned it majestica at ——; and his lordship was described in lea ing articles as an able and conscientious ma How far his union with Lady Votefile niece might conduce to open the eyes of G vernment to his very sudden accession of abi ties, it becomes me not to determine.

Among those on whom greatness had be thrust, I conclude I may enumerate Sir Jo Harris, K. all sorts of things, not omitting t Guelphic, and Honorary all sorts of things Carlton House and in the Red Book. It wou be difficult exactly to define his functions. H

was supposed to invent wigs and collect Chinese lanterns,—give designs for yacht cabins, and cottage chimneys.—But it was all supposition. His exits and entrances were noted, but nothing wherefore. He was tabooed, and had ceased to converse with the public at large; occasionally letting fall something exceedingly piquant to an Earl or a cabinet minister, which was picked up and arduously repeated at the clubs. For every one was overjoyed to quote Sir John Harris! Even *I* should no more have dared to "Jack" him, now, than to "George" His Royal Highness the Prince Regent!—

Many origins were assigned to this mysterious favouritism; competition for a crack teapot at Baldock's, in which Sir John had ceded the *pas* with a grace and solemnity which made it a *pas grave*;—an inedited recipe for curaçoa punch, *à crême de thé*;—a pattern for a gored stock, which was said to impart to the most apoplectic throat the lengthened stiffness "long

drawn out" of a stork. It was no manner o
consequence. Sir John was born in a cor
jacket, predestined to float, like other weed
on the surface of the stream; or, rather, h
was one of those of whom it has been sai
"fling him with a stone round his neck in
a horse-pond, and he will rise in ten minut
out of the water, in a court suit, bag-wig, a
sword."

The first time I paid my respects at Carlt
House after my arrival, I had determined to ta
the initiative in cutting so great a man. B
sweet Sir John knew better than to afford m
pretext for prating of his early whereabou
and held out his finger with almost as mu
condescension as if *he* had been Emperor of t
Celestial Empire, and I, a mandarin of t
third button. I took him as I found him.
was not for Cis Danby to quarrel with t
pretensions of a coxcomb; and as I ha
always considered success the test of me
as Napoleon did of his Spartans, I was bou

to consider Sir John Harris, K.A. K.B. K.C. K.D. K.E. K.F. K.G. and so forth through the alphabet, the Admirable Crichton of modern chivalry.

There was really some excuse for the beknighting, just then, of so many very simple citizens. The deluge of foreign titles which had swept over the surface of our society, had created such a craving appetite for titularity, that (as Napoleon observed of one of his sisters, who sulked with him for withholding from her the dignities of queen, "Would not any one suppose I had defrauded her of her share of the realms of the king our father?") the Prince might have observed of certain animalculæ crawling about the court, who insisted upon the honours of knighthood,—"Would not any one suppose that all the doctors and apothecaries in my dominions were born in spurs!—" There was even one clerical knight,—a crooked scion of a noble house—who always reminded me of Sir Hugh in the "Merry Wives."

As to myself, I had to run away almos
on my knees, like the Mayor of Newcastl
from George the Third, from the be-Guelph
ing sword of the Regent. I gave out in th
coterie of Carlton House, by way of buck
ler to my unoffending innocence, that I shoul
be disinherited by Lord Ormington, were I t
assume any other designation than that co
ferred by my birthright; and secured und
lock and key the insignia of the order of th
Tower and Sword, as though it had been th
badge of a hackney-coachman.

This scrupulosity may now appear ove
charged; but I appeal to all who visited Pa
or London in the year of grace, 1814, whether
ribbon in the button-hole were not then the nea
est degradation to the letters T. F. (*Travau
Forcés*) inscribed on the shoulder of a *galérien?*-

What was *I*, above all, to attain by bein
Guelphed?—My hereditary distinctions place
me in the category of gentlemen, and my pr
fessional ones had certainly done nothing t

place me in that of heroes. I had fought my way bravely; but so had thousands and thousands of others who put in no claim to the glories of the spur. Soldiership had done more for me than fifty knighthoods, by softening the influence of a profound affliction, and hardening the effeminacy of inveterate foppery. I had now attained to as much philosophy as was compatible with my four-and-twenty years, and a monstrous good-looking face withal; and Byron, with whom at Watier's and elsewhere I had picked up an acquaintanceship almost amounting to friendship, often expressed his envy of my unaffected apathy, as the genuine *dolce far niente* of the heart.

We heard the chimes at midnight together; and he saw me stand fire without flinching. That was a strange epoch in the history of the female society of Great Britain! The knight who suddenly flings aside his armour, is more defenceless than the simple clown, habitually *in cuerpo;* and the Englishwomen,

who, during the visit of the Allied Sovereign
laid aside their prudery to make a virtue
hero-hunting, certainly went lengths in the e
citement of the hour, which it would be difficu
to match in the *histoire galante* of less high
reputed countries. Had Byron lived to co
plete Don Juan, he would have put anecdo
on record, in some of which I was an acto
in some, himself,—such as might have ma
the tales of the Queen of Navarre either blu
or turn pale with envy.

This it was that rendered Ormington H
such a relief to me! Those frantic th
months in London, with their orgies, includi
all that was ruinous to health or fortune, had
thoroughly disgusted me, that I was too hap
in sauntering with Lord Ormington over
farms; still happier when chatting by the fi
side of Danby and Lady Susan, at For
Lodge, a pretty place they had hired on t
Bracknell side of Windsor Forest.

They saw little or no company; for n

brother was as studious and almost as silent as ever. But when he *did* converse, people held their breath to listen. Like the flowering of the aloe or the gestation of the lion, the product was proportionate to the delay.

I suppose it was on account of Danby's taciturnity and Lady Susan's extreme gentleness, that their boy, now nearly two years old, took so decided a fancy for his soldier-uncle.

I dissuaded him from crawling on the carpet, by instituting a school of discipline; and with my cane and word of command got him through his exercise; till Lord Ormington, albeit little addicted to mirth, used to burst into fits of laughing at his martial airs.

Lady Susan was engrossed by her girl; — Danby in compiling an edition of the works of Bolingbroke. Little Arthur consequently fell to my share as a companion. While enjoying the last gleams of autumnal sunshine under the magnificent beech-trees overshading the lawn,

originally a part of the royal forest, L
Ormington and I seemed to enjoy ourse
more in that little domestic snuggery, than
his own princely domain. For *him*, I susp
there were disagreeable reminiscences attache
the old hall; for myself, I do not scruple to
that the growing friendship of Danby was
great embellishment of my existence.

Yes!—I, Cis Danby of the cockade, was
tually proud of him, both as a brother and
an Englishman;—proud of frightful John
proud of the urchin exiled to the nursery, th
might play the peacock unmolested. Thro
him, I seemed to feel as if the Danby fa
were grappled not only to the passing t
but to future ages; and though celebrity
been defined by a clever French writer as
*tout petit avantage d'être connu de ceux qu
nous connaissent point*," it is an advantage wh
greater men than myself are far from despisi

I had commenced life by a false step. At
instigation of a passionate impulse, I

abandoned a promising vocation; and though the military career thus wildly embraced had spared me life and limb for new adventures, I never yet saw an existence prosper, which commenced with a blunder. Sailors have a superstition against voyages that begin with putting back. I confess I share the prejudice.

Lord Ormington probably discerned, after I had been some six months resident in England, that I was giving myself up to listlessness; like a man whose destinies are accomplished, when in fact, at my age, mine could scarcely be considered begun; for he took occasion one day gravely to inquire whether it were true that I had declined an appointment in the household of the Regent.

"To the letter!—" replied I. "Sir John Harris was commissioned to offer it to me, a few weeks after my appearance at the levee. But though gratified to find myself still honoured by his Royal Highness's notice, I refused the favour designed me."

"You did very wrong," replied Lord O
ington drily. "You must be aware, Cecil, t
the peculiar circumstance under which
threw over your appointment at Lisbon, h
closed the doors of diplomatic distinction aga
you?"

"Not more closely than I desire!" was
reply. "I have no yearning after the p
mysteries of the despatch-box!"

"May I ask, then," resumed Lord Orm
ton, "what are your projects?—It is righ
apprize you, Cecil, that though your con
and character for the last three years
mand my regard and respect, in a degr
had little anticipated, it will never be in
power to do more for you than I am now do
By your mother's marriage settlement,
are entitled to ten thousand pounds. I h
no intention of increasing the provision."

"Why should you, when it fulfils my utm
ambition?—" said I, coolly. "Had I remai
an idler about town (for, after all, my shal

duties as supernumerary-sub in Downing Street, were a mere pretext for idling about town,) there is every probability that in process of time, the increase of my bills at Thevenot's, and Dyde and Scribe's, would have necessitated an appeal to parliament for the discharge of my debts. Campaigning luckily took me out of the hands of the Philistines and the perfumers; and I have now come to consider four hundred a-year a fortune for a prince of the blood."

Lord Ormington looked vexed. Perhaps he descried in my manifesto, incipient symptoms of a relapse into coxcombry.

"I must still presume to suggest," said he, "that you would do well not to trifle with the good-will of the Regent. You are in a situation to require the support of your friends."

"A situation?—" cried I, somewhat surprised, and fearing he was about to enter into certain long-dreaded explanations.

"In a situation *as a younger son*," calmly

resumed his lordship. "You want occupat
Cecil; you want a destination for your y
energies. There is good in you, if you w
only turn it to good account!"

This was a great deal for Lord Ormin
I remember the time, in his days of mys
when, previous to uttering so long a senten
any one, (to me he uttered only monosyllal
he would have barred the door, and p
sentinels outside. I contented myself wit
quiring what "good" he thought would
from my holding a place about the perso
the Regent?—

"Are you serious,—or is this a retu
your old habits of irony?—" demanded
Ormington. "Is it nothing to be reck
among the friends of the Heir-apparen
the throne?—"

"In my opinion, less than nothing!—"
plied.

'Fortuna vitrea est: tum, quum splendet, frangitu

"*Who* wishes to be caught up and wh

round by the sails of a windmill? When I quitted England, I left the Prince of Wales surrounded by all that is ultra among the liberals in politics,—his very terrier barking Whiggery. I find the Prince Regent surrounded by all that is narrowest in Toryism,—his very cockatoo screaming 'Huzza for Castlereagh!'—"

"His Royal Highness has wisely conceded to the spirit of the times," replied Lord Ormington, gravely. "The fable of Dame Partington and her mop is applicable to both sides of the question. You could scarcely expect the sovereign *pro tempore* of these realms—"

"I expect nothing,—either *of* or *from* him!" was my somewhat cavalier interruption. But from that day, I perceived that his lordship lost no opportunity of impressing upon me the ignominious obscurity of being a *cadet de famille*, unless the position were upheld by talents or industry. I was quite of his opinion. But ignominious obscurity, *id est*, inglorious ease,

was now my idol. For the life and soul
me, I could not reunite the shattered links
the chain of ambition!

It was the era of great achievements. L
rels were as plentiful as hawthorn hedg
and the trumpet of Fame was almost as
miliar as the horn of a mail coach. As
ron used to say, the only distinction was to
a little undistinguished. Napoleon, if he
an antechamber of kings, had also create
mob of heroes: and under such circumsta
to raise oneself above the crowd was an H
culean task. I felt that I had not ene
for the enterprize. I resolved, therefore,
content myself with my modest peninsu
renown, till it should be worn threadba
then, trust to the chapter of accidents for
renovation. I tried to pass off my indole
under the plausible name of content; lool
wondrous wise, and talked wondrous pros
and in England, (as regards philosophy or m
rality,) *l'habit fait le moine.*

That winter, all the world—more especially that foolish portion of it which calls itself the fine world—was hurrying to Paris. Among others, my mother took it into her head to experience an eager longing for a glimpse of the Louvre. She had not visited Paris since, shortly after the assembling of the States General, I saw the light there, in the Château de Boulainvilliers at Passy, belonging to her fair and unfortunate friend the Princesse de Lamballe.

"They tell me all is as we left it;—that her cypher remains unchanged in the medallions, and that our names are still visible carved on the bark of one of the old trees in the orangerie," said Lady Ormington, coaxing herself into a fit of the sentimentals; though in fact she was only obeying the impulsion of Toady Richardson, who wanted to get away from my father's legislation. "I shall never rest till I have ascertained which of my friends escaped the guillotine, and whether any of them are still living."

To my great surprise, Lord Ormington
posed no obstacle to the project. But ha
no illustrious friends in the Faubourg St.
main, to incur or escape the horrors of beh
ing, he saw no necessity for including hi
in the party. As Sir Lionel Dashwood
been her ladyship's cavalier on the forme
casion, he seemed to consider it a matte
course that *I* should be so on the present.

He did not even put it to me in a h
thetical form, whether I should accom
Lady Ormington; but gave me succinct ins
tions concerning the mode in which I wa
draw upon his bankers in her behalf.
liberality was excessive; but I suspect he w
have given double the money for the sati
tion of getting rid of us, to divide his
exclusively between Julia and John.—A
pleased!—I gave him ample credit for the
thousand pounds he placed to ours at D
mond's, and departed.

Let it be taken for granted that we arr

safe at Paris. My readers have, I trust, done justice to my forbearance in the daubery or description line. If not, I give them notice that my palette was got up with an assortment of the finest oil-colours from Newman's, expressly to inflict a sketch of the Convention upon them, enlivened with the proper varieties of national costume and British or foreign uniforms, and the particoloured brilliancy of the Lisbon quays, crowned by a sunny sketch of high mass in the cathedral.

It depended upon myself to develop all this in a couple of dozen pages of historiography, emblazoned like a missal with scarlet, cobalt, and gold, fine enough for the gorgeous pages of the most fashionable annual going. But I forbore. I reflected that the florid was going out of fashion. Scarcely a scribbler who wields a crow-quill but has got up a bit of fine writing of this description, for the use of boudoirs and the delight of the tallow-chandlers' wives.

For the same reason, I now refrain from em-

bellishing my life and times with a lively pictu
of Paris emerging from the iron pressure of t
tyranny of Napoleon, which may be found
better English in the pages of Scott's "Visi
or "Paul's Letters to his Kinsfolk," besi
being married to immortal verse in the ini
table Correspondence of "The Fudge Famil

It matters little that all which these or ot
English authorities saw or desired to see of Pa
is comprized within the Boulevards and the I
lais Royal. They and the public were sa
fied,—and so am I!—

As to Lady Ormington, whom I escor
to the banks of the Seine, with the convict
that her elegant valetudinarianism would
sign itself as quietly to a *bergère* in the *H*
de Breteuil, as to an easy-chair in Hano
Square, I was literally awed on detecting
influence of the genius of the place, the mom
she found herself once more within view of
Tuileries. She seemed to recede the wh

twenty-four years of my existence, and become one-and-twenty again, and a beauty!—

No sooner installed in that temple of frippery, than she cried aloud, like the Pythoness, "The god!—the god!"—inspired by the afflatus of the tripod. Poor Toady Richardson wore herself to a cambric thread with rendering the hourly tribute of flattery exacted by her patroness, upon the rejuvenization of her appearance, under the hands of Le Roi and Victorine, Plaisir and Minette. I scarcely knew where this second childhood of coquetry would stop. For though her ladyship had attained her forty-sixth year, old women, from Cardinal —— downwards, were at a premium at the court of the corpulent sovereign whose brightest reminiscences had of course attained their majority.

To us, by the way, his rotund Majesty was singularly gracious, affording us what was in his eyes the highest mark of distinction,—excellent dinners.—Worthy soul!—I beg his

Majesty's pardon—worthy body!—a course
twenty years' roast mutton and batter puddi
had developed his royal sensibilities towards
true enjoyments of life.—Prolonged divo
from the glorious *casseroles* of Paris, had tau
him the eminent superiority of the *almanach*
gourmands over the Almanack of Saxe Gotl
and while hundreds of antediluvian princes
and ci-devant duchesses were quarrelling
tabourets, and trying to restore at the chât
the Holy Inquisition of ancient Bourbon
quette, his Majesty ate, drank, and said gr
after meat; conceiving that, in a world
of marrow and fatness, where Providence
signs ortolans and *pâtés de foie gras* for
food of man—or kings—there can be no
text for fretting after idle distinctions of
cedence and estate. I love a straight-forw
epicurean, who makes no compromise with
pleasant vices; nor disfigures with a sneer
unctuous lips, imbibing to satiety the g
things of this world.

I was surprised by the way, considering the enormous ravages of the guillotine, and the number of unfortunate nobles of the *ancien régime* said to have died in emigration in England, not of starvation, but of bad cookery, to find the Faubourg St. Germain flourishing in all its pristine stiffneckedness. It did not appear to me that its hotels could have contained more dowagers or bishops, had Robespierre never encumbered or disencumbered the earth; and though we heard of the extinction of ancient families effected during the Reign of Terror, I did not seem to miss a single title "damned to everlasting fame" by the records of the gallant reign of Louis XV.

Among these, Lady Ormington was an idol. They had worn her all those twenty years in their heart of hearts; and the old Cosway print, deepened in its tints by a quarter of a century's smoke and dust, was still extant in more than one hotel of the Rue de Grenelle.

On visiting those old hotels, *par parenthè*
I could well understand how the tale of t
Belle aux bois dormante had found its ori
in the noble Faubourg; for certain of t
two-and-thirty quarterings generations seem
to rise at the restoration of the Bourbons, fr
a sleep of a century's duration, cobwebbed l
a bottle of old hock out of the cellar of
abbot. I am by no means sure that, in t
attics of some of these antiquated mansio
an old woman might not have been fou
still twirling her antediluvian spindle. T
Faubourg was a museum of fossils.

It was a great delight to these classical
thorities to turn the tables upon the *parv*
duchesses and countesses hatched under t
wing of the Empire, in Madame Campa
colombier at Ecouen. The bitterness of c
tempt engendered by the honours they h
been forced to concede to these pretty cr
tures of yesterday, is scarcely to be imagine
more especially when engrafted upon houses

pur sang, by a peremptory marriage. Hundreds of romances, besides that of Madame Gay, might be concocted out of the *Mariages sous l'Empire*, which I found bearing fruit about as palatable as "the apples on the Dead Sea shore—all ashes to the taste."—

By such as these, the Allies were welcomed as friends, and the English as Allies. The moral of the case was nothing to *me*. I was content to be *choyé* and *caliné* in those charming boudoirs; to be told twenty times a day, that any one might have guessed from my appearance the secret of my birth; that I deserved to be *né Parisien*. I made the most of that happy accident. Like the bat, I was a bird with the bipeds, and a mouse with the quadrupeds; and, after being adored as a John Bull all the spring in London, was *l'enfant chéri des dames* in Paris, whenever *les dames* chose me to be *chéri*.

My former affectations were budding anew. Like a tree that has been cut down instead of

grubbed up, the old root sent forth a plenteo
growth of underwood. The coterie at t
Tuileries was maudlin with enervation. Ever
thing vigorous or manly seemed to have
treated from public life; and the recent
cissitudes of royalty inspired such a dread
the instability of human enjoyments, that "*d*
vivimus, vivamus" was the motto of ma
wise men besides the pious Dr. Doddridge.

I will not pretend to exculpate myself fr
the epicureanism of the hour. No one enjo
more exquisitely the dinners of Bouvilliers
the gleanings of Corcellet's stores, — the *F*
Welt of the ballet, — the pleasantries of
Opéra Comique,—and so on to the end of
catalogue of Parisian enjoyments. Above
I was enchanted with the French women!-
do not blush for my taste. It is well kno
that when John Clare, the Northamptonsh
poet, was transplanted for a month into
midst of the sorceries of London, the th
that charmed him most was the bewitchment

the French actresses at the Tottenham Street Theatre.

As to me, I had never before seen a Frenchwoman. The peevish *emigrées*, who used to waste their time fretting over their fall, at Ormington Hall or in Hanover Square, scarcely deserved the name. As well call an oyster-shell an oyster,—as well consider the wooden puppet in a showman's box, the Punchinello, whose squeaking witticisms convulse the mob with merriment!—A Frenchwoman, properly so called, means not only a Parisian, but a Parisian in Paris. A Parisian must have her appropriate atmosphere, like the tender tropical plants, to refresh whose roots the watering-pot is warmed over a slow fire. Her leaves do not expand, or her flower-buds efflorescе, unless sure of a *quantum suff.* of sunshine. *Il lui faut son Paris!*—But *in* her Paris, what a bewitching creature,—what a brilliant butterfly,—what a richly-scented blossom!—Nothing real about her, it is true—but the pre-

tence, how delightful!—One would put up
deception for ever, when so charmingly
boozled!—

A *Parisienne*, properly so called, is a
ture full of intelligence and grace;—for
own enjoyment-sake, incapable of the yea
dawdling, unmeaning nonentityism of Lo
fashion.—Her countenance is bright with
pose. She wills resolutely, and, lo! her
is accomplished;—her rapid and strongl
cented utterance imparting irresistible ener
her decrees.

Perhaps I was the more sensible t
agrément of this vivacity, because recen
perience had put me somewhat out of c
with my countrywomen. The very good
I had begun to consider fine,—and the
bad ones, coarse. The society of Byro
not improved my morality on such
Lady Harriet Vandeleur (whom I fou
tablished in Paris, not exactly *la veuve*
grande armée, but the idol of the new

used to revile me with sacrilege against the sacred claims of my exceedingly loving countrywomen. No need to inform her ladyship that *she* was precisely one of those who had rendered me so hypercritical !—

Had I followed the bent of my inclinations, which nobody does in this world, least of all in the matter of falling in love, I verily believe I should have dedicated my affections to some choice specimen of the antique;—one of those charming little bits of the *Régence* still extant *au fond du Faubourg*. My early education seemed to have created me for a passion *à talons rangés*. I adored the high polish of those Sèvres-like marquises, transfixed in their *fauteuils*, and scarcely more alive than the effigies of their grandmothers from the pencils of Mignard or Rigaud. Yet though thus anti-locomotive, what inimitable talkers !—A new chapter of Grammont's Memoirs seemed unfolded, when they narrated their incomparable little anecdotes of the incongruities of the court

of Joséphine, — that make-believe Versail
where, like children on a holiday, *l'on jouai*
la Madame!

Of one or two of these classics, I was t
pet and favourite; better pleased to share th
regard with their *griffon* and their abbé a
be called "*mon enfant*" by their colourless li
than "*mon cœur*" by the unrefined and voci
rous fashionables of the Chaussée d'Antin.

But *homme propose, femme dispose.*— I w
not to be my own master, that is, master
who should be my mistress. I could wee
now, to think of *l'occasion manquée!*—Wh
an exquisite winter I might have spent in t
warm, snug boudoir, of the charming old Pri
cesse de Trémont, of whom Boufflers had be
the lover, fifteen years before I was born!-
What *causeries* we should have had together!-
What an insight I should have obtained in
the philosophy of life.—Instead of this, (da
I confess it? — but I vow I had no more
do with the matter than one of the Chine

magots on her chimney-piece,) instead of this, I was doomed to be excruciated out of all patience by the caprices and exactions of the young and fashionable Comtesse Anacharsis de la Vrillière !—

Thérèse —(I thought myself a wonderfully happy man the first day I was permitted to call her Thérèse !)—was the daughter of one of my mother's most favourite friends. One of Lady Ormington's first cares on arriving in Paris, was to inquire for the progeny of her darling Duchesse de St. Barthélemy, who had fallen a victim of the revolution; and great was her indignation on hearing that the young Duke was wearing away his unpopularity in foreign travel, having actually figured at the court of Joséphine as equerry, or *grand échanson*, or grand something or other in the way of courtiership. Had it been even Marie Louise, Lady Ormington and the Bourbons would have borne it. But it was that one of the Emperor's wives, who had not been an Emperor's daugh-

ter,—*la veuve Beauharnais*,—the woman
mother had refused to visit, as *mauvaise c*
pagnie, on her former visit to Paris!—

But in addition to the said degenerate Du
the lovely Duchess had left a little girl, b
about the same period as myself,—at least th
was some sort of romance about a Paul
Virginia interchange of nursing. Little T
rèse, my contemporary, was now of cou
according to the Parisian kalendar, an
woman,—that is, four-and-twenty; and p
santry apart, a marriage at sixteen *is* apt
reduce four-and-twenty to decrepitude.

But then Thérèse, if an old woman, wa
woman of transcendent fashion;—one of th
angels without wings to whose delicate feat
the equally delicate pencil of Isabey has ass
ed immortality.

Go to Versailles, gentle reader.—Go to
museum dedicated to *toutes les gloires de*
France; and in the great picture of the bapt
of the King of Rome, you will discover sea

in the tribune, surmounted by a coronet of diamonds, a face scarcely equalled in sweetness not only from those days to these, but from the days when Rome had Emperors, till those when the eternal city was required to acknowledge that very transitory little king. If it do not give you the idea of Miranda, "admired Miranda," sunning herself in the smiles of Prospero in her tranquil island, may you never turn a page of Shakspeare again !—

Thérèse was not quite so pretty as that picture when I had first the honour of making her acquaintance; but she was a lovely creature still. To me, there was something peculiarly interesting in her faded languor. I saw she was what is called *passée;* and not possessing a Frenchman's intuitive knowledge of such matters, instead of attributing her loss of bloom to the natural progress of events, chose to surmise a secret sorrow, "a worm i' the bud."

I fancied, according to my English creed, that in woman, four-and-twenty is the meridian

of beauty; that, should these clouds of
ever pass away, the obscured luminary
shine forth again, more effulgent and s
duing than ever.

I could not have flattered the prett
tesse more than by the construction wit
I chose to dignify her defects. Thérès
rather have been thought "interesting
fair as Hebe. Thérèse had carved out
in the world in sable drapery, or at
French grey. Thérèse was *la femme*
prise!—The phrase is *banal* now, exh
—effete. — Everybody understands the
incomprise, and a woman might as w
tend to be an Egyptian mummy for
terest likely to be excited among the
fellows of *la jeune France*, by so exp
pretension. But it was specious enoug
Universal sympathy was enlisted in the
of a *femme incomprise*.

Monsieur le Comte de la Vrillière, t
if not the master of the unappreciate

was a very great man in his way, and a very large man, and in everybody's way; the very prototype that Bernard Léon depicts when, in the part of an *employé*, he distends his capacious chest like an air-cushion, exclaiming, "*Prenons le maintien d'un homme en place!*"

The Count's *maintien*, instead of being heavy and clumsy, like most unwieldy persons of my own country, was sinuous and graceful as one may conceive the Apollo Belvidere fed upon oil-cake, and weighing sixteen stone. He was rotund, without being shapeless,—rubicund, without being *couperosé*;—a *rosa grandiflora*,—two handsome men rolled into one!—

Impossible to be more *soigné* in his person. His grey hair and whiskers were arranged with as much care as if ambrosial curls. His coat was as scrupulously symmetrified by Staub as though his waist were as slender as his means were great; his boots were as well varnished as if the members they encased were not capable of playing the part of the Oriental ox and treading

out the corn. Monsieur le Comte Anach
la Vrillière was spruce, lustrous, black,
red, vivid, and got up to admiration.
spite of all this, (the truth must ou
was not the man to win a lady's eye
His appetite was " more to bread than
and more to a succulent dish of cutle
an excellent *sauce à la Soubise*, than
The consequence was, *qu'il avait pris du*
and a protuberance below the region
heart, is more unsightly to the eye of
than the hunch of Æsop or hump of a
—Nothing in nature so antipathetic to
alted imagination !—

There was nothing else that I re
particularly odious in La Vrillière, except
had robust health, breathed hard after
and possessed at all hours of the day a
insolently prosperous air, that must c
have exposed him more than once in hi
peril of assassination from the brooms of cr
sweepers. It is an act of great self-d

beggars, to put up with a man so self-assertingly well to do in the world.

But if an object of hatred to the kennel, he was one of surpassing affection to the court—the court, *tale quale*.—He was just one of the men of whose moral and physical preponderance Napoleon knew so well to dispose! He possessed the very length, breadth, and thickness for a Préfet. His respectability of person and purse was the one thing needful to fill an Hôtel de la Préfecture, in a southern department; and during the last five years of the Empire, accordingly, Monsieur le Comte Anacharsis de la Vrillière had eaten his truffles fresh from the sod, with a stipend from government of eighty thousand francs a-year, and the opportunity of dedicating his income matrimonial of *cent mille francs de rentes*, towards upholding, on behalf of the Emperor, the dignities of the state.

The match was of Napoleon's making. Anacharsis de la Vrillière was a man of high de-

scent, who, beggared by the revolution,
found him with a very good head on hi
ders and, strange to tell, left it there u
ed,) had managed by dexterous appr
of his talents to the shifting exigencies
lic life, to win back all he had lost
cunning gamester, taking his revenge
tune. Directory, Consulate, Empire
cessively found his Ko-too at their
Power was with him the right divi
like most of those,

> Who, as the veering wind shifts, shift thei

a trade-wind blew him into port. H
short, one of the thousand Tartuffes of
life engendered by the schisms and va
of *la chose publique*.

Among the numerous rewards lavish
him, by a sovereign in no position
hypercritically with the moral qualiti
partizans, was the hand of Mademoisel
Barthélemy. As a rich orphan, she

of course Campanized; for as Frederick of Prussia chose to institute a Newmarket for the improvement of his race of grenadiers, by alliances between six-feet-two of hero with six-feet nothing of heroine, Napoleon of France, aware that the era of brute force was at an end, chose to giganticize *his* adherents by uniting men of ten thousand a-year in ambition with women of ten thousand a-year in possession.

Hence, the discrepant union between the soft, sentimental Thérèse de St. Barthélemy, and the prize animal, Monsieur le Comte Anacharsis de la Vrillière,—*conseiller d'état—chevalier de la légion d'honneur*, &c. &c. &c. Hence, *la femme incomprise!*—

For how was it possible for an individual of such dimensions, an individual who, if fossilized, would have afforded grounds to Cuvier for a new theory upon the degeneration of mankind, to enter into the *crises de nerfs* and *migraines*, hysterical affections and catalepses, of a diaphanous creature like Thérèse,

—a sylph, an aërial being,—liable to
rate on the too rude touch of a mo
materially material as Monsieur le Préfe

La Vrillière perfectly understood,
first proposition of the match by his
Cambacères, the substantial advantages
ed to the possession of this unsubstantial
and, to do him justice, had never ceased to
strate his consciousness *d'avoir fait une c*
affaire. In France, holy matrimony is
an *affaire*, — that is, an *affaire* of eve
but the heart. He was a model husban
pin money of Madame la Comtesse was
tual as the *coupons* of the Bank of Fra
new equipage every second year—diam
set every third—and annual *étrennes* f
glittering magazine of Jaset, which mad
an envious eye of the Faubourg " pale
effectual fires," attested the ardour of
jugal devotion.

No one could say that the *salons* of
la Comtesse de la Vrillière lacked a si

ect of fashionable adornment which Lesage r Ravrio, stated to be indispensable to a voman of fashion. When installed at her Pré-ecture, her fêtes, her toilet, her household stablishment, created all the precedents of the province. She enjoyed, as the phrase runs, verything that money can give. But, alas! it oo often happens that people who enjoy every-hing in the power of money to give, enjoy lso a redundance of leisure, which begets an ppetite for things that money will *not* give.

Madame la Comtesse de la Vrillière sighed or a sentiment! Madame la Comtesse wanted o be "Thérèse." Her indulgent husband, huge s he was, did not fill up the vacuum in her soul. He did not love her;—and who would waste heir affections on the unloving?—She preferred eing a victim. She chose to be *la femme incom-rise!*—

Chateaubriand, the grandfather of the ro-mantic school, and Madame Cottin, its eldest daughter, had usurped possession of her brain.

She had never recovered "Atala" and "
and had wept a Hellespont over "Claire
and Malvine. She would rather have
impassioned Matilde, blistering her fe
Malek Adhel, in the Syrian sands, th
dame la Préfette at ——, or Madame
tesse, in the Rue du Montblanc. *Né*
as her favourite writer would have
suspect, she was almost in hopes of a
of fortune, when Napoleon took ref
board the Bellerophon.

It suggested itself to her sanguine
tion that the fat Préfet might possibly
cerated for life at Ham, or Mont St.
or Blaye, or la Force, or, perhaps, dri
exile or emigration, (the idea of po
charsis being *driven* anywhere!) to
Cayenne or some other peppery col
that case, she determined to become
de Charité, one of the interesting vi
romantic life, whose costume is lea
coming.

But to her surprise, almost to her indignation, the first person to whom the thanks of His Majesty Louis XVIII. were tendered for the promptitude of his oath of allegiance, was M. le Comte Anacharsis de la Vrillière, now Chevalier de St. Louis; and, lo! the daughter of the ancient and loyal house of St. Barthélemy was folded to the bosom of the Duchesse d'Angoulême, till she was ready to cry for vexation and mercy.

Not the smallest opening for heroism in *that* direction!—No hope of persecution—no chance of a reverse.—On the contrary, the family diamonds were reset a year sooner than usual; and on establishing herself anew in the Rue du Montblanc, a completely fresh *ameublement* saluted the repining eyes, whose only quarrel with the rumpling of the rose-leaf in her destinies was that it did not turn out a thistle or prickly pear.

Such was the position of the Countess, when I arrived at Paris. On the entrance of the

allies into Paris, the Count still occupied
prefectorial functions in the south; or
femme incomprise would most likely have
appreciated by some General of Cossack
Hessian Field-marshal, Mohicanly, starred
feathered. But it was precisely at the
ment my mother was beating the bushe
Boulainvilliers and the Luxembourg gar
in search of such scatterlings of the cov
the *ancienne noblesse* as were still ex
that Monsieur le Comte et Madame la
tesse Anacharsis de la Vrillière were
comed to the exceedingly soft bosom of
new Court.

Lady Ormington was overjoyed at the
ing. There had always been intense
pathy between her and the Duchesse d
Barthélemy. They had drunk of the
Ether, and wept over the same page o
Nouvelle Héloïse; and on discovering tha
daughter who inherited the Duchess's na

Thérèse, inherited also her nature as a swooner of swoons, and sympathizer of sympathies, Lady Ormington began to feel that she had recovered a congenial soul, in this younger and fairer moiety or rather quarter of herself.

Lady Ormington made a bad throw off, however, with her new idol. On her first introduction to the princely hotel in the Rue du Montblanc, with its damask hangings, gilt-bronze arabesques, carpets of Sallandrouze, and tables of malachite and lapis lazuli, she was *naïve* enough to congratulate its lovely owner on being thus profusely surrounded with the prosperities of life. Aware that Thérèse I. had lost her head, she seemed to think that Thérèse II. must be minus a heart; actually presuming that the wife of a man weighing eighteen stone, with an abdominal prominence, a great white forehead, and a great red face, could possibly be reconciled to her unpicturesque matrimonial destinies by the possession of var-

nished rosewood or damask of Lyons. N
was the *femme incomprise* more thoroughly
apprehended than at that moment.

But Lady Ormington was open to co
tion. It did not take long to satisfy her
she looked upon one of the most unfort
of her sex;—that the expressive counte
of the young Countess was indebted fo
pensive paleness to wounded sensibility;—
her widowed soul was pining away in a
isolation of conjugal mismatchment!—
ladyship was peculiarly qualified to enter
these delicate distinctions. She had been e
ing the same tragedy,—comedy,—farce, (
shall I call it?) for the last quarter
century; only that, not having been edu
by Madame Campan, *her* phraseology wa
no means so De Lamartinian, or her ton
plaintive.

In point of fact, she could not make
so good a case. Instead of being driven
despotic Emperor, at the point of the bay

into the arms of Lord Ormington, she had very thankfully accepted him for better for worse, three days after his presentation to her, at a country race-ball; and was consequently sadly to seek in the epithets and superlatives with which the Comtesse Anacharsis de la Vrillière was entitled to qualify her barbarous sacrifice.

In an incredibly short time my poor mother became as convinced as her new friend could desire, that *la veuve du Malabar*, on the point of ascending the funeral pyre, was not more lonely in the world than her isolated self. If I wanted to fill a volume, instead of merely desiring to improve the minds of man and womankind by the promulgation of this my autobiography, I would favour the world, in detail, with a few of the pet phrases of poor Thérèse. But as they are precisely such as all French novelists, from Louvet and Crébillon down to the chaste pages of George Sand and Léon Gozlan, have assigned to *la femme incomprise*, whining her monotonous quail-call after the miss-

ing moiety of her soul, I respect the co
sense and uncommon decorum of Great B

When Lady Ormington first acquainte
with her treasure-trove in the Chaussée d'
I turned an unwilling ear. There was
as much sentiment in my soul as in
of Jamaica pickles. "Campaigning
King of Bohemy" had alloyed my dou
finement. At Paris, I had fallen in
knot of Peninsular friends, excellent fello
vivants, with whom it was much more
able to explore the *carte* of Véry and th
of the opera, than to sigh the perfumed
of a lady's boudoir. The only *parfait*
which I was disposed to pronounce
came out of the cellars of Chevet.

I never saw an Englishman yet, wit
genuine vocation for these Platonic he
who seem to consider the purity of
minds so much less sacred than that o
bodies; and admit no bond of conjugal
upon the honest affections of the heart.

ever Lady Ormington used to talk to me of the *femme incomprise*,—the chaste and lovely wife of the corpulent ex-Préfet,—I made it a point to answer her with rhapsodies about a *matelotte Normande* at the Rocher, or a dish of *tournedos* at the Frères Provençaux.

It happened, however, (*Maledetto sia 'l giorno, e 'l mese, e l'anno!*) that one day as I was trying, in the Bois de Boulogne, a horrible brute, such as the French horse-dealers of those anti-jockeyan days used to call a horse, the disrespectable quadruped turned restive; and after seeing the leafless trees of the Bois run away from me for five minutes or so, a desperate crash seemed to bring heaven and earth together; and after the crash, as might be anticipated, —chaos!—I was lying insensible on a heap of flints in the road leading to the Pavillon de Madrid.

The next sensation of which I was conscious, was that of awaking in heaven; that is, awaking in a sort of dreamy Elysium, surround-

ed by fleecy eider-down,—muslin curtains
fragrance of *frangipane*,—the sobs of w
maids,—and by way of antidote to all thi
cious poison, the overhanging face of a
by whom I had been dephlogisticated
known quantities, looking exceedingly
horned owl in Vitchoura and a pair o
tacles. I had never heard of such bipeds
Elysian fields; and consequently took
granted that I was still in the arrondis
of the Champs Elysées.

I was not fractured, only miserabl
tused; only destined to rise from my
piebald as the brute which had laid me
To rise, however, was for the present
the question. I was assured so by the
accents of an exceedingly plaintive voic
to judge from the predictions of the spe
owl who hooted affirmation of her intell
no chance of *dindes truffées*, or *St. Péray*
for full six weeks to come!—This wa
agreeable intelligence for a man who ha

dinner-engagements to the end of the Carnival. There was however no help for it; for when I raised myself from my pillow to remonstrate, I fell back and fainted.

On my second recovery, the withered face of the *chat-huant à bésicles* was replaced by one whose soft oval seemed thrown into more beautiful relief by the glossy bands of raven hair, in which it was enframed. But even the oval face had been nothing, without the foreign aid of two pearly tears that stood upon those pure and placid cheeks.—Tears!—tears of sensibility,—and shed for me!—From that moment, the soft touch of the slender and feeble fingers attempting to minister to my aid, communicated a gentle thrill to my bosom.—I was obliged to make haste and recover, in order to thank such a nurse as she deserved.—

In return for my thanks, she "gave me for my pains a world of sighs;" acquainting me that, as she was returning through the Bois, from her villa at Suresne, she had met a horse

without a rider, and found a rider wit
a horse; and that, howbeit her coach
addressed the former beast in the *faction*
phrase of "*passez au large*," her good S
ritanism had determined her to pause b
way-side, and pick up the desolate stra
who, being too fine a gentleman to wear
thing in his pocket save a few loose Nap
and small change, was still *Non Nom*
in the mansion where, being a stranger,
had taken him in.

Never shall I forget the effect of th
nouncement by which I thought fit to re
this delicate note of interrogation. No
had I declared myself to be an Englishm
declaration which my accent must have re
superfluous,) by name Cecil Danby, an
domicile, resident at the Hôtel de Brete
the Rue de Rivoli, than my charming pre
uttered a sound which I conclude was
the novelists call "a faint scream," a th
had always been particularly curious to

from the moment of my acquaintance with the pages of Monk Lewis and Mrs. Radcliffe. I have a great mind to be poetical about it myself. Nothing would be easier than to liken it to the subdued cry of a bird, during an eclipse of the sun; with which, if my readers be unacquainted, I am sorry for them, for there is nothing so plaintive in or out of nature. Suffice it, however (for I have an abhorrence of stage trick) that the eider-down bed was that of Madame la Comtesse Anacharsis de la Vrillière, —the soft twining fingers, those of the *femme incomprise!*—

Lady Ormington was instantly sent for; and said, did, and cried all that it was necessary to say, do, and cry on such an occasion. It was a clear case that I could not be removed. Madame la Comtesse had not been so near the brink of a sensation for the last five years. Even the ex-Préfet was enchanted to render service to the offspring of one whom he remembered a reigning belle of the Trianon,

when he was himself aide-de-camp in '8
Monseigneur the Comte d'Artois. In sh
seemed to have been thrown from my
expressly to oblige them.

What a convalescence it was!—Hov
ferent from that struggling back to li
Belem, when conscious — no! not consci
anticipative of a great joy awaiting me,
I wanted only strength to clasp withi
arms!—Now, I soon perceived that it
my business, for my own sake and the sa
others, to prolong my indisposition to the u
verge of canvalescence. "*Le mieux est l'e
du bien*," says the proverb. I did not wi
be better, or better off. I was as content
returned "killed" on this occasion, as on
which had recommended me to the goo
of Lord Ormington.

Monsieur le Comte was just then mos
portunely preoccupied with important bu
at the *Conseil d'état*. It was all he cou
to pant into my room once in the tw

four hours, with inquiries after my health; entreaties, very needless ones, that I would consider his house and all that it contained my own; and assurances that the royal family had made the most minute inquiries of him into the condition of one in whom they were so deeply interested as the son of their good Lady Ormington, the brother of the great champion of European independence.

In reply, I looked as *pénétré*, as grateful, and as feeble, as I could contrive; and would have allowed the horned owl to exhaust the last drop in my veins, rather than abridge my sojourn in that charming abode. It is all nonsense when northern imaginations pretend to luxuriate in descriptions of the gardens of Alcina,—or gardens of Armida,—or gardens of the Hesperides, or any other gardens,—poetical or prosaic. The very word "garden" has a damp, aguish sound to an English ear,—a sound as of water-engines and gravel rollers. If anybody wished to paint the bower of Circe in

a way to make its perils *really* alluring
son of the mist or a son of the fog, h
make it a snug boudoir, having a paten
place—ponderous curtains—three-piled c
—luxurious divan; and, by way of *gar*
lade,—a *femme incomprise*.—

I wrote word so to Byron. He and
always squabbling, upon paper, about the
of nature and the poetry of civilization.
a hollow pretension on *his* part, (he, who
not abide Wordsworth,) to declare in fav

> The silence that is in the starry sky,
> The sleep that is between the lonely hills.

The sleep in which he really delighted
anything but lonely; and, as to the
sky, like myself, he was much fonder
fluted damask of a luxurious tester. *C*
à la belle etoile might be very charming for
who, like Poussin's *bergère*, "lived in Arc
but, between ourselves, dear reader, for
who live in the nineteenth century and

parish rates, it makes one's teeth chatter to think of.

I am pretty nearly sure, nay, I have a strong inclination to prove in black and white, in Childe Harold's hand-writing, (quite as authentic as that exhibited by certain of those pretended friends, who have so memorably abused his confidence,) that the episode of Haidee was planned and executed, as a sort of moral counterpoise to the pictures with which I favoured him in my letters, of my blessed existence in the Chaussée d'Antin. Byron evidently shipwrecked his hero, as a set-off to my spill,—imagined the cave, as a contrast to my boudoir,—and devised the fried eggs as an antithesis to my *violettes pralinées*. He even sketched the skittish Zoe as an impertinent set-off to my charming, little Manette. St. Spiridion be praised, there was no Lambro in the case!—for Monsieur le Comte Anacharsis de la Vrillière, conseiller d'état, ex-Préfet, *in esse*, and pair de France, *in posse*,

was as little akin to the old pirate-patri
I to Hercules.

Champfort has told us, and people
learned to give some credit to his sa
that, "to oblige, is to attach ourselves
by a noble provision of nature, a benefi
ferred rewards itself by the bliss of
and if it be true that *l'on s'attache par se
faits*, Madame de la Vrillière had every
for some predilection in my favour.
kindness and charity far exceeded that
Samaritan, whose bald-headed effigy, p
a bottle of patent balsam into the wou
the distressed man by the way-side, used
time to figure as a sign to the apoth
shops.

Youth and beauty apart, Thérèse
kind good creature; and if *incomprise*,
deserved to be understood. But it was
to whom she was most an enigma; f
tried to coax herself into all sorts of a
ties and affectations, when nature had de

her for the same honest calling as the great majority of her sex.

I dare say I did my part towards confirming her error; for it was difficult not to wish that she might continue to undervalue her happiness as the wife of a man with so good an account at his banker's, and at the Château, and a disposition to gratify the inordinate whimsies of a Parisian wife; for the influence of her morbid discontents was manifested in sitting beside my sick couch,—reading to me —talking to me "far above singing,"—yet singing, too, whenever I expressed a wish to hear the gentle cadences of Romagnesi, breathed by the mellifluous notes of the favourite pupil of Garat. It was from *her* lips I learned those charming stanzas addressed by Madame de Walewska to Napoleon,—a model for all tender reproaches—I could not help flattering myself that there was what the French call *intention*, in the countess's energetic manner of enunciating the concluding verse.

" Viens, donc, essayer les douceurs
D'une passion sans orage.
Que tu sois fidèle ou volage,
Rien ne désunira nos cœurs !
Pour te plaire, mon âme ardente
Découvre un nouveau sentiment.
Oui ! sans t'aimer moins vivement,
Je t'aimerai *mieux* qu'une amante."

I, too, had discovered a new sentim
regarded the beautiful creature who thu
rously devoted herself to my consolation.
though aware of the utter groundless
her repinings, though convinced of the g
wrong she did herself and those belon
her, by lavishing on a chimera the af
due to her larger and legitimate moiety
as much in love as if her woes were
as those of Andromache, and I King P
of execrated memory.

There may be some among my reade
take the thing *au sérieux*, and see not
all this to laugh at; who consider, with
Ormington, that it is a cruel torture
woman of "exquisite sensibilities," a

organized to "die of a rose in aromatic pain," —a woman for whom the moon has influences that "cause every nerve to vibrate to an unseen centre in the soul,"—a woman for whom "music hath a language mystic as the lyre of Apollo,"—a woman worthy to have been chosen as the partner of the "*Mari Sylphe*," united for better for worse with a soulless, sordid being, whose sensibilities were invested in the 5 per cents. and whose tenderest point was his digestion! They may even bring themselves to regard, as Lady Ormington did, *la jolie* Comtesse, as a moral Alexander Selkirk, and her charming hotel, as a sort of island of Juan Fernandez, till they bring tears into their own eyes with their own nonsense.

Had I been ever blessed or cursed with wife or daughter, or possessed a right to exercise the tyrannies of legitimate proprietorship over any fraction of the gentle sex, how careful would I have been to inspire her with enthusiasm for some definite pursuit! — rational, if

possible; at all events, some pursuit. Me
too apt to sneer at the frivolities of wo
accomplishments; to find fault with dau
of water-colours, embroiderings of tiffany
lections of autographs, emblazonings of m
—My brethren! take the advice of a ba
deeply studied in such mysteries. Failin
maximum, accept the minimum, and be t
ful. Till your better or worse halves ac
by force of education, a taste for higher
pation, discourage nothing that yields ha
employment to their leisure. In a class
where neither household nor nursery ex
peremptory demands, beware of the la
listless hours!—Beware of the peevish
spections of reveries!—Beware of the w
excitement arising from want of occupati
It is in the unenclosed waste that the
wings its seeds of mischief; it is in the n
ed hedgerow, that the night-shade twi
deadly branches.

Had Thérèse been only able to conjure

innocent enthusiasm for any one of the busy idlenesses of life, she would have seen in the rotund Anacharsis the indulgent friend who cheered her occupation; sauntering into her boudoir from the *Conseil d'état*, to confide his little grievances of public life, and listen in return to histories of colours that would not blend,—canvas that would not dry,—camellias that would not bud,—or any other of the trivialities that become important, when prattled about by rosy lips to willing ears.

But her play and her work were alike done *for* her. Her embroideries were bought ready stitched, her camellias ready grafted. Her very album, instead of being extracted, drawing by drawing and sonnet by sonnet, from her friends, with pain and anguish, like so many teeth, had been laid on her dressing-table, one new year's morning, filled with exquisite performances by Robert, Isabey, Lemaître, Ingres, Guérin, Lemière. *En un mot*, as the French say, after wasting a whole dictionary, there was nothing

left for her to do to amuse herself,
mischief!—

Pretty much the same thing that ma
friend Byron, at four-and-twenty, a
thrope, converted Thérèse at the sam
into a *femme incomprise.*

Be it observed that no sooner had the
poet a real grievance to complain of,—
who rejected him, and a child from wh
was forcibly divided,—than he ceased to
his verses with anguish and remorse
Childe Harold, really aggrieved, becan
laughing, joyous, devil-may-care Don Ju
have a shrewd notion, that had the corpul
Préfet taken to beating his wife, *she*, too,
have renounced her green and yellow
cholv ; and become, what nature intend
to be, an open-hearted energetic creature,
warm feelings and resentments. Nay, h
prosperous *conseiller d'état* even become a
rupt, or a traitor, in spite of his bulbou
she would have turned out a devoted

But the poor soul wanted excitement. She wanted something to prevent her sitting over her boudoir fire all winter, or dreaming in her conservatory at Suresne all summer,

—— Gathering sweet pain
About her fancy till it thrilled again.

Unluckily for *her*, perhaps unluckily for me, she found that something in Cecil Danby! How happy she was, now that we occupied the post of danger together. In what whims and vagaries we used to indulge! Word by word, sigh by sigh, I translated "The Giaour" for her;—Byron not having as yet undergone at the hands of the French, those rinsings in cold water, by which they have managed to extract all colour out of his poetry without encreasing its purity.

Like Othello, I told her campaigning tales that would have filled volumes of the Standard Novelists; and by dint of plenty of orange-groves and quintas, modinhas and seguadillas, made her free of the Peninsula, just as poor

Emily had talked me into ecstasy ab
tugal, in the old box at the Opera.

While recounting my

Hairbreadth 'scapes in th' imminent deadly

my adventures in conflagrated conve
slaughtered villages, her pale cheek
become gradually suffused, and her
eyes progressively animated. My wh
was reflected in her face as in a camera

She was a capital listener; "an excell
in woman," and rare as excellent. A
gent countenance bent upon one whil
a story, is positively colloquial. What
vulgar ejaculations of wonder and sa
with which common-place people int
narrator, compared with the speakin
the flashing glance, which, though no
tion, cries, "Bravo!"—or "Alas!"—i
not to be mistaken?—

But the thing that delighted her mo
this, or the thing which she *said* deligh
most, was my *appreciation* of her powe

tering into my joys and sorrows; — my confidence in her; — my reliance upon her friendship. — *I* understood her, she said. With *me* she was not *la femme incomprise*. She even indulged in certain little Goëtheisms about kindred souls, and our comminglement of mind at Boulainvilliers, four-and-twenty years before. It was not *my* cue to apprize her that I did *not* confide in her; that I told her only what I would have told to the fellows at Watier's, and the brother officers of my brigade; or that I *had* bosom secrets, memories of a departed love, and grievances against a nominal father, which I would no more entrust to her keeping than to the hands of the marble Atalanta, skimming in cold indecent self-exposure along the gardens of the Tuileries.

Lady Ormington was often with us, — so often, that we called it always; and it might have been always, for there was nothing in her presence that imposed silence upon our mutual professions. Our Cupid was one of

those humbugging little boys who, becau
ailes, *i. e.* because heavy and stupid, cho
call himself "*l'Amitié et non l'Amour.*" I
be allowed to insinuate so much in a wh
suspect that, had my indisposition bee
longed another fortnight, he would ha
come *l'Ennui.* To keep up with the ove
ed exaltation of Thérèse, was very mu
the feat accomplished of late years by P
of playing on the fourth string a fantasi
better performed on the whole instrum
was flattered, however. It was my del
tutoyer the *femme*, no longer *incomprise*
the cold, supercilious, Comtesse de la V
insisted on being called Thérèse by an
lonel of Portuguese dragoons,—had I r
son to be proud,—had I not reason f
testing that,—but I blush to write
down so incomparable an ass!

Passons là dessus!—Suffice it that it
bore to one or other of us when the tim
for removing to the Hôtel de Breteuil

there was no help for it, though the tears of Thérèse pattered down like showers of April hail. Had not the *Conseiller d'état* taken to roll his eyes like an ogre when he visited our infirmary, and to breathe as hard as a hunted rhinoceros when he sonorously sucked in his coffee with us after dinner, I verily believe I should never have had courage to tear myself away.

CHAPTER V.

Malo me fortunæ pœniteat, quàm victoriæ pudeat
QUINT.

Honte à celui qui, déshérité de religion, ne voit
sainte confiance d'une femme, qu'une ame à dépra
MICHEL RA

LET my readers be so obliging as
call to their minds, unless the remem
be already there present, that all this o
the year preceding the battle of Wa
when Englishmen maintained in Par
different ground from the position aft
conceded to them. As yet, the Cossac
the crown of the causeway; and even
XVIII. would not have dared exhibit t
us any preference over his Muscovi

neers to the throne, or his Parisian supporters thereupon.

It behoved me, therefore, to do nothing to enrage Anacharsis, the great or big, as I had no means of securing his misunderstood wife from his displeasure. Jealousy of her preference was not likely to disturb his peace of mind; but he would not have put up tamely with being made ridiculous.

Except in humble life, indeed, French husbands are as rarely betrayed into the honest resentment of jealousy, as into any other breach of politeness. To a great extent, self-esteem is their protection; to a greater, that "untaught innate philosophy" which prevents them from being

> Over exquisite
> To cast the fashion of uncertain evils.

I suspect, however, that more than one of those whom I saw welcoming to their houses, with the utmost cordiality, the man whom, for their honour's sake, they were bound to lay

under the sod of Montmartre or Charonne,
enduring the agony of the Spartan, wit
gnawing fox hid under his cloak. No a
more bitter to bear than that arising from
capitulation of conscience; — which, unsu
ed by the world, is ever before us,—like
phorescent light shining only the more
for that gloomy secresy.—

Whenever I returned to the Rue du
blanc, as in gratitude bound, if only as
voured guest, I was sure to find the ex-
playing the sentinel in the vicinity of his
apartments.

What business had he there at such a time

Why was he not at his Conseil d'état
the Château?—or the Chambre des Dé
— or the Chambre du Commerce? —
should he be always circling like a bat,
her apartments; — or rather, like th
wing, watching the approach of strangers
nest, and trying to mislead them by its

œuvres. Had he been warned by some officious friend?—Had my mother's crabstick of a toady attempted to perturb *his* mind with the fears she was labouring to infuse into that of Lady Ormington?—Or was Mademoiselle Manette of opinion that the sick man whose *tisanes* she had sweetened so carefully with *sirop de cérises*, and whose *compresses* she had so diligently applied, ought to have been more exclusive in his gratitude?—That I *was* ungrateful towards her, is proved by the slightness of my mention, in these souvenirs, of one who deserves honourable commemoration.

Manette Larue was a type of the French *femme de chambre*;—smart, active, clever, ignorant, interested, generous,—both good, bad, and indifferent.—During the serious part of my illness, I had been left almost entirely in her hands. A beautiful Comtesse of four-and-twenty could not officiate as sick-nurse to a young gentleman of the same years, even though a cradle associate; and by law of the

code of delicacy, which entitles Norah i
dimity to see, hear, and understand a
must be a mystery to Tilburina, in he
satin,—Manette, a pretty girl of twe
came *valet-te de chambre* to my *robe de c*

I had of course no objection. But
not equally satisfied to be taken into
miliar confidence of the young lady
cambric apron, after a few days' acqua
Mademoiselle Manette having "occas
she said, "to go out unknown to her
(who, in spite of her listlessness, was exc
rigid in her household subordination,
indolent Creole women make the cruel
tresses under the canopy of Heaven,) a
to my generosity for an authorization
that she went upon an errand of mine.

For once, I was good-natured,—fo
patient,—for thrice, almost placable. B
I found I was to be made the scape
Mademoiselle Manette's systematic ir
ties, I grew angry; and used certain

expressions of condemnation, bringing tears, but no amendment. As regularly as Madame la Comtesse, at the sound of the dinner-bell, quitted my invalidery to take her place opposite the fat ex-Préfet and his favourite *Truite à la Génévoise*, she used to utter her parting injunctions to the *soubrette* to remain in the anteroom during her absence, in case I should be in need of assistance. Just as regularly, used Mademoiselle to slip out the instant the argand lamps of the dining-room shone through its crimson curtains, and slip back an hour afterwards, her cheeks and eyes brightened by collision with the winter atmosphere, with a little Jesuitical inquiry of—"*Monsieur n'a-t-il eu besoin de rien?*—"

I could have pardoned everything but the *air rayonnant* with which she rubbed her hands as she approached the fire-place. She was evidently half frozen, yet as happy as a queen! Was it to be expected that I should forgive her preferring a chilly saunter along the quays

or Boulevarts, at that time of night, to
ance upon one so amiably disposed t
her and hers, as the Honourable Ceci
by !—

The leisure of sickness is a powerful
lant to curiosity. As my soul was not
ing in the clouds, or as Thérèse called i
mercing with the skies, after the fashion
femme incomprise, I grew painfully inq
about Manette. My own man, O'Brien
Tim, whom I had resumed on my retu
the wars, having progressed from the
the own man,—and an incomparable ov
too,) was civil enough to participate
master's indiscreet wonder as to wha
take this slight, delicate creature, freezi
the snow, at the risk of a *rhume de*
her reputation, and her place. I fancy
emulated my example so far as to ex
strong opinion to her that, since the entr
the Allied armies into Paris, its *fem*
chambres, however well worth looking a

scarcely worth speaking of. But Manette, who had cried at *my* expostulations, only laughed at those of O'Brien; conscious, I suppose, with a woman's tact, that in such matters she could influence *his* opinions, though compelled to appear influenced by mine.

This had been going on a fortnight, and I was getting angry, and O'Brien *very* angry; when one morning, as he opened my shutters to admit the light into that Peri cell of a chamber, instead of asking me, as usual, how I had rested, he took the liberty of acquainting me, that *he* had not closed his eyes. I swallowed a strong remark I was about to make about his eyes; and waited to see what impertinence would come next. O'Brien, in his progress into a finished gentleman's gentleman, had of course, like all Connaught Rangers, abjured the brogue. In Portugal, (whence I had despatched him home to his father, lest he should become food for powder, instead of progressing towards hair-powder,) he had acquired a sort of lingua franca.

In the polite circles of the west-end
ocracy, he had superadded London slang
polyglot acquirements. But the mom
feelings were concerned, I observed th
fellow invariably relapsed into a bro
broad as Connemara!—

"Will thin, Cornel, yer honour," s
approaching the bed, "sure wasn't we
tirely, sir, whin we took on oursilves
judgmint, like bastes as we was, (I hum
your pardon, Cornel, sir, in regard as
to be forgittin' mysilf,) upon Miss M
Cornel. Yer honour said to me, last e
says you, that is, ye didn't say it, exactly,
looked it, Cornel, if iver there was mani
pair iv handsome eyes, sir,—says you —
says you, (that is, 'twas O'Brien, I bela
honour was afther callin' me, but no ma
that!)—'O'Brien,' says you, 'as soon
Miss Maynit stips over the thrishol
blissed avening,' says you,—'follow her,
follow her, if it be to the city's ind,' s

honour, 'and be plased to lit me know the sacret iv all these quare outgoings and incomings, unbeknownst to the missus,' says you."

My dignity rose up against the espionage imputed to me by the excited valet de chambre. But, as I said before, a sick bed is the hot-bed of inquisitiveness: so, not to interrupt him, I held my peace.

"Upon which, says I, 'Cornel,' says I, 'I shall do that, sir, with all the veins,' says I. So I up with my caubeen, and no sooner did the little gurrl call out, as usual, to the consyairge, 'Cord Dong!' and out iv the gate, like a gray'und, — wasn't I afther her! —staling as quite and unconsarned over the snow, as though staling was the bus'ness I was afther! — And Gad forgive me, Cornel, sir, for the avil thochts as intired my hid, whin I saw the pretty little darlin' turn the carner iv the Boolvard, Cornel, and skit along, like a Dutch woman on her skaits, (bliss the little ligs iv

her!) till we com'd to the *Ploss de Louw*
some folks calls it *Kanze*, — some *Says*,—
some *Con*-CORD, which is the more nat'ra
they say 'twas the spot whare the gallows
as made away with the poor craythurs of
and leedies i' the Rivolution, sir.—Will,
right acrass it runs Miss Maynit, sir; and
I could fitch my brith, if its *Says* the *Pl*
called, Cornel, by my troth, she was half
ovver, she was, the darlin'!"—

"Will you be so very obliging as t
on, or to let me know what you are d
at, O'Brien?—" said I, affecting to look
yawnishly indifferent to his narrative.

"Sure an't I gittin' on, Cornel, sir?
yer honour, an Irishman, Gad pity him!
always be lit git on in 's own way, ilse he
to be bothered, sir. Will, Cornel, I was
Ploss Louwy Says,—no, I warn't—I w
the quay, sir, forenent it; opposite the
mint house, where they spake sich outla
talk, sir, that no dacent boy 's a word

bitter for 'em, Cornel. And still, sir, I kipt my eye as sharp 's an awl, Cornel, on the little gurrl, which was coursing on like a hare, uvver the snow."

(A hint of Virgil's Galatea, "*et se cupit*," was on the tip of my tongue.)

"Only, sir, to do justice to Miss Maynit, not a look to the right or lift did she iver sind, sir, from the moment she crossed the blissed thrishold iv this house, Cornel, till she took brith on the Boolvard, which they call the Invalids; — and a very gentale name too, for a hospital iv ould soldiers; more agraible afar sight than pinsioners, it is, in my poor notion. But h'wiver, as I was asayin', Cornel, if Miss Maynit *had* been gaddin' a mischievin', or staring about her, yer honour, wouldn't she ha' found out at onst as there was one in her rare who, maybe, had particular notions iv his own in dadgin' her in sich an unjontlemanlike manner, Cornel?"—

"And pray can't you say at once, O'Brien,

that Mademoiselle Manette turned short r
upon you, and treated you as you dese
for prying into her proceedings?"—

"Small loock to me, sir, if she did onythi
the kind, Cornel!" cried O'Brien, strenuo
"Sure, sir, was I so badly brocht up as n
know how to make mysil' scarce ahind o
the great ould trees in the Boolvard, C
the moment I saw her casthing her blissid
papers round, sir?—But not to kape ye in
pinse, Cornel, (for I pursave y'are anxio
I was mysilf to git to the botthom iv th
siness,) lit go by a quarther iv an hour, C
and fancy me with my eye to the shitthe
a poor mane-looking house,—little bitther
a Connaught cotthar's, Cornel,—in what
call the *Av anoo de Britool;* for 'twas in
sir, I 'd watched the young gurrl. And
was her bisiness I 'd like to know?"—

"What was her business to *you*, O'Brien
said I, with magisterial dignity. "How
you like to be followed and pried after,

person having no sort of claim to inquire into your affairs?"

"Thin, faix! I 've done, Cornel!"—said the crest-fallen O'Brien, affecting to take my jobation to heart, as a pretence for disappointing me of the sequel, which he saw I was dying to hear. But not to harass and perplex the reader as my own man contrived to perplex and harass *me* by sporting with my curiosity, I will pass over O'Brien's doublings to escape me, and place before him the *dénouement* of Manette's adventure, as I at length contrived to extract it from the lips of the humbler of her two admirers.

That squalid abode was the habitation of her father, a poor out-pensioner of the Hôtel des Invalides; an old fellow with a timber leg, and a head of somewhat more impressionable materials. It was not pride that induced little Manette to make a mystery of all this in the Hôtel de la Vrillière. She was much too kindly-hearted a little soul to feel

a moment's false shame on the subject; a
do justice to the French, there is scarce
item of domestic virtue in which they are
commendable, than their devotedness of
affection. But old Pierre Larue, it app
was an inveterate drunkard; and havin
her last situation in the establishment
grande dame de la cour, in consequence
affray in the establishment caused by a
from the old soldier after his fourth bot
piquette, she now scrupulously avoide
communication with the Avenue de Br
likely to lead to explanations.

In the Hôtel de la Vrillière she passe
an orphan; when, in fact, every *pièce de*
sous of her earnings went to soften the
fortunes of the old soldier.

Unluckily, the winter had gone h
than usual with the poor Invalid, and th
firmities consequent upon his inveterate
pensity threatened a speedy end to his
When Manette visited him with her *étren*

the *jour de l'an*, she found that, in consequence of gross misconduct, he had been struck off the out-pension list, and had taken to his bed for consolation. There was no one to attend to the old creature. There he lay, to moan away the hours that were numbered; and though the poor girl instantly applied a portion of the sum she had brought with her, to procure a nurse, a doctor, and the remedies of which he stood in need, she rightly conjectured that the moment her back was turned, wholesome medicaments would be exchanged for *petits verres*, and the sick man and his *garde* unite in a carouse.

It was to watch over their proceedings that, evening after evening, Manette took her weary way across the Place Louis XV, with the bitter wind or bitterer sleet driving in her pretty face; incurring the certainty of insult from the loungers on the Boulevarts, and the certainty of dismissal, should Madame la Comtesse come to the knowledge of her escapade.

"Och! Cornel, yer honour, if ye co
seen the little craythur, sir, as she le
the crazy chair iv the poor ould bal
brute iv a father iv her,—coaxing
axing him was it a pain here and was
there, as made him look so downhearted
it didn't require the gumption iv a fly
save, sir, that what he was so much t
for, was nothing more than the liquor,
he was what you call jist comfortable,
—and I'll be bound, it was two d
daughters he saw hangin' over him,
ould jades iv nurses, coddlin' up the
as they call it, over the fire!—"

"Poor Manette!" said I, with earn
pathy.

"Poor, yer honour?—" interrupted
cannot call him O'Brien, when I recall
mind in one of his moments of Irish
siasm,) "I'll be bound, Cornel, that th
in hiven thocht her a divil sight richer
that moment, than my lady, the C

here, wid her gold smillin'-bottles,—and her 'stirricks, — and diamond necklaces, — and coaches and four, — and all the luxrys in loife, Cornel."

Without troubling myself about what the angels of heaven might decide between Thérèse and her waiting-woman,—both incontestably angels on earth in the eyes of Cis Danby and his own man,—I commissioned O'Brien to charge himself with the conveyance of a sufficient purse to the old Invalid, backed with all the tea-totalizing precepts he could contrive to invest in intelligible French. It did not surprise me to find that he had managed to escort Mademoiselle Manette home the preceding evening; and, as the brevity of their absence clearly proved that they must have run all the way, it was difficult to conceive how, with poor Tim's inadequate knowledge of the language, he had contrived to insinuate himself into the particulars with which he now favoured me, upon her filial authority, of

Pierre Larue's failings, frailties, misfortu
and services.

"Sure, Cornel, sir, afore I 'd yer hon
orders for that same," said he, "I 'd as
as promised the little gurrl to have an
to the ould sinner, and privint his add
nail to his coff'n with ivry frank she was
to lay up for his maintainance." And
O'Brien would perform his duty to Ma
as well as Manette had performed hers t
parent, I had very little doubt.

For a moment, I was half inclined to
to the tender mercies of Thérèse in beh
the father and child. But I was beg
to understand the *femme incomprise* well e
to know that I should harden her heart
consistency of Pharaoh's, by an avowal
terest in any appurtenance of her sex.

One of my first airings when re-estal
at home, however, was to drive to the
nade des Invalides, and verify the co
of the old soldier. It was no great ef

my part to contribute my obolus to the last days of one of Napoleon's *braves*. But I confess it was with regret I saw my own man so thoroughly sympathize in my weaknesses, as to leave little doubt that he would shortly find French enough, or Mademoiselle Manette learn Irish enough, to enable them to swear eternal constancy.

This is a long digression; — more particularly as the *calèche* of Thérèse, with its beautiful pair of bays, is waiting to convey me to the Bois de Boulogne. Every day, after I left her house, did she insist upon administering to my airings; my mother's carriage being a close one, and air expressly advised for me. Just, therefore, as the poor Duchesse de St. Barthélemy and Lady Ormington had driven, day after day, on that very spot, past the self-same haha of the Muette or wall of Bagatelle, five-and-twenty years before, did Thérèse and Cecil, the *femme incomprise* and the *malade imaginaire*, enjoy every afternoon

in addition to each other's society, the d
fragrance of that wood of underwood, c
with violets and wild anemones, and dis
between the tall stems of the chestn
whose great resinous buds were just
to disclose the pale green leaflets wi
thickets of blackthorn, bright with snow
blossoms, and affording some excuse
exulting notes of the linnets and cha
making such a deuce of a fuss about the
of spring.

All that sort of pastorality is charm
its proper place.—Nobody likes it bett
I do, within the fourteen lines of a so
in the prose of Sir Philip Sidney, or th
sional poetry of the Lady Melusindas
Book of Beauty, who have nothing
write about. But I *do* hate a woma
talks daffodils and woodbines!—If you
a frailty for the Annual School, gentle
I mean the tender Annual School, pardo

But I must again declare myself a mortal foe to the sighs that are sighed, and the civilities that are said, in Sapphics and Iambics. The time is gone by for Florian's shepherds and shepherdesses; and as for Gessner, should his works ever be republished in this country, they will be illustrated by Cruikshank, or Phiz.' The only *fidèle berger* extant, besides the famous confectioner in the Rue des Lombards, is poor old Chateaubriand, who still drivels a bit of lambkinism, now and then, in the season of green peas. But even the old Vicomte, is beginning to forswear his crook.

With these vulgar prejudices, it will be believed that I was ill prepared for the eglantinian sweetnesses budding from the gentle soul of Thérèse, as the primroses put forth their leaves. I dare not say how great a bore I thought her. Having outgrown my first childhood, and not achieved my second, I could see no very particular necessity for being bound

to the rack of fine sentiment, while the
so good an opera in Paris, and such a
of capital *restaurants*.

By her own will, Madame la Comtesse
have had me Haroldize to the very brink
anthropy. *I could not*,—for the life and
me I could not!—If the memory of her
hair I still wore as a pledge of unavailin
tion, were incapable of exalting my imag
not all the countesses of the Chaussée
could screw me up to concert pitch.
now recommenced my *vie de garçon*. A
as I grew strong again, breakfasts at T
began the day, to conclude with a gay
at the Mille Colonnes; and the Mo
Russes, the Salon, and fifty other brilli
lies, filled up the interval.

I had, in fact, no longer any decent
for loitering away my days in the bou
calèche of Madame la Comtesse Anachs
la Vrillière, seeing that they were also
of Monsieur le Comte; and, though b

of being called a monster of ingratitude fifty times a day, either *vivâ voce*, or on pink satin paper, I had begun to consider myself a charming young man, even Lady Ormington was fain to confess that I had every excuse for my apparent remissness, in the hint afforded to me by my gracious friend, the Duc de Berri, that I was endangering the peace of mind of the corpulent ex-Préfet, by exposing to the disapproval of Madame d'Angoulême the conduct of his wife.

I scarcely know whether it were prudence on the part of her ladyship, (who, being in the confidence of the *femme incomprise*, was not only a frequent witness of her *crises de nerfs*, but aware that she was susceptible of being wound up to perpetrate the most unaccountable extravagances,) or whether some mysterious forewarning announced to her the return of the Emperor; but, one fine day, I found post horses to our travelling carriage, our affairs wound up by the united exertions

of Toady Richardson and Lady Ormingt
our passports and everything else in r
for departure.

I burst into remonstrances. I be
plead dinner engagements, and all
engagements, as an excuse for doing
liked. But my mother had secured a
ment for immediate departure, against
there was no contending. She protest
Lord Ormington was alarmingly ill, a
ordered us home.

It was not till we were fairly ensconce
horrible little parlour in the old Ship at
— a hostelry which well deserved its
for its rooms were cabins,—that she
the plain truth, (which was about as p
as other plain truths,) that she had
ed subterfuge to withdraw me from
where my fortunes and virtues seeme
following the course of the courage
Acres.

I was in a most unfilial rage!—The

was ill chosen to acquaint me that I had been made a fool of.

In the first place, I had all the reminiscences of the steam packet fresh upon me. Any humane individual introduced fire-proof into the terrors of Tophet, must suffer, if possible, greater anguish than the damned. How much more the healthy man on board a steam packet, exposed to—but why nauseate my readers?

In the next place, I had the irritation of finding myself dipping in the dish with the "*dam' d'honour*;"—and I swear I had rather have hob-and-nobbed with old Pierre Larue.

In the third place, after the exquisite course of gastronomy I had recently been following, I was reduced to the aboriginal food of the Britons; not exactly the hips, haws, and acorns of the Saxon Heptarchy,—but worse, far worse, the beefsteaks and apple-pie of a Red Lion bill of fare; the *culotte de peau grillé*,—the *charlotte de pommes* baked in a basin!—The waiter asked me whether I pleased to take malt

liquor; while an agreeable vapour o
issuing from the dingy fire-place, s
add a local colouring to the peculiar
of my execrations.—All was as the de
have it!—

People prose about the influence of
upon the human mind;—talk to
power over the human stomach!—
require an abler pencil than mine
the extraordinary delicacy that may b
ed to the digestion, the exquisite d
tion to the palate; but let me briefly
that the whole mechanism of the orga
lutition may be trained and tutored,
comes fine as that of Breguet's watche
than once, on returning to England
sojourn in France, I have sustained
illness from the crudity of the tough
parboiled vegetables. The thick sauc
into blackness, the horrible astringenc
nut catsup pervading every made
brought on the most cruel derangeme

epigastric functions. Were I a fire-eater, I would make money of the faculty, by showing myself at a fair; not by swallowing cayenne and new port, without "poison" labelled on either dish or decanter.

Now-a-days, indeed, the transition is less striking; the best French cookery being got up and got down in London. The *haute cuisine* of Paris is *en décadence*. The junior branch of the Bourbons have done nothing for the *casserole*.—The dinners of the King of the French are given by contract; and there has been serious talk of establishing a *bureau de pompes dinatoires* on the model of that of the *pompes funèbres*, where official or private dinners might be regulated according to the tariff.—What a pendant to the truly regal glories of the museum at Versailles!

At the period of which I am writing, however, the Empire still dominated in the national institutions of the land. All was great, or at least, *grandiose*.

Posterity has rendered justice to th
lative wisdom of Napoleon. The Em
been called the triumph of this and
umph of that. The soldier twists hi
tache, and talks of the *victoires et con*
the *Petit Caporal.* — The political ec
praises the organization of his financial sy
the legist quotes his code ;—the *curé* his
litation of the Church ;—the man of scie
man of letters, the artist, his protectio
academies :—and many a great name is
out of the pocket of history, in confirm
their praise, which would never have f
way there save under sanction of the f
of the Emperor.

In point of fact, the real triumph
reign, was its gastronomy. The grea
ploit accomplished by the *grande arm*
its march from one end of Europe to th
with the *almanach des gourmands* in it
tache. Let them sing of the victorio
flying from *clocher* to *clocher !*—Reality

sublime than romance. The real perch of the Eagle was from spit to spit !—

This is not vague assertion. The tone of an epoch is indelibly impressed upon its literature. Look at that of the Empire ! Look at the sleek periods of Joüy.—Does not *perdreau truffé* exude from every line ?—Look at the songs of Desaugiers,—of Beranger.—Could any age that did not keep a good table produce such *chansons à boire ?*—Grimod de la Reyniere is one of the conscript fathers of literature,—the originator of a style,—as much a creator in his way, as the authors of Fleur d'Epine, or Vathek, or Waverley, or Childe Harold.—Even the music of the days of Napoleon has a ring of Sèvres' dishes and champagne glasses in it. The Opéra Comique had never had anything so joyous as Joconde, or the Calife de Bagdad !—

Half the horrors of the prevailing school of French literature, on the other hand, are attributable to the decline of the *cuisine:* a moral indigestion consequent upon a physical. Old

Burton assigns the engendering of melan
chiefly to flatulence, in terms too mat
fact for these matter-of-lying days; an
as the monstrosities of Monk Lewis's
of Wonder were traced by the acumen
reviewers to suppers of raw pork, the fl
cies of the Spasmodic School arise fro
gritty dinners of Véfour, or the heterog
suppers of the Café de Paris.

How different these fashionable g
from the really classical temples of Beau
Véry, or Gacques!—Scarcely a trace r
of the *restaurants* of the Empire. The
lon d'Hanovre is a haberdasher's,—the C
Mille Colonnes a theatre,—Robert's, afte
Lointier's, a new street,—Beauvilliers' a
of shops. Even Grignon's exists no
Those days, when the table of the Arch
celier Cambacérès was a vatican that
nated its bulls, (in the form of *bœuf à l*
or *à l'Italienne*,) to the uttermost ends of E

when the Maréchal de France, returning ravenous from his campaigns to the domestic hearth where simmered the *pot au feu*, afforded, like Alexander, a premium to the man who would create a new dish, and thus created the great school of the Udes and Carêmes,—also brought back the famished lieutenant, content to lavish the plunder of a village, or a monarch's ransom, upon a dish of *beccaficos!*

From conquered countries, too, they brought back the booty of new ideas. From Moscow, the Charlotte Russe; from Italy, the *poulet à la Marengo*. What have they brought back from Algiers? — a taste for raw dates, or a recipe for stewing locusts!—Alas! all that the *cartes* of the Parisian *restaurants* have gained of late years, has been what they write down at the Café de Paris, "*breed sauce*," "*soup of mutton*," and "*misies paës*," (which, being interpreted, means mince pies,) an article of food which Cromwell, the greatest lawgiver

since Mahomet or Moses, interdicted for
health-sake of his loving people, just as t
enlightened dictators prohibited the flesh
swine.

For my part, had it been my fate to bec
top-sawyer of any possible community,
kings and princes turn up so oddly in t
vicissitudinous times, that one is never
of not waking some morning Tribune of
Argentine Republic or Cacique of Poyais,—
as a certain Belgian student used to say
leaving the key of his lodgings every day
his porter, "*Si l'on m'envoie offrir la cou*
de la Belgique pendant mon absence, vous
que j'y serai dans une heure!")—had it bee
fate, as I observed before this very long, th
apposite parenthesis, to become a governo
the people, I should have issued *my* ul
on the principle upon which the gentle
won his wager of making a donkey as
the steep staircase of an eight-story hous
Edinburgh town, *i. e.*, by pulling it back st

by the tail, every time it reached a flat; on which signal, with a becoming sense of its duties, the jackass pushed forwards!—

Apropos!—does any one present know the story of Parmentier and his potatoes? (a case still more in point.) No?—So much the better!

Parmentier, gentle readers, as his tomb in Père la Chaise will duly inform you, was a great chemist and greater philanthropist,—the first to introduce that admirable esculent, the potatoe, into *la belle France*. Unluckily *la belle France* was destitute of the true hermit-like appetite. As regarded the earth-apple, it had heard, perhaps, the story of Queen Elizabeth's loving subjects, who choked themselves with the seed, instead of applying to the root of the matter; or, more likely still, entertained a secret contempt for murphies, as the food of the shoeless and shirtless population of the green island, or island green enough to run its head into an English halter.

The cause of their antipathy is immaterial.

The result was, that though the
starch their lawns and cambrics
Parmentier's chemical products,
would they place in the mouths
thing within their gates, save th
to which we have recently alluded
by the Mosaic and Mahommedan
If they throw physic to the do
their potatoes, *like* physic, to thei

The worthy soul of Parmenti
spair. The word famine was ju
familiar in the ears of both Frenc
than it has been of late years; a
thered from the historical anecdot
toinette, who on hearing that the
bread, inquired why they did not
—a speech exceedingly mal-inte
English, unaware that French *pâ*
in a species of coarse dough not
eaten,—like the paste which, in
respect themselves, protects on the
of venison or saddle of mutton.

Parmentier, too Catholic in his spirit to restrain his sympathies to haunches of venison, saddles of mutton, or *pâtés de gibier*, was not to be deterred from the duty of securing half-a-dozen millions of people from the chance of starvation. He saw the lawgivers of the nation compel them to swallow, for their own benefit, the *corvée*,—the *gabelle*,—the *guillotine*,—and was determined, for his own part, to make them swallow the potato !—

With the aid of the Directory, accordingly, he obtained permission to plant half-a-dozen acres with it, in the Plaine de Sablons, close to Paris; and have the plantation watched night and day, by soldiers with fixed bayonets, ordered to put to death any feloniously-minded citizen, presuming to lay a finger on that precious growth ! To steal a potato was hanging matter. The consequence was, that within a year nothing but potatoes would go down. The silk attire interdicted by sumptuary laws, became doubly endeared to the belles of old

England; and the food guarded by th
lery of government from the participa
the populace, was of course regarded as
from Heaven. Old Parmentier died h
having potatofied France; and I have
trated a long story, in attestation of t
dom of my system of codification.

Mais il ne s'agit pas de pommes de t
Neither potatoes, nor the heads or t
donkeys, are just now the order of the d

I have something more important t
municate to my readers.

CHAPTER VI.

Memini etiam quæ nolo : oblivisci quæ volo !

Cic.

Il y a des voix qui ne mentent pas. Les âmes sont à jour dans les grandes occasions, et le doute tombe quand elles se montrent.

Michel Raymond.

Nothing can be awkwarder than the first evening spent together by the different members of a family united after long absence, who feel it necessary to disguise from each other, in polite hypocrisy, the extreme relief they have experienced in living apart. Both Lord Ormington, my mother, and my Self, had enjoyed ourselves fifty times as much as if we had been

dwelling together in domestic infelicity,
over Square. But it would not do t
Instead, therefore, of amusing each o
the mutual recountal of our advent
sat stupid, and said nothing. Had it
for Miss Richardson, who possessed
toady capacity for running-pattern
tion, that forms so admirable an
accompaniment to the solos, the *séa*
have been as silent as those of t
Sicard.

Luckily, Lady Ormington had a lit
ance or two to complain of. I hav
mentioned that Lady Harriet Vand
only a few years her junior. Judg
indignation of my poor mother on fi
gay widow accepted in Paris as a
almost as a girl,—while *she* was con
dowagerhood! — It was vain to rep
Lady Ormington that the special pl
obtained this verdict in her little lady

vour, was her jointure; that in France, so long as a woman is on her preferment she is sure of being preferred. My mother returned to the charge with "Yes, I know they all wanted to marry her—that is, marry her fortune.—Still, I must say, I think it most extraordinary for a woman of one or two-and-forty to be surrounded with partners in every ball-room; and a woman of four or five-and-forty to be as invariably surrounded with *chaperons*."

"You must have noticed, however," said I, "how rapidly Lady Harriet's little group of suitors diminished, when some good-natured English friend revealed the fatal fact that she has only a life-interest in her fortune, and forfeits part of that by a second marriage. Admiral de la This, immediately asked for a ship and sailed for the Mediterranean. General de la That, repaired to his command in the south, six weeks previous to the expiration of his leave of absence; and divers peers of

France retreated to their holes of hot
poisoned rats, to die and poison others
turn."—

Lord Ormington seemed vexed that,
of these pribbles and prabbles touchi
own country people, we had not
home a word or two of authentic
gence concerning the political posit
France. Living as my mother had d
the Château, and seeing with its eyes,
course did not hesitate to assure him t
nation was Bourbon to its heart's core
the *drapeau blanc* was as dear to its af
as the white table-cloth it so closely rese
and that were Napoleon to land ag
France, he would be torn to pieces by t
pulace.

She spoke more prophetically, poor
than she knew of. At that very mom
had landed, and they *were* tearing him to
—*i. e.* with the warmth and loyalty of th

fection. The arms of Talleyrand were already round his neck; and the authorities of the Capital at his feet!—

All that his lordship had to offer in return for her accurate political intelligence, was the information that Danby's "Life and Times of Bolingbroke" was prononnced by the "Quarterly Review" as good as if written by Bolingbroke himself; and those who were fawned upon by the "Quarterly Review" of those days,—the Q. R. of Gifford, whose sarcasms were arsenic, and whose praise nepenthe,—were deified by the multitude, just as of old some slave, whose hand was licked by a lion of the arena, to whom he had been flung as a victim.

"I must say," observed Lady Ormington, "I think it a vulgar thing of Danby to write a book.—What good can it do *him?*—A man writes for money or distinction.—*What* can be Danby's object?—He don't want to be made

a Baronet; he don't want to increase come. Where can be the *use* of writing

Where can be the *use* to the aloe flower,—to the mine of its gold,—w just as reasonable an argument. Bu Ormington saw, heard, and felt with th ears, and understanding of the least inte coterie in the world; and did not perce the human mind must bring forth frui its kind, in due season.

I was amused, meanwhile, to percei well Lord Ormington was beginning with me. He had long given up the demonstrations of enmity whereby h caused me to regard my elder brother elder son of Adam regarded his younger so, to do her justice, had Lady Orm who was almost as courteous to Danby, lord to me. This arose, however, on h from a considerable modification of her ality towards the boy of the cockade;

the pride of her lord in his future representation, remained unabated. He was as passionately attached to Danby and his offspring, as I to that lonely grave at Cintra!

The feeling of grand-paternity is, I sincerely believe, (next to the love of a young child for its mother,) the most instinctive of all human affections. It is, in fact, the earliest indication of the simplicity of second childhood. One of the most difficult points to determine in the course of our mortal career, is the exact commencement of the decadence of our faculties. Decay of body speaks in a language no one can misunderstand. The cane, the crutch, the spectacle case, the wig, the set of minerals, are too peremptory in their parts of speech to admit of our turning a deaf ear to their warning voice. But with respect to the decline of our faculties, we deceive ourselves and the truth is not in us: and we go twaddling on,— from the woolsack,— the pulpit,— the bench, — the bar, — without in the slight-

est degree suspecting that we are se
drivel.

Even I, though perfectly aware that
Clubs I am called "old Danby," an
Crockford's begin to consider "Cis" too f
an abbreviation for one who no longer mas
with his own grinders, am, nevertheles
much puzzled to know whether, in the
memoirs, I am beginning to potter, o
ther my gentle readers are exclaiming,
old soul! how he repeats himself."—If
a grandchild, I should know that it was
to be in my dotage. I should find my
peating the witticisms of little Harry o
Jane, instead of reverting to Lord Vote
la femme incomprise!—

Independent of the use of grand-pate
a moral lesson, there is something pe
endearing in a little creature who we
image and superscription, without entaili
us those duties of reprehension and flage
which render the office of papa and m

ship anything but a sinecure. Grandchildren are the shadows, or the foreshowing of the shadows, we cast before us into future centuries;—our link to posterity,—our investment in the future, — a bark of Columbus, which we have launched for a voyage of discovery upon the Atlantic ocean of Time.—

I suspect that, independent of the favour which Lord Ormington could not but accord to a little fellow so handsome and promising as my nephew, he regarded him as a sort of page bestowed by Providence for the duty of upholding his peer's robes in the eyes of a succeeding generation;—a telescope through which he pretended to contemplate Ormington Hall in the twentieth century, — a speaking trumpet, whereby he trusted to announce his own consequence to the Britons of the days of Victoria II. — It was not incumbent upon *him* to scold the boy when he broke a Dresden tea-cup, as he had been forced to do poor squinting John, to satisfy the antipathies of

my mother. He could allow the little
to be as wilful as other fine childr
three years old, and not feel himself ac
able for Arthur's sins to Solomon, Dr.
or Hannah More. — On any sympto
nursery rebellion, he might allow him
say, like Herries, on being told of a
riot at Hull or Truro,—"That is the
the Home department."—

It would have been difficult not to sp
boy;

> For from the birth of Cain, the first male chi
> To him that did but yesterday suspire,
> There was not such a gracious creature born

His deep, loving, blue eyes, — his cl
curls,—his graceful symmetry,—had at
the notice of more than one artist of em
and I find myself spared the necessity
larging upon his graces, by the des
words of one of the most pure and na
our modern poets.

That little one, that gentle one, that simple child of three,
I 'll not declare how bright and fair his little features be,
Or how silver sweet his infant tones as he prattles on my knee.
His little heart 's a fountain pure of kind and tender feeling,
And his ev'ry look 's a gleam of light, rich depths of love revealing.
When he walks forth, the country folk, who pass him in the street,
Will shout for joy and bless the boy, he looks so mild and sweet.
A playfellow is he to all, and yet with cheerful tone
He sings his little song of love when he is left alone ;
His presence is like sunshine sent to gladden home and hearth,
To comfort us in all our griefs and sweeten all our mirth !

On visiting Forest Lodge, where Danby and his wife were spending the Easter holidays, I found that, now Bolingbroke was in print, and the Honourable Member for Rigmarole at leisure, the little fellow was becoming as great a pet with his father as he had long been of his uncle and grandfather. Lady Susan again promised to become a mother. Yet with her, as with the rest of us, Arthur was all in all.

The spring was far advanced ; and that

modest home of my brother's was, in
time, a bower of Eden. Of all place
the *gioventù dell'anno* assumes a smiling
ance, none more propitious to its char
a venerable forest. The transition fr
hoar antiquity of those ancient trees,
tender verdure suddenly enclothing th
shell-like leaflets or snowy blossoms, i
sudden bursting out of sunshine in some
valley,—a bright and auspicious rejuven
— how exquisitely exemplified among
oaks and beeches of Windsor Forest.

> The wild flower laying
> Its fairy gem beside the giant tree,—

the wood-sorrel with its crysophraz
the ophrys, with its balsamic odours,—
hyacinths, glimmering like sapphires
brakes

> Where the snake casts its bright-enamelled

served to variegate the scene, whose g
deepening bowers seemed formed of suc
parent foliage that the light came

scarcely subdued through the —— Reader! I most humbly ask your pardon,—I feel that I am forgetting myself and you. I promised you, like Plato, to banish poets from my republic. Take therefore for granted, that, eclogues apart, the hoary moss grew as good as new; and that even the venerable holly-bushes, the least life-like of all the trees of the forest, were looking, as one says to some crusty old bachelor from whom one expects a legacy, as young and fresh as a four year old,—when Danby and I sallied forth for our daily saunter, either on foot or pony, gossiping as we went, — ever of far countries, or far times, — for an uneasy feeling seemed to connect us with the passing hour.

Danby was just the fellow to trouble himself about Polynesian researches, and speculate concerning Utopias founded upon our penal colonies, —to dream of noble cities established at Swan River on the principle of that scapegoat from the gallies and the marshes, Havre de Grace;

or to foresee a future nation, great as that push-on-keep-moving-people, the Go-a-heads, — rising *like* the Go-a-heads, out of the excrement of the mother country,—Jonah's gourd generated by a dunghill.—

I, on the contrary, had my pretty little anecdotes to relate of the frivolities of the Tuileries; which saw in the great kingdom it was recalled to govern, only a country which grew its own truffles, and bottled its own Clos de Vougeot; or of the vexation of the nation which had betrayed an Emperor in the hope of establishing a republic, only to crown a King!—

Danby philosophized in good set terms upon these data. I forget what he said about it; one always forgets things that are said in good set terms. The wisdom that is let fall, is always surest to be picked up; as the gorgeous Buckingham at the court of Anne of Austria, gained more credit by the jewels he wore ill set, that they might be scat-

tered to attract notice, than by the finer brilliants ostentatiously displayed in his cap. I remember thinking, whenever Danby was conversing with me, that it was a pity so much good prose should be wasted. His well-turned periods would have filled a capital page in his History of the Life and Times of Bolingbroke, —neither out of date nor out of place.—For the natural history of kings and countries is the same in all ages, like the natural history of fleas or lions,—garden bugs or buffaloes.—

I scarcely know whether Danby derived most satisfaction from his success in public, or in domestic life. The two feelings were so consolidated in his heart,—the popular author of the Quarterly and the happy husband and father of Forest Lodge, were so inextricably Siamese Twinified into homogeneity, — than an injury sustained by either had been death to the sensibilities of the other.

Scarcely possible for a man to enjoy a happier frame of existence than Danby's; not only

solaced by "the concealed comforts of a man locked up in woman's love," or the self-sufficient triumph of floating double, like "the swan on still St. Mary's lake," upon the placid stream of life; but because tranquil in body and mind, with the mighty repose of the Farnesian Hercules, secure in his tranquil strength, because holding in his hand the golden fruit of the tree of knowledge. A very great mind is seldom restless. It is into the depths of still water that the divers plunge fearlessly, certain of bringing up pearls such as Cleopatra might have matched with her "pendants worth a province;" while the roaring ocean throws up only tatters of weed, or fragments of wreck.

My eyes were still dazzled with the gorgeousness of the Parisian ball-rooms, when I took refuge in his calm, holy, philosophical retreat "on the skirts of the forest;" with the sensation of relief one finds in a soft grey, mild, autumnal day, after the scorching radiance of summer. The spring was not so forward but

that we were glad to gather round the fire of an evening, after Arthur had held up his pomegranate-bud of a mouth to be kissed, before he was marched off to bed. The lounging-chairs were drawn round. Danby's great white dogs (resembling those we see in the frescoes of Paul Veronese,) instead of stretching their lazy length on the hearth-rug, used to plant themselves among us, gazing upon the glowing logs, as if listening through their canine reverie to my brother's reasoning upon the last new topic of the half-cut periodical or half-digested evening paper. There we used to sit and gossip. It was impossible to feel envious of the superiority of such a mind, which, like the sun, shone only to cheer and fertilize. I saw, without humiliation, that I, who had roamed the world, and beheld man in his various patterns and mouldings, — who had visited the galleries of art and majestic institutions of foreign countries, knew less of what I had seen, than Danby, upon hearsay, or read-

say. While apparently bounded by the narrowness of his monotonous domesticity, his intellectual horizon was illimitable; while I, carrying with me wherever I wandered, the littleness of my own soul, had scarcely elbow-room for thought, so bounded was the compass of my views.

There is something, to be sure, in the consciousness of stability. It is only when the vessel is lying at anchor, that her appointments are smartened up and rendered ship-shape. Danby was not only at anchor, but in a harbour fair as those of Naples, or the Golden Horn; and the flowers had no choice but to expand in the sunshine, where not an angry breath had leave to blow. I, on the contrary, was a scatterling on the mountain side, blown about by the tempests,—snowed upon,—rained upon; —like one of those floating webs of gossamer one sees upon the evening air, as if evermore in search of the setting sun, I lived in a state of vague expectation of being caught by some bush, and

endowed with a local habitation. I trusted to Destiny, — the blind goddess compared with whom the blind god is a lynx,—to accomplish something for me worthy my imperceptible deserts.

Like many more people than choose to own it, I have passed through life waiting for some one,—watching for something—I scarcely knew what; like the "letters by the post,"—those "airy creatures" which a man who wants an excuse for staying at a place he ought to leave, is sure to be expecting.—*My* post, alas! has brought me no letters.—Day after day, month after month, year after year, I have still been waiting,—still been watching:—my aimless destiny unaccomplished,—eternity flowing through my hand like the limpid waters of a fountain through the unconscious, unenjoying lips of some marble Triton!—The tuneful Nine again! The curse of Cromwell on them and all their metaphors! I must certainly have been bitten by a mad sonneteer, at one of my friend Lydia

White's cerulean soirées! But since from the ridiculous to the sublime there is but a step, let us return from my prosaic poetry to the poetical prose of Forest Lodge.

I swear I never felt more joyous than when rising every morning from the breakfast-table presided over by Lady Susan, — cheerful, elegant, fair, kindly,—participating with intimate cordiality in our anticipations of the sport or business of the day,—disdaining nothing that we enjoyed, enjoying nothing that we disdained!—What an embellishment is such a woman to the wilderness of life!—Even I, who in the strife and turmoil of the world's vices had almost lost the power of distinguishing good from evil, whose conscience was deaf and dumb, impassive amid the fret and seething of human passion as a rock planted in the bed of a river, causing the waves to boil and eddy but remaining scornfully immovable, — even *I* was deeply touched by the holy and hallowing influence of this gentlest of wives and mothers!—

There was an old cedar-tree on the lawn at Forest Lodge, under whose drooping branches I have seen her sit on sunny afternoons, with her youngest child sleeping on her knee;—the babe, the mother, the massive shadows of the venerable tree, all so still and motionless, that it required no great stretch of imagination to fancy oneself looking at the Riposo in Egypt, painted by some great master. All the truth of Parmigiano, all the grace of Correggio, were concentrated in the little group!—

Why is it I dwell thus loiteringly upon the picture of their domestic happiness?—or why did I enter so fervently into the refined simplicity of their existence, that not even the enthusiasm with which it was pointed out to my admiration by Lord Ormington, sufficed to disgust me with them and theirs?—One evening, after I had spent half-a-dozen happy days among them, and was beginning to be as much at home as the sturdy hounds maintaining their chartered place within our circle; the boy was

come to toy away among us those last few minutes before bed-time, so endeared to all children by the inherent frailty of human nature, rebellion against the constituted authority of the nurse, and ambition of conquering a few moments more of interdicted enjoyment. There he was,— little joyous fellow,— passed lovingly from knee to knee, — questioned by each of us in succession, with the view of eliciting the treasures of a spirit bright as the souls of children, whereupon still lingers the effulgence of the eternal Dayspring from whence they have so lately emanated.

His father's hand lingered among the clustering curls of that little head, as if striving to develope in the happy face he drew down towards him as the boy clambered upon his bosom, still unnoted indications of the faculties brightening its fairness. Lady Susan kept calling to her husband to be careful of Arthur's footing, as the father and child sported thus lovingly with each other. Lord Orming-

ton said nothing; but sat watching them, proud of the beauty of the boy,—the distinctions of the man;—and prouder of both that they were so closely and manifestly his own.

"And so, sir," said Danby, with his eyes fixed on the boy, as though to devour every movement and gesture of his graceful nature; "and so, sir, you have been in the boat to-day with uncle Cecil?"—

"Ay, but naughty uncle Cecil wouldn't find Arthur the nest!"—said the child, hiding his little curly head in his father's bosom. "Uncle Cecil promised Arthur to go and find a nest among the rushes, and then he brought Arthur home again because there was no nest!—Uncle Cecil broke his word.—Papa and mamma never break *their* words."—

"Never mind, my boy; we will try again another time," said I, turning to explain, in a few words to Lord Ormington, that a day or two before I had found a reed-tit's nest among the rushes of the reservoir; but that

not having marked the spot, I had been unable to find it again on my expedition with Arthur. "The sun was gone in," said I, "and I thought it too chilly for him to remain longer on the water, while punting the boat among the reeds."

"I was not cold, though,"—persisted the disappointed child. "You know, you promised me I should see a pretty little nest hung among the reeds, with two green eggs in it, and a little bird flying about to take care of it.—But there was no nest, and no bird, and no eggs. —You broke your word!"—

"You might have caught cold," said I, to soften his little pouting resentments.

"No, no,—I guess all about it.—I heard Coulson tell my nurse the other day, that mamma was very wrong to trust Arthur in the boat with you; and that for his part he shouldn't be surprised if harm came of it.—What did Coulson mean, uncle?—Nurse told Coulson to take care how he said such things, for that I

should come and tell you again.—What did Coulson mean?—He said you always pretended to be glad to see me, but that you would be gladder still to see the last of me."

All this time, Danby was vainly endeavouring to stop the prattle of the child by his caresses. But like all darlings, Arthur chose to be heard to an end. I know not which of us looked most uncomfortable before that end was attained; my brother, or Lady Susan, or Lord Ormington. For this same officious Mr. Coulson was no other than mine ancient enemy of the pigtail,—Lord Ormington's own man.

Danby ended where he had better have begun, by carrying off the child in his arms to bed; trying to drown in the noise of a playful altercation about kissing mamma, and grandpapa, and uncle Cecil, the extreme awkwardness of our relative position. I thought he seemed to hesitate as he approached me in my turn, as if doubting my inclination to bestow upon

the little fellow my usual nightly kiss; whereupon I stretched out my arms to give him a fervent embrace. Danby's eye met mine as I pressed my lips to his soft white forehead; and I could detect a glance of grateful feeling towards me for not resenting the boy's innocent offence.—How often the sensation of pressing my lips to that round, smooth, warm, glossy brow, recurred afterwards to my recollection!—

When Danby and the boy had quitted the room, Lady Susan following them with some parting charge to be delivered to the nurse about the little girl, a dead silence ensued between Lord Ormington and myself. Those few witless words of Arthur's had sufficed to summon up betwixt us the ghost of old times, —the spectre of our mutual antipathy!—I verily believe that both of us counted the minutes till my brother's return. But when once Danby got into the nursery, so many endearments were bestowed upon him to cajole him

into staying, that one was never sure of seeing him again.

It was not till summoned by the announcement of dinner, that he and Lady Susan made their appearance; and then their manner was so constrained that I plainly saw they had been talking over the best mode of covering the impertinence of the servants and the indiscretion of the little fellow.—I had never felt their kindness oppressive before; for it was disagreeably evident that they were labouring to efface any painful impression that might have been made upon my feelings.

Next morning, matters were worse. Our pursuits had been hitherto so simultaneous, our plans so unstudied, that I felt more at home in Danby's house than in Hanover Square. But now Lady Susan was so earnestly attentive, that I determined to return to town that very afternoon. Lord Ormington was off already; not in consequence of the little *contretemps* that had occurred at Dropmore, but be-

cause previously engaged to spend the two remaining days of the Easter holidays.

"Stay, at all events, till to-morrow, Cecil," remonstrated Danby; "for I am obliged to go to Windsor to look at a pair of horses the coachman is plaguing me about, and Susan will be left alone."

This was only a kind pretext for detaining me four-and-twenty hours longer; but, being as eager to accept the olive branch as he to offer it, I stayed. After luncheon, he mounted his horse and rode off; while I offered my arm to my sister-in-law, for a saunter in the forest, into which there was an entrance through the shrubbery. It was a bright spring day. The air was all astir with life and spirits. All nature seemed in activity. The birds were darting about with straws in their beaks; and I fancied I could see the leaves expanding under the brightness of the sunshine. Lady Susan was an unfailingly agreeable companion. There was no effort in her conversation,

— nothing overstrained in the tone of her mind. She was so simply pious and calmly wise, that one accepted her remarks and comments without challenge. She seemed so serenely penetrated with the truth of what she advanced, that one felt she *must* be in the right.

It is a mighty pleasant thing to saunter with a gentle intelligent woman along the mossy paths of an old forest, on a budding spring day, with a dear child in whose impulses of health and animation you take mutual delight, bounding on before you in search of violets; or with his little hand resting on the sturdy back of a fine old hound, such as Snyders would have turned dogstealer to paint. I was exceedingly happy. We talked of Danby. She had a thousand traits to relate of the homage tendered to him by the master-spirits of the age; and I listened with pleasure to the peculiar intonation of her voice, as it recorded the praises of her husband.

Her situation did not admit of taking very long walks; so that we returned home much sooner than suited the restlessness of the boy. Lady Susan was obliged to threaten the wilful fellow with the privation of some promised plaything, (a wheelbarrow, I think, which his father was to order for him at Windsor,) unless he submitted. Before we reached the garden, however, I had compromised the business, not by a threat, but a bribe. I had previously agreed to ride and meet Danby; and promised the boy to take him before me on my saddle to surprise papa. No sooner had I made the offer than I repented; for I saw a deep flush suffuse the cheek of my gentle companion. But Arthur's expectations once excited, were not to be repressed; and Lady Susan gave her consent, partly, I suspect, lest the disagreeable incident of the night before, should seem to influence her decision.

The horse was brought round. Arthur, his little eyes beaming with delight, was lifted up

to me, after I had taken my seat, and, though I saw that his mother, who stood at the hall door to see us off, looked anxious and nervous, the exultation of the spirited little fellow, whose voice was ringing and eyes glittering with gladness, communicated itself to me; and I set off as joyously along the Windsor road as though it were my own first ride, and not my little nephew's.

"Papa, papa!—what *will* papa say?—How we shall surprise dear papa!"—was all that Arthur could utter, while enjoying the novel sensation of seeing the hedges fly past, as we speeded along at a gentle trot.

"You see, Uncle Cecil, they *could* trust you to take care of me!—" said Arthur, just as we reached Sandpit Gate.—"Coulson was a foolish old man,—wasn't he?"

I had expected, according to Danby's arrangements, that we should meet him before we proceeded so far; and now proposed to return. But the boy would not hear of it.

"Let us wait here, uncle Cecil,— pray, *pray* let us wait here!—Papa will not be long. —Papa never breaks his promises!"—cried Arthur.

We waited accordingly. Five minutes elapsed, but no signs of Danby: I began to get fidgety, and so did the mare. But the boy begged earnestly; and there was something so endearingly earnest in the clasp of his little hand, that I could not find it in my heart to say "no."

"What, won't you stay another minute if Arthur loves you very — *very* — much?"— was uttered in a tone of infantine cajolery there was no resisting. It was the plea of a child conscious of his hold upon the affections of many.

As the afternoon, though bright with April sunshine, was growing chilly, I would not loiter longer at the gate, but proceeded at once into the park. When lo! as if the demons themselves had ordered it, scarcely had I reached

the first clump of beech-trees overshading the road, when an orderly of the Blues, either on important duty, or run away with by his charger, passed us at full gallop towards the lodge.

The mare, irritated by long detention at the gate, fretted by its unusual burthen, or frightened at the clang of military accoutrements, became suddenly restive! I was totally unprepared for the first plunge, and the child was nearly thrown from the saddle. Clutching his dress tightly in one hand, I strove to restore his balance and retain my own. But the cries of the little fellow, and the eagerness with which he clung to the mane, served still more to terrify the accursed brute.

Why enter circumstantially into details?—I have little fear of incriminating myself in the eyes of the reader, by the appearance of carelessness or want of skill.—Any human being who is really human, will readily believe that I did my best, my earnest best, to forestal the catastrophe.

Even after all these years, it is so bitter to

my feelings to revert to the event, that I have difficulty in tracing even this slight description. Unspeakable was the agony of my feelings when, at the lapse of a minute, I felt myself losing hold of the boy, who had already received a dreadful and crushing blow from the horse's head, as it reared and plunged in insane fury.—There seemed only the alternative of having the precious child dashed from my imperfect grasp upon the road, and probably trampled under the horse's feet; or of saving him, by flinging him carefully upon the soft grass.—

I acted according to the suggestion of my poor judgment. The next moment, I congratulated myself on what I had done; for the beast, lightened of its unaccustomed burthen, set off at full speed. I had not had such a race since the business in the Bois de Boulogne; and remembering the sequel of that memorable event, was prepared to find a sudden crash put a

term to my luckless exploit. Two horsemen, whom I passed on the road, made matters worse, by attempting to stop my horse just as I had all but regained command over its mouth. It started off, however, anew; nor was it till five minutes afterwards, that I found myself, breathless almost as the panting animal, attempting to explain what had happened to Danby, whom I met scarcely a second after the brute had given in.—I found it difficult to make him understand me.—Arthur, little Arthur!—on horseback—thrown—lying on the road?—Impossible!—

Both were in a state of agony beyond the power of language to describe, as we returned towards the spot. No person had passed to afford help. The two horsemen had followed me, and were still in our rear. The child lay where he had fallen. From a distance, we saw the white motionless speck upon the green turf.—He was probably too much terri-

fied to move!—God grant he might be too much terrified to move!—Oh! moment of agony and terror!

We reached the spot, and still he stirred not.—He lay quietly on his side upon the grass, as he might have laid himself down to sleep.—Nothing unusual in his attitude;—nothing to inspire further alarm.—Further *alarm*? Could there,—*could* there—be a greater than the panic which congealed the whole current of my blood, as I watched Danby, more dead than alive, bend over him,—lift him gently from the ground—then, fling himself and the burthen prest to his bosom, wildly together upon the grass!—

A single glance had revealed all to *him* as it now did to *me*.—The little fellow's arms hung down nerveless, as his still warm body was strained to his father's heart. Drops of blood were trickling from his lips.—His eyes were still open,—but fixed and lustreless.—Spare me, kind reader!—He never stirred again!—

What a return home!—What an evening!—How shall I render justice to the noble conduct of my brother!—No being of a higher sphere could have judged more equitably, or borne himself more patiently, though tortured to an indescribable degree of anguish. I would fain throw a veil over the frenzy of the parents, as over my own. Poor promising infant,—poor murdered boy! His blood was on my head; and when, after laying the body on the little couch, I divested myself of the garments dabbled with that innocent blood, I could scarcely have felt more guilty had I been his assassin, instead of a mourner who would willingly have sacrificed life and limb to bring him back to his distracted mother.

An express was instantly despatched to Dropmore. In less than three hours Lord Ormington arrived. We were assembled beside the bed where lay the body of the child; already white and rigid as marble, a sweet smile overspreading his little features, as though the

angel were grateful for having
early and so unsullied to a more ge
Still there was horror mingled with
ing beauty. On the white pillow wh
little head, was a purple streak. Th
were clotted and stiffened over th
whose warm touch of the preceding
lingered on my lips; and the distr
who stood by aggravating the desp
Danby by her comments, kept point
cruel detail, the injuries her nurslin
tained,—the agony in which he mus
dered up his blameless soul!—

It was well that they were able
Lady Susan from entering the chamb
still strewn with his playthings. Da
little cold white hand pressed within
he knelt beside the bed, when Lo
ton, entered the room. Never sh
the haggardness of his face as he
us.—Never shall I forget the pit
the old man's look as he cast his

the smiling countenance of the dead. The sobs that burst out of the depths of his heart, sounded as if forced from a breast of iron. He did not affect to repress his feelings. His glance towards myself when I attempted to moderate his grief lest his mournful cries should reach the chamber of Lady Susan, was like the glare of a beast of prey.

I could hear imprecations muttered between his clenched teeth. Let me not record the horrible words intermingled with his curses! If he called me murderer,—if he called me—no! I *will* not repeat them!—

—— questuque, cruentus,
Atque imploranti similis.

I throw myself on the compassion of the reader.

CHAPTER VII.

Qualis ubi alterno procurrens gurgite pontus
Nunc ruit ad terras, scopulosque superjacit undam
Spumeus, extremamque sinu perfundit arenam:
Nunc rapidus retro, atque æstu revoluta resorbens
Saxa, fugit, littusque vado labente relinquit.

Æneid.

Metaphysics,— mountains,— lakes,—love unextinguishable,—thoughts' unutterable,—and the nightmare of my own delinquencies.—

Byron.

I have no right to inflict upon others more than this slight outline of a family affliction such as falls to the lot of few;—such as *could* have fallen to the lot of none more capable of sustaining it with heroism, than my brother. He was able to thank Heaven as for an act

of mercy when, the following day, Lady Susan was pronounced to be safe, after giving birth to a dead son.—*Another son!*—

I will advert no further to this piteous epoch of my life. Had it not been for the generous sympathy of my brother and sister, I could not have survived the cruel insinuations of Lord Ormington, or the still more agonizing reproaches of my own mind. I saw the scowl of the ancient domestics of the family directed towards me. I perceived all the jealous hatred of Lord Ormington revive. I, the changeling, was become his heir again; or rather, according to his malignant suspicions, had *made* myself his heir again:—I, the interloper in his family,—the exterminator of its dearest hopes. A tigress, bereft of its young, could not have been more recklessly ferocious than the bereaved grandfather of that lamented boy!

Enough!—Be my sufferings, whether from grief or indignation, surmised by every generous heart. I ceased to be Lord Ormington's

inmate. I could no longer sit with patience at his board. My income was so secured that nothing brought us of necessity into contact. I determined to quit England. Lauding the gods that one portion of the Continent, at least, remained open, though France was once more closed against English intrusion, I hurried from the sound and sight of all familiar things.

I felt that the excitement of military enthusiasm, which on a former occasion had roused my mind from the stupor consequent on deep affliction, might perhaps renew its beneficent influence. The talons of the Eagle of France were matched once more against the paw of the Leopard of England. Great armies were in the field; a great cause was at stake. I flew to Brussels. I fought as a volunteer at Waterloo,—unsuccessfully,—for the object of my soldiership was release from a life of torture. In place of the death I sought, a wound, not even dangerous though involving

a long, tedious, and painful recovery, served only to increase the measure of my sufferings.

My name was mentioned with honour in the despatches; and even at one's last gasp one is never sorry to see oneself in print. I had often expected to obtain less honourable mention in that Alpha and Omega of public life, —the Gazette.

Indupedita suis fatalibus omnia vinclis.

Fortune seemed determined to make a hero of me.

I may permit myself to observe, by the way, that we Waterloo men had not the least idea, at the time, of the eminence of our heroism. We did not foresee that our valiant deeds were stereotyped for the use of posterity. As regarded myself, my soul was too embittered for even the soothings of vanity. The surgeons who watched over my recovery, noting the feverish variations of my temperament, often went away desponding; so completely was

their skill neutralized by the workings of my mind. They even fairly apprized me,—so soon as I gained strength enough to be entrusted with the ordering of my own destinies,—that nothing but the absence of all excitement, moral or physical, would perfect my convalescence. They recommended change of air and scene, interdicted my project of rejoining the army in Paris,—and advised me either to return to my natal air, or take up my abode, during the autumn, in some tranquil spot in one of the Rhenish principalities.

The project was a tempting one, even to my then untemptable nature. The Rhine was not the vulgarized and Charing Cross-like thoroughfare it has since become. It was not desecrated by steamboats.—It was not infested by the plague of frogs and flies, the hopping, buzzing English, who have caused the savour of beefsteaks to reek from all its post-houses. There was not so much as a Guide-book to rob one of the pleasant uncertainties

of travel. The wanderer took his chance,—the very chance which renders a wandering life agreeable. If he chose to go and eat a bad dinner at the Golden Lamb, when the Wine Bush was the best inn in the place, no need to revile himself for obstinacy; no need to know better. He could plead ignorance. The good or evil renown of either, had never reached him at his dinner-table at the Alfred.

It is one of the curses of the times I have been fated to survive to, that Europe, Asia, Africa, and America have become itinerarized. From the banks of the Wye to the shores of the Hudson or Bosphorus, we know everything we are to see in foreign parts, as distinctly as if we had viewed the scene in one of Burford's panoramas. Not a dark point in the landscape,—not a suspicious lane,—not an inn of dubious reputation. John Murray,—confound him!—has much to answer for, beside the burning of Byron's journal. He

has not left us one mysterious nook in which to niche a romance; and, were poor Mrs. Radcliffe to revive, she might as well attempt to conjure up horrors about Islington Hill as about the Appenines,

—the Pyrenean or the river Po.

As to the Rhine, even that hyper-genteel professor of the Belles Lettres, the ineffable Mr. Willis, could not restore it to its reputation, ere overwhelmed with "Lays and Legends," —"Autumns and Winters,"—"Pilgrims," and "Panoramas."—No doubt we shall soon have folding maps of the moon, Mogged or Tegged for the touring season; that is, provided Sir Francis Head, or Basil Hall, or some other lively traveller choose to undertake the writing it up,—or Heath to select the Lunar Regions to be Cattermoled for his next year's Annual.

Unprepared for the beauty of the scenery awaiting me, I can scarcely describe the effect

produced on my mind, by the aspect of the blackened and shattered walls of Ehrenbreitstein, — now, alas! as trim and smooth as Woolwich barracks. I resolved to pass a week or two at Coblentz; chiefly for the purpose of contemplating its sublimity of desolation, and its gigantic horrors, reflected on the blue serenity of the Rhine. An inexplicable sympathy attracted me towards everything on which the breath of adversity had seemed to blow.

Coblentz was one of those unhappy frontier towns,—half frog, half tadpole,—half French, half German,—which Napoleon had Gallicized, —which the triumph of the Allies had re-Germanized,—the re-appearance of the Emperor re-Frenchified;—and which was consequently now expiating by the infliction of a Prussian garrison, the sin of having thrown up its hat a second time in honour of the Emperor. As a counterbalance to this misfortune, Coblentz may boast of being one of the favoured cities, (I call it city, for civility's

sake, for, in truth, it has no pretensions beyond those of a substantial town,) to which nature has assigned a prepossessing countenance;—the features being comely rather than sublime, and, above all, the complexion wholesome.

A confluence of streams is pretty sure to embellish a landscape; and between the majestic cliffs on one shore, and the spreading pastures and feathery poplars of the other,—betwixt the grandeur of the Rhine and the sweetness of the Moselle, the scenery is most agreeably diversified. We catch a glimpse of the noble and striking scenery of Nassau, to which Coblentz officiates as a sort of park lodge, embowered amid evergreens and flower knots; while to the opposite shore, the green hills come sloping down, as if to find in the Rhine the natural boundary of the "*plaisant pays de France.*"

As the Prussians then occupied, as victors, the city which now pays its modest taxes to the Black Eagle as its true and lawful sovereign, they had of course possession of the best quar-

ters in the place. I had, however, the luck to find quiet lodgings in a narrow street almost adjoining the Benedictine suburb; and still more fortunately, as a particulary hot dogstar was raging, it was on the shady side of the way.

Lieber Gott!—On what trifles are our destinies balanced! Had it been on the sunny side, I should never have had occasion to include the Rhine in these my reminiscences; or have remembered Coblentz chiefly for the cool rush of its waters, the rustle of its poplars, and the pure whiteness of the frosted silver from the mines of the neighbouring Duchy, which it manufactures with such tasteful adroitness.

But as it was a fierce July, and my sitting-room window secure from even a ray of sunshine, I placed as near to it as possible the table whereon were deposited my desk and books, and the easy chair in which I used to enjoy my meerschaum and my reveries, in order to afford myself the utmost advantage of the

fresh air recommended to perfect my recovery. There, my arm in a sling, and my spirits almost equally infirm, I used to sit from morning till evening twilight; studying the German language in the pages of Goëthe and Kotzebue, till I grew as blue and sentimental as a Forget-me-not and began to Kant most abominably.

After having cudgelled my brains so successfully with conjugations and declensions that, without much recourse to the dictionary, I could make out Wilhelm Meister or Werter, I began to notice, in the lucid intervals of my wool-gatherings, that the opposite windows, which were closed all the morning for the same reason that caused mine to be left open, namely the aspect of the house, were adorned with flowers, the fragrance of which was distinctly perceptible from my chamber; mignionette, heliotrope, verbena, geraniums,—besides various plants less grateful to the smell, but to the eye more beautiful, as well as to the pocket more costly.

There were five windows, the ledges of all which, protected by an old fashioned iron *grillage*, were filled with flowers.

I had every reason to be satisfied with my opposite neighbours; for in addition to the sweetness and beauty of their hanging gardens, there hung in one of the windows a piping bulfinch, whose performance of one of Mozart's prettiest waltzes was a constant source of amusement.

After enjoying the sweetness of its song and the heliotropes, for a day or two, it suddenly occurred to me, that birds and flowers afford a pretty strong indication of female habitation; and I decided that the handsome solid hotel, straight into whose face I was compelled to look sixteen hours of the twenty-four, must contain at least one charming specimen of the tender sex, evidently addicted to the poetry of nature as developed in bulfinches and rose-bushes.

As soon as I had taken this for granted, I became anxious for the hour when, on the disappearance of the sun, the blinds were thrown

open, and the apartments, whose cooller morning aspect was towards the court-yard, became partially disclosed to view. My dinner-time interfered once or twice, I fancy, with the happiness I ambitioned of discovering by what fair hand the flowers were watered and the bird-cage supplied with fresh groundsel. But after three days' watching, I contrived to jump up from dessert just as the snow-white dress of a retreating figure was apparent, vanishing from the windows. That night, I scarcely slept; so great was my disappointment at having missed a sight of the charming unknown intermingled in my dreams with the fragrance of delicious flowers, and the supernatural music which, to my thinking, is the very realization of fairy song.

If I died of hunger next day, I was determined not to quit the window till I had seen the face of the sweet proprietress of the piping bulfinch!—I was convinced that she must be beautiful,—I *felt* that she must be beautiful;—

and it is a delightful incident, at four-and-twenty, to be the opposite neighbour of a beautiful woman, who waters her own mignionette and blows the chaff from the seed-trough of her own bird-cage. Particularly in Germany. Such situations are made for Germany. I turned over the leaves of nearly the whole edition of Goëthe and Kotzebue, for a quotation germane to the matter, and found more than enough to fill half-a-dozen common-place books.

At length, after several days of irritating anxiety, my wish was accomplished.—And what an accomplishment!—What an ethereal creature,—what a pure and gracious being met my view!—Fair, not as daylight, which is *not* fair;—but fair as moonlight, and like moonlight, serene and touching.—I never saw a skin that so completely justified the old and hacknied comparison of the lily; I never saw eyes that so thoroughly exemplified the equally worn-out simile of blue as heaven. The beauteous vision might be compared rather to one

of Ossian's shadowy heroines, than to mere flesh and blood. She was attired in a floating filmy dress of muslin; and between its silvery whiteness, the aërial form of the wearer, and the profusion of flaxen hair accompanying that seraphic face, I could have persuaded myself, when she vanished from the window, that I had been gazing on an angel!—I began to think it strange that the people who had offered so many vulgar pretexts as an excuse for the high price of my lodgings, should never have thought of naming the advantage of living opposite to the Herr Bau-Berg-und Weg-Inspector von Schwanenfeldt, and his beauteous Wilhelmina.

My dear reader is by this time sufficiently familiar with me, to know that I am afflicted with no innate propensity for falling in love; and that I could have waltzed through half-a-dozen seasons at Almack's, or played billiards through an indefinite number of frosts at country houses in the Christmas holidays, without en-

dangering my own peace of mind and heart, whatever I might do those of other people.

But one cannot always resist the force of situation. The propinquities of that snug apartment in the Rue du Montblanc, for instance, and the charm of any lodging opposite to the flower-beds of the wife or daughter of a Prussian Bau-Berg-und Weg-Inspector, afforded a juxtaposition of the most dangerous nature. I own I felt myself in considerable danger of a fit of the sentimentals.

I fancy there must have been infection in the air; for the following day, the flowers were watered a quarter of an hour earlier than usual, and the bulfinch was allowed to perch on her finger and chirruped to, with a degree of innocent tenderness that would have undeviled Mephistophiles. A sweet girlish smile irradiated the heavenliest of human faces, as she kissed the beak of the happy bird, previous to replacing it in its cage. Bewitching being!

How I thanked the lucky accident which had directed me to pause awhile at Coblentz, previous to repairing to the baths of Ems and Schlangenbad. I even invented a new beatitude in "Blessed are the wounded at Waterloo, for they may sit all the day long in bay windows, adoring their opposite neighbours!—"

It is twice as pleasant to fall in love in summer-time, when earth and air seem also inspired by the tender passion. The birds sing, and the roses blow; and one does not feel quite so ridiculous when inditing one's first stanza to the moon.

Blessed moon!—how grateful was I to its auspicious brightness, when, at the close of half-a-dozen anxious days and feverish nights, my eagerness to obtain an unconstrained view of my lovely neighbour was rewarded by an hour's unintermitting contemplation of her angelic countenance, upturned towards the effulgent lamp of night!—Unconscious that she was watched from behind the curtain of the

opposite window, die Unbegreifliche sat wrapt in her dressing-gown and pensive meditation beside her own. The street was narrow,—the summer night tranquil,—not a breath astir. I fancied I could detect the sighs that heaved her gentle bosom, nay, I could almost have sworn that I saw a tear glitter in her eyes, as she gazed on the unsullied brightness of that glorious orb. But that my right arm was still in a sling, methinks I should have rushed to my writing-table and hazarded a rash declaration of the feelings, generating, like a summer storm, in my overcharged bosom.

But I forbore. Conscience, or prudence, or some other highly commendable scruple, reminded me that there was a ninth commandment; and that the fair being on whose alabaster forehead the moon was shining so serenely, while the flowers mingled their ambient odours with her breath and mine, was not the daughter but the wife of the worshipful Herr Bau-Berg- und Weg-Inspector von Schwanenfeldt. I ha

no more right to covet that aërial creature, than the man-servant, or maid-servant, or post-wagon horse wherewith the Inspector jolted off, evening after evening, to booze away his hours with the Commandant of the garrison, old General Maximilian Schlachenwachenhausen, at his head quarters at Thal.

Wilhelmina was only a few years my junior, yet in aspect still a child. Something in the secluded domesticity of the German women seems to secure them from the touch of time. They are invariably the youngest of their years of all the daughters of Eve. There was an almost Scriptural purity in the looks and gestures of the Inspector's wife. I said to myself that night, after the moonlight scene, when I had held my breath and Wilhelmina her peace for two hours by the clock of the Rath Haus,—Heaven send that this singular adventure end not like the fatal passion of the *Junge Werthers*, for his Lottchen. I began to curse myself for the levity with which, only two years before, I had

allowed myself to jest with Byron over the Hoffmannisms and *weinerlichen Romane* recited for us by Schlegel and Madame de Staël. I had laid unhallowed hands upon the ark, and atonement might be demanded of me.

I had taken up my rest at Coblentz for the enjoyment of its smiling landscape, and the contemplation of the desolated fortress frowning upon those tranquil waters. It was for the contemplation of a different object from the shattered wall

Auf des Berges Felsen-stirn erhöht,

that I tarried on. Why should one feel ashamed of remaining in a place, to look upon the face of an exceeding fair woman, any more than to admire Mont Blanc, or Vesuvius, or the Rheingau, or any other surpassing work of nature?—

I hazarded no attempt to present myself to the acquaintance of the lovely Wilhelmina. I was content to breathe the same air with her, to inhale the fragrance of the same flowers, to worship the brightness of the same delicious

planet. My heart was too withered with its sorrows to aspire to a dream of greater happiness. —I had no right to refresh my blighted feelings, blighted by affliction, blighted by remorse, in the dews of a spirit so young, so pure, so heavenly, as that of the gentle one whose happiness was now as innocent as that of our hapless foremother in Paradise.

O'Brien, however, anxious to forward my convalescence, in the hope that when recovered I should hasten to Paris, where, though I had divorced myself from the Rue du Montblanc, there was nothing to forbid his banns with the old soldier's daughter, who had promised one day or other to become Madame Timothée O'Brien, *née* La Rue,—seemed to think that as the friendship of a *femme incomprise* had restored me to health on occasion of my smash, that of die Unbegreifliche might effect something on the present. With an Irishman's insinivatingness, accordingly, he contrived to pick up an acquaintance with the

people of the Herr Bau-Berg-und Weg-Inspector; and from them, a thousand anecdotes of the virtues of Wilhelmina. By Tim's account, she was an angel!—The moonlight and my beating heart had not deceived me.

I could not but flatter myself, that the peculiar nature of my sympathy had not wholy escaped her notice. She could not but have noticed me transfixed beside the open window, hour after hour, day after day; with my eyes riveted upon her own, as a Persian gazes on the sun, or as Leander may have watched the light emanating from the torch of Sestos' daughter. For she lingered longer and longer with her bird and flowers. I almost fancied tears of sensibility trembling in her large blue eyes, as she bent them towards my window, whenever, in the wantonness of vanity, I delayed to make my appearance simultaneously with her own.

Though I still swore to myself almost on affidavit to respect the virtuous home of the Herr

von Schwanenfeldt, there was nothing to forbid my enjoying the visionary pleasure of lending a soul to that beauteous form,—of supposing all that was passing in that gentle bosom,—of dwelling upon the perfections manifested to me as those of some heavenly visitant to the sons of clay. I might, at least, permit myself to dream of Wilhelmina,—Wilhemina die Geheimniss-volle. And dream of her I did, till my sleep was happier than my hours of waking adoration.

One day, as I sat musing beside my window with a volume of Schiller open in my hand, I suddenly descried,—oh, joy!—oh, triumph!—the door of the bird-cage slightly ajar!—I do not mean to reflect upon any one.—Heaven forbid I should insinuate that either O'Brien or Wilhelmina had any share in such an inadvertency. But I say again, that the door of the cage was slightly ajar. If the little flutterer would but take advantage of this negligence to pay me a visit!—On this hint of my ardent imagination, I instantly began to chirrup,

in a tone as nearly similar to that I had heard emitted by Frau von Schwanenfeldt, as was in the power of my manly voice. I saw Master Bully duck his little black poll, and wink his cunning little eyes, as if meditating a flight. I chirruped again;—he sidled on his perch. I chirruped again;—he hopped down. I chirruped again;—he reached the threshold of the cage door. Again!—he lighted on the bough of an hibiscus,—then on the window-ledge. Again!—and, lo! he flitted across the street, and lighted on my own!—

Magna Dii curant, parva negligunt!

I could scarcely breathe;—the slightest movement, and the little startled truant might make his way back again, and defeat my projects. Again I chirruped invitingly, though preserving the most rigid, the almost unearthly immobility; and this time, Bully piped up his waltz, as if to acknowledge the commencement of our visiting acquaintance.

This species of vanity is usually fatal to the perpetrator. It was the Fox and the Crow, in other measures than those of La Fontaine. He was taking so much pains with his song, as not to perceive the Bandana I flung over him, till fairly taken in the toil of its silken folds. I was not bound to know whose bird it was; and, having possessed myself of a Berlin basket that stood by way of ornament on one of the *consoles*, incarcerated the little anonymous runaway, till further notice.

That day, instead of waiting at the window the moment when the gradual retreat of the evening sun enabled the major domo of the Herr Bau-Berg-und Weg-Inspector von Schwanenfeldt to open the blinds of his master's state apartments, and the Frau Bau-Berg-und Weg-Inspectorinn to sprinkle her heliotropes and mignionette, I kept quietly in the back-ground; —my ear on the alert to catch the first exclamation of horror, proclaiming her discovery of the departure of her faithless favourite.

Exclamation of horror?—Ah! Wilhelmina! I swear her shriek might have brought down the tottering remnants of the shattered wall of Ehrenbreitstein!—Instead of the faint scream of a tender-souled Unbegreifliche, this fragile, this sylph-like being exhibited the impassioned energy of Siddons, when, as Elvira, she struck terror into the brazen soul of Pizarro, impersonated by that man of mettle, Blue Beard Barrymore.—I was paralyzed!—I trembled to think on what I had done.—Bully, in his basket, doubtless trembled too!

Within half-an-hour, came round the Rathsdiener, with his bell, announcing to the good burgesses of Coblentz, that vier Kreuthaler would be given in reward to whosoever should bring to the residence of the Excellent Bau-Berg-und Weg-Inspector von Schwanenfeldt, a bulfinch, answering to the name of "Schatzchen," and no questions asked.

This did not exactly suit my views. My object *was* to be asked questions. By and by,

came the town printer, with a
Steck-brief that was to come flyin
and make the walls of Coblentz e
the loss of "Schatzchen."

I seriously recommend novices in
line to be cautious of entrapping
finch. You may leave a watch
that its ticking betray you not; a
kerchief has not a word to say fo
the fright I was in, lest that in
of Bully's should prematurely
beyond description. I was afrai
the windows, lest so unusual a
July might beget suspicion. I w
apprehensive of closing the basket
tically, lest I should stifle suspic
bulfinch together; being desirous
chen should pipe in the land of t
least till the post-wagon carried
Bau-Berg-und Weg-Inspector to T
then I purposed to deposit my hid

once more in the possession of its beloved and loving mistress.

There must be something peculiarly emollient in the atmosphere of Germany. Here was I, Cis Danby, blackened by the smoke of Waterloo, after years of previous defacement by the smoke of London, grown tender as a pheasant poult,—maidenly as a snowdrop,—simple as a cowslip,—and about to make my *début* with a flaxen-haired divinity in white muslin, with a piping bulfinch on my finger!—I would not have had Watier's catch sight of me at that moment, for the rent-roll of Ormington Hall.

What nights!—As soon as dusk and the post-wagon arrived, (but the post-wagon arrived first, for a July twilight is as eternal as the youth of the lovely matrons of Teutonia,) I arrayed myself as though I had just stepped out of the pages of one of Auguste la Fontaine's novels, or Kotzebue's comedies,—dis-

hevelled my hair, and inserted my wounded arm into a sling as black as midnight;—then, after a glance or two at the mirror, and a glance or two at Schatzchen, who was beginning to cower pensively in a corner of his basket, as if grievously in want of hempseed or Wilhelmina, — tottered down stairs leaning on O'Brien's arm,—rang at the bell of the Inspector's mansion,—and requested an audience of the Frau Bau-Berg-und Weg-Inspectorinn Wilhelmina von Schwanenfeldt.

If there exist in this nether sphere the slightest hint of those sympathies which I had recently read of in the pages of Goethe and Wieland, as familiarly as though disembodied spirits were as common as town-criers or Prussian sergeants in the imaginative country wherein I was a sojourner; if, I say, there exist such spiritual influences in these our times, of a certainty the lights must have burned blue at that moment in the chamber where the worshipful Herr Bau-Berg-und Weg-Inspector von

Schwanenfeldt was engaged in a game of dominos with the redoubtable General Maximilian von Schlachenwachenhausen, knight of the second class of the Black Eagle.

I never knew what sensibility was till I witnessed the meeting between Wilhelmina and her bulfinch!—Familiarized from my infancy with the passion of Lady Ormington for lap-dogs, I had looked upon such penchants as the bran, or sawdust, or shavings, or any other soft material, filling up the interstices between harder and larger objects commingled in the great packing-case of life. But I had not conjectured the intensity of love that might exist between five feet six of human nature, and a feathered favourite to whom a patch-box would serve for coffin! — Yet I swear the attachment was as mutual as it was marvellous.—I doubt whether an affection half so true ever existed between five feet six of heroine, and six feet nothing of hero. Scarcely had I opened the basket in Wilhelmina's presence, when the

bird roused itself as by enchantment,—shook its plumes,—noddled its jetty crest,—and at the merest accent of her accustomed chirp flew to her finger, trying by a thousand little cries and flutterings to render her sensible of its joy in seeing her again, and its shame at having been decoyed from her protection! —Kisses, — real kisses, were interchanged between them; and when, at length, Bully attempted a slight carol of his waltz, tears fell from the large blue eyes of his lovely mistress, like summer rain from the azure skies of June.

I leave it to a reader of even moderate humanity to conceive my sensations when, approaching me in a paroxysm of bewilderment, she seized my hand and pressed it fervently between her own. Wild with the joy of receiving her lost treasure, the Herr Ban-Berg-und Weg-Inspector's wife knew not how to express with sufficient fervency the excess of her gratitude.

What a woman!—what a gem of sensibility!

—What treasures must exist undeveloped in that gentle bosom! Ach hei!—If a bulfinch could thus excite the fervour of her emotions, what would be her tenderness, what her truth, what her elegant elevation of soul, when roused by the influence of a sympathetic passion! I would not, I *could* not bring myself to believe that the Herr Bau-Berg-und Weg-Inspector von Schwanenfeldt had touched the chord of her finer sentiments! — He was a hard, square, bony, rectangular man, highly respected by his tribunal and his tobacconist, but making too much use of his nose both to talk through and feed with rappee, to render him a fitting partner in life for a fleecy cloud, inspired by a soul so finely organized as to expand into ecstacies at the song of a bulfinch.—I had, in short, very little doubt of finding a second *femme incomprise*.

After Schatzchen had been reinstated in his cage, with fresh groundsel, sugar, seed, and sand, *à discrétion*, on a much higher system of

philosophy than causes the pedagogue to brandish his birch over a returned truant, it followed of course that as four rix dollars could not be proposed as my recompense, I must be civilly entreated. So as Wilhelmina could offer me nothing else, she offered me a seat.

Her bosom still heaved with emotion, and tears glittered in her large blue eyes, like dew upon a gentian. The moment seemed propitious for the avowal of my long and ardent desire to make the acquaintance of my charming opposite neighbour; and I accordingly commenced a recapitulation of certain phrases indispensable to the occasion, — *Siegwartig*-isms which I retained as part of the shibboleth of Madame la Comtesse Anacharsis de la Vrillière, I beg her pardon—of Thérèse! —I flatter myself that my enunciation was *perlé* as that of Mademoiselle Mars, and my delivery such as Fleury or the Chaussée d'Antin might have approved; but I was careful not to mount

at once too high into the clouds, remembering that "*Chi troppo s' assotiglia si scavezza.*"

Never shall I forget my disappointment at the blank look of wonder accompanying Madame von Schwanenfeldt's avowal of comprehending neither my French nor my explanations.

I was beginning to read German indifferently well; but to ask for my breakfast, was the utmost I could accomplish. As to clothing fine sentiments in appropriate language, I might as well have attempted to dress a wax doll in the wrap-rascal of a Connaught cadger. I had nothing that would fit the occasion. My best German was worthy only to order an omelette for myself or corn for my horse. I should barely have known how to pronounce

Empfall dabon dein Herz,

or any other bit of tender eloquence.

Gott steh' mir bei! — What the deuce was to become of me! Was I to find my way to

the affections of Wilhelmina by piping a Waltz, like Schatzchen?—for sighing and looking, sighing and looking, might do very well for Philip's warlike son, under the influence of a bottle and a-half of Cyprus wine; but would scarcely serve the turn of Cecil Danby, dieted on chicken panada.

Though incapable of talking, I was not incompetent to listen; and listen I did, with exquisite delight, to the expressions of exaggerated joy and gratitude poured forth by Wilhelmina, bright and sparkling as the waters of Selters leaping from their rock. She tried to impress upon my mind by the united force of diction and pantomime, her agony at the first discovery of the cage-door being open and the bird departed;—her hopes that it might still return to one who loved it so dearly;—her fears lest it should have fallen into the hands of cold or careless persons;—and all this was uttered so fluently, yet so energetically, with so much aid from sighs and tears, eyes uplifted to

Heaven, and white hands clasped with impassioned fervour, that I felt as if a page of the choicest poetry were unfolded for my delight. My soul was kindled to enthusiasm by the bright rays of inspiration emitted by the countenance of that celestial creature.

At last, came the moment for leave-taking. I had delivered myself of my errand: and was as destitute of means of allusion to heliotropes or moonbeams, as if just landed from the Sandwich islands. All I could do was to heave an enormous sigh; place my right hand emphatically on that portion of the left side supposed to be consecrated to the tender affections, — look as cruelly charming as I could,—and go about my business; all which I executed with proper emphasis and discretion.

I do not think even the drowsiest of Kotzebue's comedies would have secured me a night's rest, that night.—I tossed and turned on my pillow as restlessly as the narrow dimensions of a German bed would admit; and thought myself

greatly to be pitied for rising with as severe a headach the following morning, as if I had swallowed a flask of Kirschwasser at the Herr von Schwanenfeldt's instead of deep draughts of that Elysian nectar, which converts men and women into divinities, just as of old it brought down gods and goddesses from their high Olympus!

Now that I am stricken in years, I can appreciate the ecstacy of a restless night of that description; a sort of delirious *imbroglio* of flowers, moonlight, perfumes, blue eyes, pearly teeth, lily hands, bulfinches, Goethe, the devil and Dr. Faustus. Now that not even the paradise of Mahomet in perspective would keep open my eyes after my whist and supper at Crockey's, methinks one hour of boyish infatuation were worth whole ages of my present grovelling materialism.

A worse infliction than the headach, however, awaited me on the morrow of that fantastic night. O'Brien made his appearance with

much such a smile as he used to wear as Tim, when undrawing the convolvulus curtains on especial occasions. The boy was father to the man,—the tiger to the valet;—and his eyes were twinkling with inward laughter as he laid a billet of considerable promise on my rumpled pillow. Could not one swear to the letter of a pretty woman by shape and scent, as one does to those which have passed through quarantine?—

Need I say that I tore it open as became the petulance of Cecil Danby!—Perhaps I need not even add, to a public so intelligent as that I am addressing, that not one syllable it contained could I make out!—Written German was more incomprehensible to me than German spoken; and Wilhelmina's billet looked something between one of my Greek exercises and the hieroglyphics of a doctor's prescription. What it prescribed to *me*, I knew no more than William the Conqueror!—

What was to be done?—It was a dreadful exigency! The servant waited for an answer.

To call up my landlord and consult him about the contents of a billet from the Frau-Bau-Berg und Weg-Inspectorinn was out of the question. Promising to send an answer, therefore, I sent for a carriage and made the best of my way to my librarian's; with whom abided an intelligent young Frenchman, to whom I had already had recourse in several dilemmas; and to him, tearing off the signature at the bottom, and with a face blushing celestial rosy red, as mine had seldom blushed since Eton, I exhibited my billet-doux. Like Pharaoh, I requested an interpretation.

"I congratulate you, sir!"—said he, in a tone that left me little doubt of my great good fortune. "Considering the briefness of your sojourn in this city, you have achieved more than many of my countrymen who have resided ten years at Coblentz!"

I trust he did not perceive the self-complacent air with which I ran my eye along my own graceful outline, till it rested on the point of my boot.

"You are invited," he continued, "to dinner to-day, at two o'clock, by one of the most respectable magistrates of the city; the Herr Bau-Berg-und Weg-Inspector von Schwanenfeldt, who resides in—"

"Yes, yes,—I know!"—cried I, interrupting him. "I was aware that it was an invitation to dinner; but could not exactly make out the hour.—At two, you say?"—

"At two,—the usual dinner-hour in Germany. You will find charming people, sir, in Monsieur de Schwanenfeldt and his wife. The lady is one of the loveliest women in the Rhenish provinces, —*d'une réputation intacte*, though exceedingly admired."

Again, I might have interrupted him with "I know, *I* know." But I preferred asking for the last edition of Jean Paul, by way of pretext for my intrusion; and hurried home to answer the invitation by polite verbal acceptance.

I was about to behold her then!—to behold

her surrounded with the duties and joys of her innocent life ;— not only with the bullfinch and the heliotropes, but with husband and children !—Alas ! alas !—I could scarcely bear to connect the idea of Wilhelmina with the model magistrate of Coblentz !

I did not much better fancy the idea of dining at two o'clock, or rather of going out to dinner at two o'clock. How was I to make myself irresistible in the broiling middle of a July day ?—There was nothing for it, of course, but boots and half dress. I must trust to nature to accomplish her own miracles. Schatzchen would be there to plead for me; if indeed there needed any other voice with Wilhelmina, than that of her gentle heart.

It required some courage to confront the Herr Bau-Berg-und Weg-Inspector and his Teutonic croaking. But had I surmised that, instead of German, he would accost me in Germanized French, such as would have convulsed any audience of the Boulevart with laughter, if

delivered by Brunet or Potier, I should scarcely have found courage to attempt my self-introduction to the solemn middle-aged gentleman who, with the pedantic solemnity of a retired schoolmaster, thanked me for having "*rabborté lé bétit why so, te Matame zon ébouze.*"

Wilhelmina was charming, and attired as angels ought to be dressed on gala days: that is, in a clean white muslin dress, with a sash of dark-coloured riband that displayed to admiration the turn of her delicate waist.—No ornaments;—nothing but a single rose, fresh from the garden, which looked as if it had caught among her ringlets, as she made her way through the entangled branches of a shrubbery.—I could have indited quires of hexameters to that happy rose!—

Conceiving that it may be as disagreeable to my reader to peruse, as it was to me to listen, to the "bladidudes" of the Herr Bau-Berg-und Weg-Inspector, I shall briefly state that he was not much more boring and dis-

agreeable,—nor *much* more of a *Schlaf-mutze*—than privileged by matrimonial patent; and that we sat down with a dog-day sun flaming into the room, to a dinner that smelt very much like the quarters of the Royal Irish, when campaigning among the renowned onion fields of Portugal. Our soup consisted of snippings of cabbage served in the water in which they were boiled, with little suet dumplings floating on the top; our fish was a cold pike, with vinegar sauce garnished with rings of onions. To these, washed down by a gargle of Rhenish *ordinaire*, (which, like the famous Nauemburger, served to indicate where vinegar grows wild,) succeeded a dish of exceedingly fat *bouilli*, accompanied, Germanwise, by four sauce-boats, containing pickled cherries, a *purée* of onions, another of *meer-rettig*, and a black nameless compound that looked and smelt marvellously like senna-tea.

My nerves were somewhat shaken on perceiving with what heroic fortitude Wilhelmina

not only divided her fish with her knife, but afterwards, immersing the clumsy blade in the vinegar so as to blacken the surface, plunged it fearlessly into her mouth! For a moment I was apprehensive that death might ensue. But as *she* survived it, so did I. Of the fat *bouilli* and senna-sauce, she ate with voracity; and when the third dish was placed on table, consisting of a stew of wild-boar swimming in stewed apricots, and looking like everything that was nastiest in nature, I literally shuddered at the unctuosity of lip with which this ethereal being justified her carnivorous propensities.

Next came an *cierspeise*, which she imbibed with equal satisfaction; then, an ill-roasted joint of veal, well basted with butter; and two or three soup-plates of garden-stuff, that looked as if ladled out of a weedy ditch. Then wafers,—then salad,—then leveret, that must have forgotten the date of its own killing;—then cheese, that must have forgotten the date of its own pressing;—then fruit, then *sucker*

brod,— then sugar-plums, — then coffee,— then *krisch*; to say nothing of half-a-dozen delicate *hors-d'œuvres*, such as pickled herring, Brunswick sausage, slices of raw ham, caviar, and other creature-comforts of a similar nature.

Gott in Himmel!—to see the idol of one's soul fill the lips that Leonardo would have delighted to paint,—lips like the half-open bud of a Boursault rose,—lips that seemed formed only to emit a murmur of tenderness and joy, —the plaint of Margaret,—the song of Thekla, —to see those lips dilate to receive a vile, circumferential slice of Braunsweiger Bratwürst.—Oh! Tommy Moore,—oh! Johannes Secundus,—oh! Lord Strangford!—oh! Camoens!—oh, everybody else who has ever versified upon those ruby portals of the Temple of Beauty,—feel for me!—Es rührt mich der Schlag auf der Stelle!

The horror of the Arabian husband who beheld his wife Amina steal to the churchyard and indulge in her foul repast of human flesh,

could not have exceeded mine. I should as soon have expected the Venus de Medicis or Belvidere Apollo to sup on cheese and onions, as that ethereal creature. My only consolation was the belief that this sylph, this Undine, this fay, this sprite, might perhaps be trifling with my sensibilities, and trying the force of my attachment by the perpetration of enormities.

We repaired together to the drawing-room; the *persiennes* of which were closed to exclude the afternoon sun, so that I had no pretext for alluding to the flowers.—The flowers, nevertheless, would have been a most agreeable accessory; for the Herr Inspector entered the room with a flavour of second-rate tobacco reeking from his garments, which might have been advantageously dispensed with.

But though my faith in Madame von Schwanenfeldt's divinity was somewhat staggered by a prodigious plate of sauer-kraut, which I saw her devour at dinner as though it were

ambrosia, she looked so lovely, there was such a glance of deprecation in those heavenly eyes, even when eating sauer-kraut, that I began to revile myself for my want of amplitude of soul, that could make no allowance for national customs, or the force of early habit; more particularly when, on Schatzchen's striking up his accustomed song, Madame von Schwanenfeldt turned towards me with a smile of tender intelligence that might have "woke a soul under the ribs of death," or the rock of Ehrenbreitstein.

The Herr Bau-Berg-und Weg-Inspector, a little boozy with wine and tobacco, perceiving that I made no movement to take my leave, proposed that, later in the day, when the sun became less fervid, we should proceed together to a garden of Eden, on the Nassau road, (which after-experience proved to be some abominable tea-gardens, sacred to the Scheibene Schiessen,) and that in the meantime Wilhelmina should favour us with some music.

Music, executed by the object of our affec-

tions, has always struck me as the acme of human felicity,—"the food of love," as well as its glorious emanation. To listen to some *chef-d'œuvre* of Mozart or Cimarosa, or even some touching romance from the lips of Wilhelmina, would, I felt, transport me above this visible diurnal sphere. In London the Demoiselles de Lihu, and in Paris Thérèse, had attuned my ear to all the elegance of this captivating species of composition,—the *dragée* of the musical feast.

After the much-approved fashion of performers and innkeepers, of asking you what you will please to have, though pre-determined to inflict the pig and pruin sauce which your soul abhorreth, Wilhelmina, on seating herself at the piano, inquired what she should give me? whereupon I ventured to propose, "Non so più cosa son,"—"Voi che sapete,"—"Vedrai carino," or some other of the accomplishable master-pieces of Mozart. When lo! to my utter horror, die Unbegreifliche suddenly burst into a crashing, thundering sonata, of the high-

pressure instrumental school just then, for the curse of pianofortes and society, beginning to bring heaven and earth and the two extremities of the instrument together!—

Wilhelmina's piano was execrable, to an ear accustomed to the full-bodied tones of Broadwood and Kirkman; and she had not skirmished up and down the keys five minutes, before my nerves were demi-semi-quavered and chromaticized into a state of anguish.—I felt as if I had swallowed a glass of vitriol.—

Not so the Herr Bau-Berg-und Weg-Inspector!—Exalted to the seventh heaven by this astounding rattling of keys and chaotic confusion of sharps, flats, and naturals, he saw fit *not* to beat, but to stamp time to the music, till the flooring seemed giving way under the horrible iteration of his blows. The measured tramp of the *commendatore's* ghost in Don Giovanni, is not half so appalling.

I felt myself in considerable danger of committing Inspectoricide. My evil spirit was roused by all this banging:—

Duris ut ilex tonsa bipennibus
Nigræ feraci frondis in Algido,
Per damna, per cædes, ab ipso,
Ducit opes animumque ferro.

I do not affect to be an amiable man.—I *know* myself. As Byron sings,—

I had been ill brought up, and was born bilious;

and beg my readers to take into consideration that the thermometer was at 84°, my frame undergoing the digestive process of dumpling soup, raw veal, and divers other equally hard matters;—the room full of buzzing flies,—my head of the fumes of Asmannhausen; when I admit that I felt fully capable of the manslaughter of the Herr Bau-Berg-und Weg-Inspector who was so hospitably entertaining me. But for Wilhelmina's azure eyes and floating ringlets, methinks I could have found it in my soul to include *her* in the massacre!—

Before the close of the stormy sonata, however, Schwanenfeldt was called away mysteriously to a client; whereupon, after receiving

my thanks for the extraordinary exertions she had made in my favour, Wilhelmina quitted the piano, evidently satisfied that she had accomplished a miracle.

Having gazed earnestly and circumstantially round the room, to ascertain that the thumper who had kept time for her elaborate performance, had no longer any time at her disposal, she seated herself on a sofa near the window, which I had often seen her occupy, and with smiling serenity took out her work.

I trust the reader does me the justice to conclude that I assumed a place by her side.

> Vos, ô patricius sanguis, quos vivere par est
> Occipiti cœco, posticæ occurrite sannæ !—

END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

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CECIL:

OR,

THE ADVENTURES OF A COXCOMB.

A NOVEL.

He was such a delight, — such a coxcomb, — such a jewel of a man!

BYRON'S JOURNAL.

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CECIL;

OR THE

ADVENTURES OF A COXCOMB.

CHAPTER I.

So regeln wir die Mond und Sonnentage
Sitten vor den Pyramiden
Zu der Volker Hochgericht
Ueberschwemung, Krieg und Frieden
Und Versiehen kein Gesicht.

GOETHE.

My poetry is the dream of the sleeping passions. When they are awake, I cannot speak their language—only in their somnambulism.

BYRON.

DEAR reader!—wert thou ever in Germany? I do not mean, didst thou ever steamboat it up or down the Rhine,—or swallow the natural

physic of the waters of Baden or Aix-la Chapelle; —for who hath *not*?—I mean, didst thou ever abide in the soft bosom of a *recht herzliche* German family,—drink of their beer,—smoke of their tobacco,—and chaw metaphysics with them; —the extraordinary exaltation of their minds justifying itself to yours by anxiety to lose sight of degradation of body, so preposterously gross and nasty. By Jupiter! if the spitting-box and beer-bottle do not incline a man to refine with hair-breadth casuistry upon some psychological theory capable of propelling the soul into the clouds at the rate of the Nassau-balloon, the devil himself would not make a metaphysician of him!—

But I say again, dear reader, wert thou ever in cordial, kind-hearted, boozy, foozy, Deutschland?—Kennst du das Land, not where the Citronen blühn, but where the lindens shed their summer bloom?—where the round-polled acacia, like a green mop or a sham orange-tree, adorns the beer-garden?—where weeping-willows hanging over a pond enlivened by fancy ducks, wring

poesy out of the soul of the pale student?—where learning hath run herself to earth,—where poetry hovereth in the air,—where the drama, as the Transcendental School would say, "kindleth eternally her terrible Energies, like the Destinies spinning a thread of Asbestos;—where Classical Lore hath found an inner Temple, in which the Law to lay down—the Divinities re-inshrining, wherewith he hath run away charged, like some old Corinthian, from the sack of his City, with his Household Gods upon his back,—and where all that is Coarse, Uncivilized, and Matter-of-fact in Human Existence, with all that is Heroic,—Sublime,—Creative,—Soul-refining,—Purpose-exalting,—Hope-exciting, for evermore united is?—"

If not, trust me thou art incapable of appreciating—guess what!—I give it thee in ten,—I give it thee in twenty,—as Madame de Sévigné said or wrote to her daughter. It is neither Goethe,—Jean Paul,—Beethoven,—the Sonnets or Glyptotheca of Ludwig I.—nor the policy of

Metternich, nor the mysteries of the Burschenschaft,—nor any other of the grand or glorious incomprehensibilities that "with the Moral Hieroglyphics of the Land of Spiritual Influences interwoven or co-existent are." If not, I say,—for thou art so slow of surmise that I must fain disclose my mystery,—if not, thou canst little appreciate the influence of the knitting-needle, in the history of domestic life!—

A casual observer might spend six months in Germany, particularly in Rhenish Germany, and carry away an impression that the men were never without pipes in their mouths, or the women without knitting-needles in their hands. I once saw the body of a drowned woman taken out of the Rhine, round which five anxious individuals were clustered, labouring to minister to its resuscitation. Not one of them dreamed of removing his pipe from his mouth, while the work of life and death was proceeding under his hands! Nay, I once saw a fair Tedescan exposed to the soliciting of a lover, eloquent as Mephistopheles.

impassioned as St. Preux, tender as Romeo, enterprising as Lovelace, and handsome as Antonin de Noailles,—who proceeded the while with her lambswool-stocking, as industriously as the witch of the Caucasus!

I do not say who it was;—the name of the parties is nothing to the purpose; but she plied those two long, black, whalebone knitting-needles as if the fate of the universe hung upon her stitches!—

But, lest any unkind person,—and the world to which I write is as bitter as Rochefoucault's maxims or the elder daughters of Lear,—should ascribe the imperturbability of the heroine to lack of merit in the hero, I beg to add, that I have seen in the Hof Theater of Vienna, (the central heart of German civilization,) a gentle creature weep Danubes of tears over the sorrows of Thekla or the woes of Amalia, — then, almost ere the curtain fell, certainly before the bodies were cleared from the stage, quietly re-assume her confounded knitting-needles, as

though they contained balm for her wounded feelings!

As to me, I swear, that if Cleopatra had invited me to sail with her on the Cydnus, and under her purple canopy chosen to amuse herself with knitting, even though the stocking or brace were destined to Cecil Danby in lieu of Mark Antony, I should have dropped asleep while watching the hitching of her fair hands and jerking of her majestic elbows.

By all this, my public will be induced to conjecture that I had some difficulty in keeping my eyes open under the influence of the evening sun, the buzzing flies, the two o'clock dinner, the Rhenish wine, and the detestable stitchery upon which the blue eyes of Wilhelmina von Schwanenfeldt were riveted, while I tried to make it intelligible to her that the individual seated by her side on the sofa, and usually divided from her by the width and Andernach pavement of a street,—was nearer akin to her in all the brighter sensibilities of the soul, than

the stamping Herr Bau-Berg-und-Weg-Inspector, or any other native of the land which wrote Werter, and luxuriates in sausages and small beer.

I poured out my soul in a happy mixture of French, English, German, Latin, and gibberish; and as she had sufficiently comprehended the same when I tried to make her understand that I did not eat apricot-sauce with my *foie gras*, I thought she might prove equally intelligent when I talked about the stars and the flowers,—Schatzchen,—heliotropiums,—kindred souls,—the music of the spheres,—the immortality of love,—and all the other little nothings-at-all with which the Cupids of the banks of the Rhine tip their arrows, as Camdeo, on those of the Ganges, tippeth *his* with bees and rose-buds.

At every fresh outburst of sentiment, Wilhelmina gently raised her eyes from her knitting, and fixed them upon me,—large, dilated, and blue as one of Wedgewood's saucers;—then, letting them fall again upon her quilt, as once more I launched forth into those rhapsodies which, from the days

of Jupiter and Alcmena, to those of Dr. Dyonysius, ever strove to shake the foundations of conjugal fidelity, — gently uplifted them once more, at the conclusion, as a wax doll at the instigation of the wire wherewith her little lady silently uncloses her glassy eyes.

The Imagination is a shocking gad-about, — the "*folle de la maison.*"—There are moments when, like Ariel, she puts a girdle round about the earth; and there are others when, on the contrary, she causeth the said earth to whiz round like a knife-grinder's wheel. When she chooses, she can make eleven thousand angels dance on the point of a needle; or concentrate all the events of a life, all the heroisms of Alexander or Wellington the Great, into the millionth part of a second. But I very much question whether the powers of the Imagination were ever more put to the test, than by myself, when supplying an interpretation to those silent looks of Wilhelmina!—

Every time die Unbegreifliche raised her heaven-

ly eyes, I strove to read her thoughts in their azure heaven. Like an astrologer, starstruck and bewildered, I sent forth my soul, as it were, in quest of hers; and at moments, fancied I had overtaken the bright fugitive and was intermingling my thoughts with its aspirings. I grew more and more eloquent,—more and more impassioned.—I began to feel that I was making an impression.—I had got the ear of the house.—I warmed with my subject and my situation.—I grew emphatic as Clavigo.—My very German flowed clearer; nearly as intelligible as Lady ——'s English. It was impossible that even the serenest of knitters could stand it long.

I saw that I was reaching a crisis.—Provided the tribunal, or particular business, or particular friend, or small account which had carried off the Herr Bau-Berg-und-Weg-Inspector, detained him half an hour longer, I felt persuaded that my next visit to the garden of Eden on the Nassau road, would be paid *tête-à-tête*, and on the express proposition of the gentle creature,

still a world of affection in my debt, for having stolen Schatzchen in order to bring it back again, — endangering my precious neck and precious soul as a purloiner of piping bullfinches.

I fixed my eyes graspingly upon her heavenly face. — She grew restless. — Her colour came and went. — The knitting seemed a moment to vibrate in her hands. I was about to imprison them within my own, (which would have been easy enough, for I was sitting much closer to her than etiquette could have found means to justify,) when, lo! — suddenly flinging down the knitting-needle contained in her left hand, she placed it before her mouth; and within an inch of my beating heart executed a sonorous expectoration, as loud as the report of a culverin. — The product she deposited at my feet! —

Und damit holla! — Let us draw a veil over the crimes of Beauty! — The sequel of this accursed climax of my disenchantment, would be described by a dramatist in three words, ap-

pended to the part of Cecil Danby—"Exit in distraction." I trust my public is too indignant and disgusted to wish for more. I should, in fact, have passed over Coblentz in solemn silence, but for the consciousness that, every summer, an enormous proportion of the academic youth of the three kingdoms enjoys its vacation between Rotterdam and Strasburg,—in considerable danger of being deluded into bad English and bad logic by the study of the turgid bombast of modern Almaine; and still greater, of falling into adventures with blue-saucer-eyed heroines, who exchange kisses at the window with a favourite bird, and roses and forget-me-nots by moonlight with a favourite swain.

Such a conclusion to such a love-passage as mine, would, I am convinced, drive the ethereal spirit of Love as efficiently from their unsophisticated bosoms, as fumigation and bad Latin ever exorcised Sathanas from a man possessed, in days of yore; and to avoid such a disruption of the soul (for Love once forcibly expelled

from the breast of youth, leaves, like the gigantic ghost which expanded from the Castle of Otranto, the whole structure in ruins,) I am in conscience bound to admit that, not choosing to be spat upon like a Jewish gaberdine, I ordered post-horses that night, and took myself off, by Schaffhausen, into Switzerland the following morning.

The land of the mountain and flood was indispensable to re-romanticize my spirit to the pitch from which it had been precipitated by ——, but enough of her! — I will not defile my grey goose-quill, that is my patent Bramah, by writing her name again!—

If a spark of latent poetry exist within the breast of man or woman, it must be called forth by collision with the rocks and stones wherein, instead of finding sermons, Byron found his third canto of Childe Harold; and *I*, regeneration after being Wilhelminefied. Torrents and precipices,—the lonely lake,—the silent glacier, —enchanted my soul, so soon as my health

enabled me to share the allotted pains and pleasures of the tourist;—and finally, I took up my quarters at Vevay, resolved for one short winter to see what I could make out of the society of a man universally cited as the pleasantest in London and Paris, but with whom, at present, I kept up a very slight acquaintance, — to wit, the Honourable Cecil Danby.

The spring found me still loitering near the lovely shores of Lake Leman; still spell-bound at Clarens,—

> Sweet Clarens!—birth-place of deep love!

It was to join me at Geneva that, the following year, Byron betook himself in the same direction. One of the wicked wits of the wickedest and wittiest of times, has said that "there is something in the misfortunes of our dearest friends not altogether displeasing to us." — I trust there was nothing in the mortifications which just then overtook poor Byron, from which I was capable of extracting comfort. But

if they did not afford me pleasure, I own they excited my amazement!—I had left him the spoiled child of London,—*the* poet and lion of the day;—the bridegroom of an heiress, who was also a beauty and a *bel esprit*, and the idol of the whole residue of her sex. He rejoined me, at the close of little more than a year's separation, a paria, a banished man, a monster rejected by the caprices of Great Britain!—In *his* case, the re-action was as sudden as absurd. So extraordinary a man as my noble friend could not expect to be treated in an ordinary manner.—But the pit and gallery of society,—the vulgar groundlings,—had exceeded permission in flinging dirt and rotten apples in the face of their favourite actor!

Lord Byron afforded one among a thousand proofs that the most fatal charge you can make against a man, is an indefinite one. It might be very inconvenient to Jupiter to embrace a cloud; but it is quite as unsatisfactory to have to fight one. People looked unutterable things when

they alluded to the sufferings of Lady Byron. A horrid mystery overhung the separation of the unhappy couple;—and such of the survivors of that period as remember the ostracism of one of the finest fellows breathing, will scarcely recall to mind without indignation, that the putting asunder of those whom God had joined, is now admitted to have arisen from the mere estrangement so often engendered by pecuniary embarrassments!

To Byron himself, such a result of his duns and bailiffs seemed so utterly incredible, that he could not believe himself to labour under the stigma of having married an heiress to pay his debts, and maltreated her as a punishment for their non-payment; but seemed to fancy he must have attempted assassination in his sleep, or committed forgery without knowing it. It is some comfort to those who cherish his memory, that "the late remorse of love," *though* late, has not been wanting.

Nota Bene: The two men of my times to whom alone I concede the title of sublime,

Napoleon and Byron, were both deserted by their wives!—It is a fault for which, I fear, themselves must stand accountant. Both were men who would have been good, had they not chosen to be great. But the thirst of distinction, if indulged to excess, becomes fiendish as the thirst for blood. The defence of Napoleon's kindly nature, so warmly appreciated by all who approached him nearly, I leave to the eloquence of his biographers. On that of Byron, which manifested itself without remission towards me and my distresses, I must be permitted to expatiate.—

I do not pretend that in many things he may not have proved mean, selfish, savage; —but I know, that of all my acquaintance, there is not one, who, if reared by such a mother, rejected by such a wife, and coaxed into egotism by the flatteries of such a host of toadies, would not have come forth from the furnace, fifty times as hard, as hot, and deteriorated with fifty times as much alloy, as he with whom I

spent so many hours of pleasing sadness upon the banks of Lake Leman; — the man who devoted his blood to the cause of Greece, and who was finally bled to death at Missolonghi.

Both of us were in the feverish frame of mind arising from a sense of injury. — Byron's exaltation of spirit showed itself in unnatural mirth, — mine in profound despondency. — But his frantic laughter and my frantic tears sprang from a common source. Would that the bitterness of Cecil Danby could have qualified the waters of Helicon, to fertilize so fair a field as that which over-shadows with laurels the name and grave of my noble friend! — But while Byron was plucking the stars from their spheres to form a circlet that might supersede his crown of thorns, a wreath of nettles was the utmost I could hope to accomplish. *His* ardent soul soared into the majestic altitudes of heaven; but the sublunary eyes of Cis Danby were evermore riveted upon the waste places of this world.

As I said just now, in speaking of my poor lost Arthur, we bring with us into this shabby little planet, a reflection of the heavenly light from which our souls are emitted; but the longer we live, the more the earthly particles obtain the ascendancy over its brightness, and blot out the spark divine. Our clay becomes mud; and the effulgence of our spirit

> Base and unlustrous as the smoky light,
> That 's fed by stinking tallow!—

I crave pardon for the homeliness of the simile;—but Shakspeare and Molière are privileged. Like the long-eared gentleman of antiquity, who converted everything he touched into gold, those immortal bards have rendered classical even tallow-candles and *tartes à la crême!*—

Metaphors apart, as I recovered from my grief, I found myself growing a vile materialist. The brute was beginning to predominate in my nature. Nor was there anything in the society of Byron and his "co-mates and brothers in exile,"

calculated to sweeten my imagination. Most persons of very refined minds with whom I ever come in contact, are coarse in their enjoyments as a country squire ; and the only transcendental Platonists of my acquaintance, are beer-bibbing German students, at the mere recollection of whose habits of life, one's gorge rises.

As to the noble Childe, I could relate anecdotes of his diversions when maddened by persecution and misrepresentation, which the Dean and Chapter of Westminster would reprint in golden capitals, as an apology to posterity for the decanatorial prudery which excluded his ashes from a church where Buckingham hath a grave, and Dryden a monumental inscription.

But Byron has suffered enough at the hands of his friends ! — I was near coming it Heraclitus over the world, when those Conversations saw the light ! — To see the public accept such a portraiture, as that of Byron ; — embracing

"a lubberly postmaster's boy," and fancying it "sweet Anne Page!"—To see the flashing, dashing, irritable Byron, set up as a *plastron* to be lectured and documented;—pearls and diamonds snatched from his mouth, and toads and frogs substituted in their stead!—To find *him* play the part in the dialogue, which dunce does in the Tutor's Assistants of modern tuition, where the little boy inquires with much *naïveté*, —"Mamma! does the sun go round the earth?" and mamma replies, "No, Georgy! —the earth goes round the sun!—Georgy will be a good boy, and know better another time." Grant me patience or wit to indite a new edition of the fable of the Fly on the wheel!—

Byron himself, instead of "turning out his silver lining on the night," delighted to expose his blackest lining to the day,—nay, to adopt a temporary sable lining for the express purpose of making a boast of. But this is no excuse for the perfidy of his associates.

In his life-time, I often expressed to him my wonder at the total deficiency of elegance of mind characterising the women who obtained an ascendancy over him. The Beatrice of his worship was always some sorry creature. His butler, old Fletcher, has immortalized for the edification of posterity, his lordship's extreme susceptibility to female domination;—but aftertimes will discern the surpassing vulgarity of the Betty Finnikin school, to which he fell a prey:—the Miss Carolina-Wilhelmina-Amelia-Skeggs-like pretensions of their refinement. The Guiccioli,—Margarita,—Marianna,—and others, even more lavishly endowed with what Gay, in his Newgate Pastoral, calls "the ogle of the rattle-snake," successively fascinated the brightest and weakest of mankind.—But my business is to narrate my own Adventures,—not those of George Gordon, Lord Byron.—

For my part, I never in my life could persuade myself to descend to a Venus, Muse, or

Grace, disfigured by a camlet petticoat. *My* notions of beauty are essentially aristocratic. I adore the women of Vandyke. Within the shrine of my imagination, woman stands upon a foot-cloth of velvet, lest her redundant satin robes should touch this nether earth. Though drawn up perhaps by a string of orient pearl, or a still whiter hand,—a hand of alabaster, laced by azure veins,—those garments of glistening sheen must evermore rustle around her, as if to impart a double charm to the graceful trimly waist, developed by the gorgeous stomacher. I must have her hair dishevelled into slender ringlets, to float upon her swan-like throat and shoulders. I must have her shapely arm, such as should enfold an Emperor in its coil.

All this may be an indication of my corrupt and meretricious taste. But so it is, that the fancy of Cecil Danby must be enthralled, ere his heart submit to bondage.

The Nut-brown maid is to me a homely crea-

ture; and your "neat-handed Phillis," with her "savoury messes," a kitchen-girl peeling onions. I have no taste for the Rural in animated nature.— Its nails are dirty,— it wears black stockings,— it eschews the tooth-brush, —it scratches its head,—it does a thousand revolting things. Such soulless, green-sward charmers, should never be viewed nearer than in one of Gainsborough's pictures, feeding pigs or rabbits.

At the villa Diodati, during that delicious autumn, we indulged in a thousand chimeras, theories, and fantasticalities of this description. We rowed and we rode,—we sighed or were sighed to,—we learnt Italian or taught English, —with all the ardour incidental to the most intellectual companionship enjoyed amid the most exquisite scenery. After despatching to Geneva evening after evening poor Polidori, (who was of an age and features to trouble his head concerning the suffrage of any two or three that

might be gathered together anywhere, and to fancy that well-dressed people assembled in a well-lighted room, *tale quale*, constituted society,) Byron and I used to go and enjoy ourselves under the canopy of heaven, when there was moonlight; or remain ensconced in a comfortable room when there was not; enjoying our reminiscences and comparative notes of the London world.

Gad! how we talked them over!—the young women who had wanted to marry us, and the old ones we had wanted to unmarry!—The suppers at Watier's,—the dinners at Holland House,—the breakfasts in St. James's Place!—I cannot conceive how Byron, conscious as he was of the deep sympathy of the few, could trouble himself about the antipathy of the many. All the master-spirits of the age went hand-in-hand with him. All the first-rate women and first-rate men despised the absurd calumnies which encircled him, innocuous as serpents hissing round the pedestal of a statue. It was

only the very silly people whom we paraded for our diversion in the glasses of our magic lantern, who fancied themselves elevated above his head by distinctions about as honourable as the exaltation of a chimney sweep on a gate-post.

Shelley, who was essentially a poet, a man who had kept aloof from the deteriorating vulgarisms of conventional life, was sometimes amazed at the platitudes which derived piquancy in *our* imaginations from associations of which he knew nothing. He would have been shocked, perhaps, but that his mind was endued with the indulgence of true greatness. He was not, however, long an inmate under the same roof; and it was chiefly during his absence that we burnt in effigy the bores and blues of London fashion: for it happened that during the last season we had enjoyed there together, the greatest bores were blue, and the greatest blues, bores,—beginning with Madame de Stael, who, *out* of a book, was as insupportable as others within one. She was

however so civil to us when we visited her at Copet, that we had not courage to apply the tar-barrel to Corinne; more especially as the mild and intelligent Albertine (the Duchesse de Broglie) was just then her inmate to urge the plea of "*Grace pour maman!*"

Madame de Stael, by the way, made a first and last attempt to reconcile Byron to his wife; and it was after an interview with her upon the subject, that he flung into the fire the MS. of a brighter piece of prose than had been penned in Switzerland since the desolation of Ferney, though bright with a livid brightness, savouring of the reflection of the flames of eternal punishment. But it is useless for a man to attempt to extinguish the spark within him; and the spirit which had suggested the tale called "The Wife of Belphegor," soon afterwards burst forth in the scarcely less vivid stanzas of Don Juan!

On quitting Diodati, we travelled together to Venice. It is something to have visited Verona, the birth and burial place of Juliet, with the

creator of Zuleika, Leila, Medora, Gulnare! Everybody knows, who knows a great poet, that poets are the least poetical of God's or the devil's creatures, unless when hanging over a sheet of wirewove, crowquill in hand. However, we really *were* struck by the splendour of the Amphitheatre; and if I did not quite sympathize in Byron's interest in the stone horse-trough, which passes as the tomb of the daughter of the Montecchi, or rather of the daughter of Bandello and Shakspeare, our hearts melted together at dinner that day, over a flask of Monte Pulciano, and a dish of Ortolans, "that might have pleased a dean," or softened the flinty hearts of all the Capulets and Montagues in Verona.

That autumn witnessed the brightest efflorescence of Lord Byron's genius; "the third canto of Childe Harold," "The Prisoner of Chillon," "Darkness," "The Dream," each a *chef-d'œuvre*, had sprung to light during his sojourn at Diodati; as if evoked out of the surrounding glories of nature, like the mighty Afrits conjured by Mau-

graby out of the recesses of the Caucasus. Manfred was now fermenting in his soul, — immortal Manfred !—No wonder if he became sometimes uncognizant of Cecil Danby.

Once settled at Venice, matters grew worse. The too celebrated Marianna shared his attentions with the Witch of the Alps; and I consequently released myself from the duties of dumbmy; and, leaving him to the undisputed enjoyment of his lodgings in the Spezieria, took up my abode in a grand gloomy apartment of the Palazzo Gritti, on the Canal Grande, surrendering myself a prisoner at discretion to the enchantments, animate and inanimate, of that city of poetical illusions.

Dear reader,—I perceive your consternation. —Do me justice !—*Did* I bore you with Mont Blanc on the shores of Leman, or the Drachenfels, on those of the Rhine, that you should suspect me of an intention to crush you under the weight of the Rialto, during my sojourn on those of the Canalaccio ?—With Beppo on your

shelf, and (unless you wear a surplice or a muslin frock,) Don Juan hidden behind an edition of Chesterfield's works, Heaven forbid I should inflict upon you so much as the description of a gondola! — Everybody worth speaking of, or speaking to, who ever dipped pen in ink, has had a daub at Venice; Shakspeare and Schiller, — Byron and Beckford, — Lewis and Cooper, — Lady Morgan and George Sand, have projected their shadows on the lagune, — or at least images that *came* like shadows, but have not so departed.

I may therefore very well hold myself exempt from dwelling upon mildewed palaces. Canaletti has shown you all you need to know of the aspect of the spot,—

Where Venice sits in state, throned on her hundred isles;—

and Prout and Stanfield have added an appendix and list of errata to his pages.

Fancy yourself therefore in Venice. After all the painting and printing of the last three

centuries, there is surely no great stretch of imagination.

But you must also fancy *me* in Venice,—a good-looking misanthrope, as black in hat, coat, and countenance, as a gondola!—While Byron was polishing his periods or lisping Venetian,—blue Venetian, with Countess Albrizzi, and Venetian *couleur de rose* with Marianna,—

> Contemplando, fisso fisso,
> Le fatezze del suo ben,
> Quel bel viso, lisso lisso,
> Quella bocca e quel bel sen,

I went sauntering about, fancying myself into a Pagan in the mosque of St. Mark, and more than a Christian in the church of San Giorgio Maggiore; a pigmy on the *scala dei giganti*,—a giant amid the solitudes of the Lido. I even breathed the sighs exacted of every traveller who respects himself, on the Ponte dei Sospiri; and had serious thoughts of inditing a sonnet to Liberty, after viewing the *pozzi* and *piombi*, but that,

conceiving Byron would not let slip so golden an opportunity, I judged it more convenient to say "ditto to Mr. Burke."

The tranquillity by day, the vivid animation by night, consequent on the opening carnival, were however anything but favourable to those same metre ballad-mongers, who require a night as silent and solemn as the frost-bound stillness of some northern city; disturbed only by the hoarse denunciations of the town clock, telling the time austerely as that which, in the unfathomable abyss, proclaimeth to the souls in torment that Eternity rules the hour!

I don't know how Childe Harold managed to get on with his stanzas; but, as far as I am concerned, I swear I never felt less romantic than in the city of romance. The lights of the coffee-houses dazzled my eyes, whenever I tried to prove pathetic with Jaffier on the Rialto; and I had not been a month in the place, before I saw as clearly as that Byron was making an ass of himself for love of a linendraper's wife, that I should quit

Venice myself without so much as the shadow of an adventure. When, lo! one evening, of all the days of the year the festival of St. Stephen,—being that which immediately succeeds the feast of the Nativity,—and nearly of as much account among the minions and dominions of the Austrian house of bondage, I was gondola-ing it lazily home to the Palazzo Gritti; when, on nearing the platform of St. Mark, my ears were startled by the tumultuous joy of the multitude assembled in honour of this popular holiday. The strumming of guitars, the explosion of petards, the shouts of the merry populace, seemed to send their demonstrations gladsomely into the sky,—a far more cheering evidence of affection to the lapidated saint, than all the penances and flagellations borne by poor, foolish, humbugged human nature, in his honour.

Startled by the vivacities of the hour, I determined to alight for a nearer survey of the Venetian commonalty. A crowd in England (as I have some thought of standing for Fins-

bury, let me beware of calling it a mob!) a popular assemblage in England, is the dullest-looking thing in nature. Its dinginess seems arrayed in sackcloth and ashes; diversified here and there by the diabolism of a chimney sweep, black with the sins and soot of a sea-coal-fire-warmed generation, too selfish to sweep its flues with machinery. In gazing on a mass of this description, one might fancy, indeed, that the House of Hanover ruled over a nation of dustmen.

In Italy, on the contrary, a rainbow in the sky has fewer hues and gradations of hues, than a crowd upon the earth. Nothing of the monotonous dreariness of vesture of the pallid north. Blue, bright as their skies,—scarlet, glaring as their suns,—match with the vividness of the bronzed cheek, coal-black hair, and pearl-white teeth of the aborigines. All is gay and brilliant as a parterre of tulips. The aristocracy of Venice probably assumed its black array to distinguish itself from the parti-coloured garments of the Scaramuccian οἱ πολλοι.

As I stood at the foot of the Campanile, wrapt in my cloak, and fancying I could discern in the frosty air a lingering trace of the incense dispensed by the processions of the day, or emitted from the great portal of St. Mark where vespers were at that moment in course of solemnization, I perceived that the crowd, thicker in my vicinity than at the further extremity of the platform, was attracted by a company of jugglers or posture masters, who were exhibiting their feats, "supported," as we say on the entablatures of our public hospitals, "by voluntary contributions."

I don't happen to care about posture masters or jugglers, or any other privileged distortionists of the human frame. I hate learned animals, or unlearned tumblers, just as I hate conversation men at a dinner party; because they pretend to achieve more than was chalked out for them by nature. I consequently did not so much as raise my eyes over the shoulders of the crowd, to see what sort of feats these wonder-workers were perpetrating. I heard the people shout, as if Cæsar

were before them, putting aside the crown.—But Lord ! what will not the people shout for ? —

While I waited there, contemplating for the hundredth time the beauties of the Loggetta, which seemed to gather a new and more romantic charm from the softening shades of evening, like a fair woman peeping through a veil, — musing upon the fall of the winged lion, and other casualties of Venice,—and repeating between my teeth the flight of the French rhapsodist,—

Voyageur, à qui Venise
Se dévoile après le jour,
Si ton âme ailleurs est prise,
Que je plains ton autre amour !
Des Princesses de l'Italie,
C'est Venise, chaque matin,
Qui s'éveille la plus jolie
Dans les fleurs et le satin !

for, having resolved on making my *début* the following night at the ridotto, I was beginning to form surmises concerning Venice in her masque and brocade, even while contemplating the pastimes of the Piazza.

In the midst of my meditations my ear was startled by an altercation in a harsh jargon, differing strangely from the bird-like sibillation of the Venetian *patois*.

Few things attract my attention sooner than an unfamiliar dialect. To *me*, there is something as mysterious in its influence on the ear, as in that of hieroglyphics on the eye. I fancy hidden treasures of knowledge concealed in its perplexities, — and new developments of sentiment or passion encoiled within its phrases; and though the promise is usually fulfilled, like most of the promises I make my Self, by the discovery that all human tongues serve to convey the same trivialities, and that the words which sounded supernatural as the soliciting of the Weird Sisters, only enabled Jack to exclaim, that he was hungry, or inquire after the health of Gill, the same feeling would be renewed, were I at this moment in the centre of a circle of Tschusans, — hearing them and asking them questions.

I was roused from my reverie to wonder what these two squabblers on the Piazza were quarrelling about. One of the voices was rough as the coating of a pine,—the other, sweet and unctuous as its kernel; — for I speak Zecca-larly of the pines of the forest,—not Bond Street-wise, of those of the succession-house. The contra-basso was that of a "salvage-man," a hard-looking, masculine fellow of forty,—Saracenic in beard and proportions,—arrayed in a pale-blue jerkin, with white trowsers and a shaggy sash of red silk, twisted round his middle;—while the girl he was addressing, a fragile-looking thing, light as an antelope and flexile as a cane, was attired in a yet more fanciful costume;—a spangled, close-fitting bodice of green velvet,—her black hair braided Albanian-wise, and falling upon her naked shoulders; while muslin shoes and trowsers of ample fold formed her sole defence against the nipping air of a Christmas evening. The case was clear;—these people were part of the company of funambulists.

The dispute ran high. The girl kept retreating towards the foot of the Campanile; and the man,—evidently the master,—following her with what sounded most barbarously like menaces and imprecations. If mistaken in the meaning of his spoken accents, I could not be in the expressive idiom of the foot that stamped on the pavement, or the swarthy fist that clenched itself in her face. Still less could I misinterpret the gasping sounds, half sob, half groan, that burst from the bosom of the damsel.

To have inquired of either the cause or purport of the dispute, would have been much the same as to ask the question of the granite lions of St. Mark;—but I kept close at hand, determined to interpose in favour of the girl, should it appear advisable. She was shuddering with cold; and the withering effect of the atmosphere seemed to pinch her features and dilate her large dark eyes, orbed with resentments such as ought to have kept the blood circulating in her poor blue cheeks and hands.

Never did I behold so graceful a creature! Presle or Angiolini might have borrowed attitudes from the instinctive movements of her gracile frame.—Every menace, every impulse that uplifted her arm, was a study. At length, some bitterer word than the rest so excited the fury of her taskmaster, that a brutal blow of his fist almost felled her to the earth. I started forward to retaliate; sure that, however faulty the girl, *he* was fifty-fold more condemnable; when, lo! with the velocity of lightning, she plucked from her girdle a stiletto I had not before noticed among the accompaniments of her Greek costume, and was about to avenge herself in a manner more summary than lawful.

As her best defence, instead of laying low her antagonist, I snatched the poniard from her grasp, and prevented the commission of a crime which would have sentenced to the axe of the executioner the most beauteous head I ever looked on!—

She was about to turn upon me more infuriated

than she had been against her tyrant, when a huge phlegmatic Schwab of an Austrian soldier, who had witnessed the affray, probably on duty lest upon St. Stephen's-day there should be an uproar among the people,—seized her by the shoulder; adding certain Germanic expositions of the law, somewhat more comprehensible to me than the outcries of the two rope-dancers.

Whenever justice takes people's business into her hands, every human being present begins to talk at once, as if the goddess of the scales had as many ears, as Rumour tongues. In order to enable the animal in the white and blue uniform to lend one of his two exclusively to myself, I slid into his hand as much of his Emperor's particularly base coin as it would contain; and persuaded him, in sufficiently bad German, that I was the only sufficient and credible witness of what had occurred.

The girl, regarding me as an enemy, drew away from me with an intensity of scowl that

must have disfigured beauty less remarkable than hers; while I gathered from the explanation of the Austrian soldier that these people were *Zigeuner* belonging to a gang of Hungarian tumblers, who had come to Venice from the fair of Trieste, to gather a few sequins during the Carnival ere they returned to their settlement in the Carpathians; that the brute whom I considered the girl's master, was not only her master, but her father, — and that the crime which I had contemplated as assassination, would consequently have been parricide. — The girl still shivered and chattered, not only with her teeth but her tongue; and her words probably conveyed further threats of violence, for the soldier kept assuring her that unless she amended her intentions, he should be under the necessity of conveying her to the guard-house on the Zecca, where, in consequence of the holiday, she would be locked in for the night.

"Do!" cried she, with clasping hands and earnest eyes.—"Do lock me in for the night. I implore,—I beseech you!"

"Without fire or candle on St. Stephen's day, child," replied the soldier, "is no such treat as you may suppose;—to say nothing of the sentence that might perhaps await you in the morning."

"Better than the fate that certainly awaits me, if left at liberty to-night!"—cried the girl, her bosom heaving with suppressed emotion; "to be starved, beaten, and thrust out here in the cold, exposed to the insults of the boatmen, and all the other brutes who stand to see me harassed and tormented.—I am his daughter;—I know it!—I am bound to work for his maintenance and my own;—I know it!—But it is written 'thou shalt not muzzle the ox that treadeth out the corn.'—There is no law for the stripes wherewith I am goaded.—I have been toiling since sunrise.—I am exhausted with cold and hunger; while *he*, as you may plainly see,

has been drinking and carousing.—I told him just now, when he was about to place the lanterns at the corner of our carpet, (to force me to go on till midnight as I have done throughout the day,) that, like other slaves I must have food and rest;—above all, that he must abide by me, lest I should be used as I was last evening on this very spot.—He derided me,—he spat upon me.—Is that like a father?—He struck me.—Is *that* like a father?—He—"

"And you would have dashed your stiletto into my side, had not the stranger yonder prevented you!"—interrupted the man, who perceived that the sympathy of the standers-by was enlisting itself with the oppressed.—"You would have stabbed me!—Is that, I ask you, like a *daughter?*"

"It is like *your* daughter,—for you murdered my mother.—Never deny it!—You murdered her!—Though acquitted for want of evidence, did not the tribunal of Bröny bid you go and repent?"

"I strongly recommend you to take this girl into custody," said I, addressing the soldier, after watching, as well as the deepening shades of evening would permit, the ferocious countenance of the *Zigeun*.—"Here is my address at the Palazzo Gritto. *I* will appear as your witness to-morrow.—I am convinced that if you leave her at liberty, there will be bloodshed before morning."

"There will, — there *shall!*" — added the girl in her former sweet voice, so strangely at variance with the frightful purport of her words. "I surrender myself your prisoner;—and unless you accept me as such, this night shall see the last of him or me!"—

The fellow in the crimson sash protested, however, vehemently against the arrest; promising to bestow paternal coercion upon the damsel, if left to his care. For a moment, the soldier, whose purpose of enjoying the fiddlings of the *fête* was grievously interrupted by the duties of office, had evidently a mind to com-

ply. But a crowd was beginning to gather, inquiring, in a thousand Venetian lispations, the meaning of the affray; and the strong good sense of a popular assemblage, not bamboozled by what is called eloquence, is pretty sure to decide in the right. The Gondolieri and their feminine gender, insisted that the girl ought to be taken to the royal and imperial guard-house on the Zecca, and thither she was accordingly conveyed. Her father would fain have followed, but there were her two fellow exhibitors, the learned ape, and the poodle dog who showed tricks on the cards, to be taken care of; — to say nothing of the piece of faded church tapestry which officiated as their footcloth,—the lanterns belonging to its four corners,—and the chest which contained the wardrobes of all four, and served as a stage to the performers. These demanded his paternal and proprietorial protection, quite as much as his refractory child.

I alone, therefore, followed the soldier and the girl.—I even insisted on her being conveyed

in my gondola ; for the populace, at sound of the word "assassin," was crowding fearfully upon her.—When we entered the gondola, instead of taking her seat on the bench, (no restraint being imposed on her by her companions,) she flung herself headlong on the carpet, and sobbed audibly. It was dark. But I could feel her writhing on the floor at our feet. — I began to wish that I had hit upon some less rigorous mode of extricating her from the hands of her despot ; and even offered a second handful of coin to the soldier to let me land him on the quay of the Canal Reggio, or anywhere else he pleased, and set free his unhappy prisoner.

But the man told me in good set German that my proposition came too late ; — that the wench must be imprisoned that night,—appear before the magistrates on the morrow, and perhaps be sent to work in the Idrian mines before the week was over ! He had no longer an election in the matter. Hundreds had seen her

taken into custody,— hundreds would be ready to bear witness against him, should he fail in his duty.—

On one point I was myself resolved; —that I would not surrender to her the dagger which I still held under my cloak. The temptation might be too strong for that young and impetuous creature, imprisoned in silence, solitude, cold, and hunger, on a winter's night! Time enough to return it to her at the tribunal the following morning.—The soldier who had refused my second gratuity as a bribe for her escape, accepted it as an argument with the sergeant on duty, that she should be gently used, and provided with food and covering in her cell; and Franszetta,—for such I discovered from her father's imprecations to be her name,—so far recognized my care for her preservation, as to seize my hand and cover it with kisses.

There was something in the movement, as she lay there crouching at my feet, so resembling the mute endearments of one of the brute creation,

that I felt towards her at that moment as one feels towards an affectionate and grateful hound, whose caresses are his only mode of demonstrating his attachment.

After seeing her safely deposited by my friend in the white uniform in the hands of an Austrian Bombadier, who looked like a wooden Goliath, and smelt like a tobacconist's shop,—I dashed into my gondola again, and bad the men make off in haste to Byron's lodgings in the Spezieria.—I knew he was to dine with the Contessa Albrizzi, and conceived that he would meet there certain of her Venetian acquaintance, who might put me in the way of befriending the Signorina Franszetta, by means of more fluent Italian and better law than I could possibly pretend to.—Besides, if the truth must out, I was not sorry to have a little adventure to recount, and a heroine to boast of, in return for the eleven thousand with which he had favoured me in the course of our confidences.

"A tumbler — a gipsy — a stabber in the

dark,—yet pure as Lucretia, and beautiful as a houri?"— cried he, proceeding with his toilet, while I, with as much embellishment as prose and honesty would permit, proceeded with my narrative.—"Come, come!—you are practising on my ingenuousness; or you have been drinking healths to St. Stephen in choice alkermès in one of the booths of the Piazza!—Assassinate her father, with half the gondoliers in Venice as witnesses of the act?— These things are not done under the leaden mace of Austria!—Even the *Zigeunr* know better. Remember this is the 20th day of December, Cis, my man,—not the 1st of April.—"

Put on my mettle by these insinuations, I chose also to be on my metal. I produced my stiletto. It was a short blade, of the form, though smaller in dimensions, than a Malay kriss.—The blade was of a lustreless complexion, and had a peculiar musky smell, like that emitted by the rattlesnake; and on the hilt, which was of virgin gold, was a single rough

carbuncle. — Nothing could be ruder than the workmanship of the little weapon. But it looked antique, like one of the early efforts of a tasteful but unenlightened people.

Byron was curious in arms; and he examined this circumspectly, both by sight and scent,— from hilt to point.—

"Tell me in what Armenian armourer's shop you made your purchase," said he, "for I would gladly have its fellow. I have not seen such a poniard since I left the East. I once had one made, almost on its model, for a fair London friend of mine; who has since, I suspect, often longed to send me with it to assist in solving the grand problem."

"I have half a mind to do as much myself," cried I, "as a punishment for your incredulity!— Come with me, however, to-morrow to the police-office on the Zecca, which is closed on account of the *fête* to-night, and you will see Franszetta delivered up to justice, and perhaps assist me in extricating her therefrom."

That night, I met him at the Fenice, whither he had accompanied Countess Albrizzi and a party of noble Paduan friends; and he still persisted in quizzing me upon my adventure, as if no one but himself had ever swam in a gondola or caught a heroine.

But even I, after spending the night in dreaming of Franszetta,—her grace, her beauty, her arrow-like activity, her impetuous ferocity of character, — even I woke in the morning, almost convinced in my turn, that the whole had been the baseless fabric of a vision.

The dagger lay on my table, in refutation of the suggestion. Again, I examined its serpent-smelling blade, and cabalistic-looking carbuncle; and as I passed my sleeve over both, half expected to see some slave of the dagger start up, in the form of an eastern *genie*, to reprove my unbelief.

There was no time to wait for his appearance! I had slept so long to dream of the wild-eyed Franszetta,—(whose name, by the way, I beseech

such of my readers as read aloud, to pronounce Franchetta,) that I had brought it nearly to twelve o'clock, —the time for opening the tribunal.

Byron had promised not only to bear me company, but to assist me with the advice and authority of a grave old gentleman in black, who wrote himself *procuratore* or *avvocato*, and was recommended to him by the Armenian Fathers for the care of his secular affairs.—We were both in high spirits,—he, in anticipation of a novel and perhaps exciting scene,—I, in the expectation of a second glimpse of the strange being in whose destiny I was interesting myself, as well as in the hope of overcrowing my companion.

I was not, however, altogether satisfied to exhibit the charms of my gipsy beauty to so accomplished a *conosciatore*. The imaginative wildness of eye and gesture of Franszetta could not fail to enchant a man with so much music in his soul. Still greater would be the fascination of her reckless desperation,—of her wayward

humour.—Byron was attaining that epoch in the life of a sinful son of clay and clubs *blasé* with the softer pleasures of the heart, when nothing is so exciting as the turbulence of a virago. It was not long afterwards that Margarita Cogni obtained an ascendancy over him by smashing looking-glasses, and pulling his raven curls till he roared again, in their lovers' quarrels.

I had a presentiment that Franszetta would become his idol; and my mien was grave in proportion to my fears, as we ascended together the stone steps of the police-office, to which the double-bodied eagle of Austria was affixed, like a bird of prey to a barn, by way of warning to addle-headed birds still on the wing.

There stood the soldier,—there the sergeant. —There sat the official in his black silk robe.— There lay before him an open book, containing his registry of committals. In every corner of the office lurked the smell of tobacco, and the dirty dogs of *sbirri*, by whose garments and

the Saracenic physiognomy made his appearance, growling and blaspheming at the announcement of his daughter's disappearance;—a plain proof, that whatever evil had betided her, she was not in his power.

The fear of being laughed at, which operates so disgracefully upon our actions in this weakest of worlds, prevented my following up my inquiries as I wished to do, and perhaps ought to have done. I had quizzed Byron so unmercifully about his passion for the linendraper's wife, that I felt satisfied he would cruelly retaliate upon mine for a mountebank, if I evinced even ordinary interest in Franszetta's destinies.

So I went my ways home, and pondered upon these things. I have always felt deep sympathy in the gipsy race:—

> Tribe of the wandering foot and weary breast,—

that most peculiar and especial race, which, whether derived of Ishmael or Cain, surviveth in all the countries of the old world, to attest that it

is not upon the Jews only, the hand of election or reprobation hath set its seal. Independent of the beauty and grace of this strange girl,—independent of the interest attached to her sad position, — I earnestly desired to see her again, in order to interrogate her, as well as my imperfect German would admit, concerning the usages of her people and her erratic habits of life.

I felt, therefore, like a child robbed of its toy, on discovering that I was to see no more of her. But for the stiletto, I should have almost begun to doubt whether I had ever seen her at all. There it was, however, safe within my vest; the warmth of my bosom bringing forth its musky odour, till I could almost have fancied a nest of snakes coiling around me.

Altogether, my mood was somewhat mystical and Hoffmann-ish!—I had heard the preceding night, for the first time, Rossini's opera of "Otello;" — in *my* opinion, the only really serious opera ever produced by that beautiful but essentially unspiritual composer. With the

exception of a few passages in the "Semiramide," nothing of his ever touched me so nearly. The scene of Desdemona's tapestried chamber in the second act, at the Fenice, was a facsimile of the one I occupied in the Palazzo Gritti; — and albeit no one who knows Venice, where

> Tasso's echoes are no more,
> And silent rows the songless gondolier,

would expect to find a line from Dante conveyed to him by a fine bass voice from the Canal Grande, I confess that after hearing the

> Nessun maggior dolor
> Che ricordarsi del tempo felice
> Nella miseria,—

breathe so touching an interruption to the woes of Desdemona, I felt that I should never pace my dark and somewhat fantastic chamber after the drowsy bell had stricken midnight, without expecting some such mournful ejaculation to startle its appalling stillness.

That day, I dined with Byron at the Pelle-

grino; and bore at the hands of my friend a series of whips and stings, which he, who made no secret of his susceptibility to quizzing, ought not to have inflicted.—Nay, he was so wondrous witty in twitting me with Mignon, and branding me with the name of Wilhelm Meister, that I was obliged to silence him by declaring that, if I had stolen my love-passage from Goethe's romance, *he* had pilfered from it his opening stanza in the Bride of Abydos; vindicating himself with a protest of not knowing a word of German, when every ignoramus of us was familiarized with the verses in question, by the translation contained in Madame de Stael's clever rhapsody upon Germany.

He was almost angry;—for, sooth to say, we were drinking deeper than was the practice of either; and I was glad to divert his attention from my charge, by bringing forward a favourite theory of mine concerning the said *Lehrjahr*:—that in Mignon and Albertine, the poet intended to typify Celestial and Terrestrial Love,

just as Shakspeare personified the two extremes of the *Geisterwelt*,— the sylph and gnome,— in the Ariel and Caliban of his Enchanted Island, —a psychological antithesis of the happiest kind.

"Upon this hint he spake;"—and when Byron *really* spoke, I defy any man of sense, in his senses, to do aught but listen!

It was late when I got home from a second representation of the thrilling "Otello,"—of which, however, we heard only a fragment.—But it was a fragment that contained the *Preghiera*, the "*Sono innocente!*"—the "*Perfido ingrato!*"—and the catastrophe; and which consequently

Sent the hearers weeping to their beds.—

I repaired to mine, not weeping perhaps, but shuddering—partly with cold,—partly with discomfiture.—My last charge to Berto (a burly Fiessian who served me as gondolier and groom of the chambers,) was to pile up the fire-place with logs, to cheer me through a night which I felt was to be sleepless.—My mind seemed

in a state of somnambulism; — my pillow only redoubled my sense of restlessness. — With the desperation of all nervous persons, I left my curtains undrawn, that I might command, as I lay, the whole extent of my chamber, and admire the design of its tapestry, whereon was expressed, with becoming sadness, the death of Adonis, exhibited in his last agonies giving up the ghost in the depths of a wood gloomy as the pine-forest of Ravenna.

Right opposite to my bed, whose venerable draperies were of dingy velvet, graced by a vallance of old Venice point,—stood a huge mirror upon an old-fashioned toilet-table, — Venetian also, both in point of point and of glass; — and to the right of the bed, at some twenty paces betwixt it and the mirror, a table, whereon, previous to betaking myself to rest, I deposited Franszetta's stiletto.—

I was in the strangest mood of mind.—All the bewilderments that wine, music, and romance introduce into the interstices of a somewhat

spongy brain, were seething and fermenting in mine.—I was possessed by that demon of Doubt which seems suddenly to subdue the mind, and deprive all things, earthly and unearthly, of their stability. Every object, in and out of nature, became suddenly a matter of inquiry and misgiving. The society of Byron usually operated upon me like a dose of opium, — *not* as a narcotic, — but the origin of a trance wherein the body becomes transfixed while the soul acquires preternatural activity.—

In just such a state of *clairvoyance* was I now !—My spirit " o'er-informed its tenement of clay." I began to see or imagine those things in heaven or earth, which in Horatio's philosophy were undreamed of. Before my mind's eye flitted the forms of the trembling Desdemona of the Fenice ; — of Mignon, out-Mignoned by the busy fancy and fervid eloquence of Byron ; — and of Franszetta, as she stood on the platform of St. Mark's, rage flashing in her eyes, and the stiletto flashing in her hand !

The atmosphere seemed instinct with aërial beings to my nympholeptic and delirious fancy.

The night was bitter and cutting as the Arctic Circle or a conjugal retort, — and cheerless as it was chilling. But for the crackling of the fire upon the hearth, I could scarcely have borne the sad wailing of the wind, driving showers of sleet against the windows, — seeming to sob at intervals, like the moans of a soul in torment. The very tapestry was heaved from the wall by these searching gusts. — Everything looked portentous. — Everything sounded like an omen. — The very bell of St. Mark's, as it struck the hours, had an appalling vibration that night, as if conscious that evil was betiding!

I was beginning to feel that even the chirrup of a cricket on the hearth would be a comfort to me, as token of the presence of a living thing, —when, lo! — right across the mirror on which the brightness of the fire-light was reflected, flitted a shadow,—*the shadow of a human form!*

In our conversations at Diodati the preceding

autumn, our little circle of illuminati had so often indulged in daring speculations, touching the world of spirits, (speculations that gave rise to Byron's fragment, Polidori's Vampire, and Mary Shelley's Frankenstein,) that I own I indulged a little in the superstition reproved by St. Paul.—I am not ashamed to admit my weakness.—People are fond of attributing such imaginings to scepticism, as if the reappearance of the dead were not an especial article of Christian belief. For my part, I hold with the highest of all authorities, that Fear is the beginning of Wisdom; and that those who begin by deriding the spilling of the salt, will end by mocking the overthrow of the altar!—This is not a pure excuse for my own frailty. I do not blush to admit that, at sight of that passing shadow, my breath came as short as that of the lover of Honoria, as he stood, horror-struck, in the demon-haunted forest!—

My second thought, or rather my first,—for some seconds elapsed before I had courage to

think at all,—was that some person was concealed in my chamber. My next impulse, to start up, and rush to the table where lay the stiletto of Franszetta.—

It was gone! —

Though certain as I lived, that the last thing I had done after Berto's quitting the room and my bolting it for the night, was to place it on the table, from which I had scarcely since withdrawn my eyes, — it was no longer there! —

I was now assured that some one was in the room, probably with a murderous purpose. — Yet, instead of proceeding to an immediate examination, by beating the curtains, the draperies, and the angles formed by one or two ponderous cabinets, I contented myself with taking from the latter my pocket-pistols, which, after Byron's fashion, I kept always charged; — and laying them beside me on the bed, to which I retreated. By lying quiet, I might encourage the miscreant to come forth and meet his fate.

The bed I must tell you, dear reader, — as you may never have happened to be a lodger in the Palazzo Gritti,—stood in a recess, with a space around it to admit the passage of a servant. Between me and the wall, therefore, was an ambush. The curtains were drawn.—I had perhaps only to tear them aside, and discover the ferocious eyes of an assassin glaring upon me. Yet I refrained!—I felt as if acting under the pressure of supernatural agency.—I kept my eyes fixed upon the glass, expecting to see the shadow traverse it as before. But though I strained them with watching, nothing appeared.—I fancied, however,—so full of fancies does one become in situations of this kind,— that I heard the breath of a concealed person,—nay, a sigh, —a deep sigh uttered so close to me, that I was able, as it were, to *feel* the invisible presence!—

There was no bearing this.—I was about to snatch up the pistols that lay on the bed, and discharge one of them by way of warning;—

when, lo! on extending my hand,—*they were gone also!*—

Great God!—what was the meaning of all this?—Was I losing my senses,—or was I about to lose my life?—It was useless to affect bravado. It would only hasten my fate, to rush forth, detect, and challenge my enemy. All I had to do, was to recommend myself to Heaven,—not tremble if I could help it,—and be as still as death!—Still enough, perhaps, I was destined to be, shortly!—

Some five minutes elapsed, which my agitation converted into twice as many hours, when I became convinced that the respiration which I still distinctly heard, proceeded not from behind the ponderous curtain, by which the sound must have been stifled,—but from the open side of the bed.—

My immediate impulse was to thrust forth my hand.—As instantly did it encounter an object,—a clay-cold cheek,—the touch of which thrilled through my frame like a bolt of ice!—

The fleckering fire-light at that moment threw up a tongue of flame; enabling me to perceive a female figure, seated upon the velvet hassock that lay beside my bed, to enable me to climb into its lofty altitudes; — a female figure, of exceeding loveliness!

I beseech my reader to cry aloud, in the eager tone of Mrs. Siddons in Lady Randolph,—

"WAS IT ALIVE?"

CHAPTER II.

And then she gaily wandered through the world
Wherein her fancy led her, and would stray
(The sails of her bright meteor wings unfurl'd)
Through many a populous city, and survey
The chambers of the sleeping; oft she curl'd
The locks of young chaste maidens as they lay,
And lit new lustre in their sleeping eyes,
And breathed upon their cheeks the bloom of Paradise.

MOULTRIE.

Τις δ' οιδεν ει ζην τουθ' ὁ κεκληται θανειν,
Το ζην δε θνησκειν εστι;—EURIP.

Somnia, terrores magicos, miracula, sagas,
Nocturnos lemures, portentiaque Thessala.

HOR.

PROSY people, a race against which I entertain what Beckford (in speaking of the antiquary who talked him to death about the under drain-

age of the amphitheatre of Verona,) calls "a capital aversion,"—people, I say, who are habitually prosy, are sure to select some moment when one's heart is on tenter-hooks, to achieve the slow winding of their ball of cotton. Just when we have made some agonising discovery, or are expecting the consummation of the event that is to complete our happiness or plunge us into irremediable woe, in proses the bore, with a long-winded story about nothing,—causing us to send him, by mental execration, to a spot whereunto, the best railroad going, would require half a dozen ages for his conveyance!—

No doubt my readers are at this moment favouring *me* with a gentle apostrophe of the same amiable description. People say, "I wish you were at Hanover!"—or "go to the devil!"—as if synonymous. Lest he who holds my pages in his hand should utter any such terrible denunciation, I cut short a very interesting article upon apparitions and spectra, which I had intended to insert at this place, to heighten the interest, and

by what the Yankees call "piling up the agony," prove that I am a tolerable dab at fine writing,—a species of composition good only "*al dilettar le femine e per la plebe.*"—But it shan't be lost. I will give it a head and tail, and send it to "The Monthly Chronicle," where heads and tales are always in urgent request.

Where was I?—At the clay cold cheek methinks, or rather at the death-like chill which congealed the very marrow within my bones, when I discovered the strange motionless figure stationed at my bedside. Certes the apparition had taken no *very* alarming shape, being that of a fair Venetian; not of *bel sangue*,—not a *nobil dama*,—not a Mocenigo, or Gradenigo, or Albrizzi, or Benzoni, or Grimani, or Balbi,—but one who would call herself "VENEZIANA!"—and think it title enough, if her costume did not sufficiently announce her to be a child of the Lagune.

I had been only a month in Venice,—a month devoted to its churches and palaces, its Titians and Giorgiones, rather than to pursuits likely to

expose me to assassination from a female hand. I had loved nobody and consequently nobody had a right to hate me. But perhaps the *fazziolo* might be a mere decoy?—The pistols and stiletto might still be in the hands of an accomplice!—

This notion vanished in a moment as the figure, turning slowly round, disclosed to me the beautiful features of FRANSZETTA!—Franszetta domiciled in my house,—at that hour,—cold,—sad,—cheerless.—The welcome I offered sufficiently expressed my sympathy.

"No nearer, 'celenza!" cried she, recoiling from my advance, and brandishing her weapon in a style almost as resolute as she had displayed the preceding night on the Piazza. "Should I be here, think you, but that I know myself capable of self-defence?—Lie quietly down.—The night is cold, as if man and not providence had made it.—The Euganean hills will be white before morning. But blessed be God, we have a good roof over our heads.—With your leave, I will throw on another log; and then resume my

place here, and say out all I have to disclose: for I would fain retain my confidence in your goodness. Such frankness of soul and speech as mine ought to beget honest dealing in return."

"Quick, quick, then, with the fire!" cried I, "for I have a thousand questions to ask, touching your escape last night, and the means by which you effected your entrance here."

"Neither exploit is much to boast of," she replied, obeying my behest, and after despatching her task, resuming her seat on the hassock. "It needed only for your domestics to keep as careless a watch as their master, who, with his eyes fixed just now on my stiletto, suffered me to snatch it from the table unobserved."

She took the poniard from her bosom as she spoke, and pressed her lips to the blade, passing it along them with a slow and tender movement, as we caress that which is dearest to us in the world.

"It was to claim this of you that I came,"

said she. "Before this hour to-morrow I shall have quitted Venice. A vessel is sailing for Fiume. From thence, I will push my way back into our country, under the guidance of some of our own people,—who, in Istria and Dalmatia, have settlements in almost every village. But I would not depart without my stiletto; no, no! I would not go without my stiletto.—It is all I can call my own in this world.—It has been my friend in danger, my friend in desolation. It was the dying gift of my poor, poor mother.—Admit, 'celenza, that I could not leave Venice without my stiletto?"—

"It were more gracious if you said you would not leave it, without seeing again one who has shown such eager dispositions to befriend you, Franszetta!—" said I, reproachfully.

"I should lie were I to pretend that gratitude had any share in my visit," she replied, with provoking calmness; "and when I hazard a falsehood, I do it so awkwardly that a child might detect me. But why lose our time in

mutual compliments?—I want you to tell me exactly what passed to-day at the police; whether they supposed me drowned or rescued;—and what manner of threats were uttered by my father?"—

I told her all. I described, with as much fluency as my halting German would allow, the unconcealed rage, not of the parent who had lost his child, but the juggler who had lost his apprentice.

"You are a shrewd guesser!" cried Franszetta, almost with a laugh. "As far as his love reacheth, it were indifferent to him to leave me at the bottom of the canal, or on the stones of the quay. In his heart he loathes me. No wonder. When a child loathes its parent, there must be loathing in return. And I hate him!—*Yes*, I *hate* him!—And Heaven will forgive me the sin,—for my mother's blood is on his hand!"—

"*Poverina!*"—said I, directing towards her an involuntary glance of pity.

"But the ape, and Grelotte, and I, between us, earned him two hundred scudi at the fair of Trieste," continued Franszetta, resuming her usual tone, "and he expected to have done as much more with us at Verona. We were then to have pushed on to Milan,—and so home, across the Tyrol, and Styria. But this time, I was beforehand with him!—I could stand it no longer. I have to thank *you*, 'celenza, for saving me from embruing my hands in blood; for after that, I fear, even Fridszin would not have forgiven me."

"And who is Fridszin?" said I, prepared by her manner of pronouncing the name, for the answer that was to follow.

"Fridszin is my lover," said she; "my husband soon,—if I can accomplish, in safety, the long and terrible journey before me. We are *Zigeuner*, 'celenza,—that much you know already. There are many such in the country where I saw the light. The Hungarians of the Krapaks call us Tsigàny,—Cigany,—and give

us a name at least, though they allow us neither hearthstone nor rooftree !— The hut in which I was born at Bröny, is an excavation in the sand-cliffs, near Kremnitz,—part of a large settlement,— one of the largest in Hungary,— and favoured with higher advantages; for our people are attached to the Imperial mines."

"And is Fridszin a miner?" I inquired, eager to enjoy again the melting intonation with which she had pronounced the name she loved.

"He is not so favoured," replied Franszetta. "To be a labourer in the gold mines, you must be a born vassal of some magnat. Fridszin is a poor orphan lad, who works in the Imperial glass manufactory, at Bröny. We used to play together when children; rolling and sporting together in our tattered garments on the greensward, and sharing all that is assigned by Providence to the enjoyment of all,— —the blue skies,—the clear waters,—the fields, —the flowers,—the summer weather; and as we progressed into the cares and labours of life, our

hearts grew together into love, as branches of the same tree bear flowers at the same moment. I loved him very dearly before I knew it; and after I knew it, (for the moment he asked me the question, I discovered my secret,) I felt only the prouder of loving one to whom I was so dear. I knew how to value the happiness of being loved;—for all spring and summer,—(poor child of misery that I was!—) I was forced away from home, to wander from fair to fair, and town to town, with Grelotte and the ape; and I swear to you, that my father cared no more for me, and tended me no more than he did my two companions; — nay, less! — for when the ape was sick, he was anxious,—saying the beast was too delicate for the rude climate of Hungary; whereas, when aught ailed *me*, I was left to grow well again as I listed. —Right glad was I, when poor Grelotte, who had been reared with me, used to come and lie at my feet of nights, and lick my hands at my waking.—I weary you, 'celenza!—I want

you to know why I so love Fridszin. I want you to know that, during those dreary nights and comfortless days, it was my solace to think that my poor mother was not lonely during my absence, but that Fridszin laboured to make her life easier; always in and out of the hovel, —devoting his leisure hours to work for her, and be unto her as a son."—

"For which good deed, a grateful daughter plighted her faith to him in return!—Was it not so, Franszetta?"—

"Would you have had me regardless of his devotion — *his*,— the kindest and truest of human beings!—Yet, my father hated me for what he called my poorness of spirit; Fridszin being but a poor friendless boy; while *I*, he said, possessed means of acquiring riches for myself and those belonging to me. So much the better, I thought, whenever I thought of Fridszin! — But what was worse than hating *me*, my father used to revile my mother for having sanctioned our affection;

and so the older I grew, the wider was the breach between me and him who had the privilege of inflicting punishment upon me, heavier than I could bear. It was all this," continued Franszetta, in a more resolute tone, "that made a woman of me! — I am but a child," said she, suddenly extending towards me her slight delicate hand and arm; "you perceive that this is the limb of a child,—yet, I have the heart and soul of a lioness!"—

"The ferocity of one!" cried I, laughing. "Children do not stab, my pretty Franszetta. Children do not swim a canal, in the dead of night,—or clamber up through the window of a Venetian palace—"

"Into a young man's bed-room. — Say it out!" continued Franszetta, coolly. "What I have courage to do, I have courage to hear repeated; and my conscience is so clear on both points, I have so little fear either from myself or you, that I give you leave to say your worst. A kinder thing were to curb your

mocking humour, and listen.— For the night advances, 'celenza! — Perhaps you want to sleep?"—

I assured her I had not the least disposition to close my eyes; but was careful to avoid irritating the wayward creature by a single expression of kindness.

"This is the first time," said Franszetta, suddenly starting up from her cushion, and gazing round her with wonder and delight, — "that I was ever in the sleeping room of a Palazzo!—I have been called in to courts and halls, at Pesth, at Presburg, at Trieste, at a hundred places, to amuse the poor, listless, gaping nobles, with my feats of activity; and to judge by their rapture at my tumbling, or the antics of Grelotte and the ape, they must lead a dreary life! — But beyond their fine clothes, and menials in gaudy suits, or the pieces they flung me in payment,— what knew I of their ways? — Nothing in their cold, colourless existence tempted me. If such

be the dreariness of the rich, God keep me poor!"

The language in which Franszetta conveyed these ideas, was of somewhat higher tone than all this common-place. But I was absorbed in the contemplation of something more picturesque than even her language; namely, her singular buoyancy of figure and elasticity of step, as she flitted round the apartment, verifying by her touch the nature of the objects it contained,—the hangings, the tapestry, the books, the various glittering objects scattered upon the toilet-table. But no sooner did she find herself opposite the large swing-glass, to which I have before adverted, than her delight became ecstatic. It was probably the first time she had seen the full reflection of her own fair person; for she stood there a moment, transfixed, then broke into gestures and attitudes, each of which might have served Canova as a study for a new Ballerina. I never beheld anything more remarkable than her power of com-

pressing her pliant form, cowering, as it were, into a ball; then, suddenly recovering her grace and vivacity, assuming a succession of postures stolen from some yet undiscovered treasury of nature.

She seemed to lose all thought and recollection of *me*, or where she was, or what had brought her there; and give herself up to the enjoyment of her calling, and admiration of her own feats and graces, of which she was for the first time an eye-witness. There she stood,—sometimes poised on the point of a single foot, her delicate white arms tossed gracefully above her head, in a *pose* that a Bayadere might have envied; the light of the fire shining fitfully upon her figure and its reflection in the mirror, so as to impart to both an appearance equally unreal;—and there I lay,—my breath suspended,—wondering whether the whole scene were not the fantastic coinage of a dream, and satisfied that by attempting to ascertain its reality, I should drive the reckless Franszetta to some desperate act. All I

had to do was to wait the issue as she chose to construct it.

The stiletto was in her hand; and she seemed to take especial delight, as she brandished it in the rapid movements of a sort of national military dance, to watch the flashing light caused by the reflections of the fire upon its blade, and of the blade upon the mirror. After all, there was more of the child than the woman in her antics and perceptions. She could not have numbered more than sixteen years. It was in wilfulness only she was a woman.

At length, panting and exhausted, she flew back to the bed-side,—flung herself on the cushion,—and threw back her head to rest upon the coverlet; so as to afford me a full view of her laughing face, brightened by exercise, and excited by the triumphs of her skill out of all recollection of her sorrows.

"How warm it is here,—how soft,—how tranquil,—how bright,—how happy!" cried she, as if pursuing her previous train of reflections.

"How different from the biting air of the Canal Reggio last night, — how different from the smoky cavern of our home at Bröny!"—

"But were such a residence as this your own, *Liebchen*," said I, "you would scarcely find amusements in tumbling and pirouetting all night, when reasonable people are in bed and asleep?"—

"Perhaps not," she replied, with quiet self-possession; "for then, I should be a *dama*,—living here with my lord;—not the affianced wife of Fridszin the *Zigeun*, and sworn upon my mother's dying bed to be a faithful one. My poor mother!"—she exclaimed, the expression of her mutable countenance changing in a moment. "Oh! if you knew how precious her memory is and ought to be to me!—I told you before, 'celenza, that she was murdered!—The monster from whom you rescued me last night, felled her to the ground with an axe, as she was pursuing her household labours by her own hearth-side; merely because she insisted on keeping me with her now that I was a woman grown, instead of

seeing me dragged from fair to fair, and shown for hire, within hearing of things to which no woman's ear should hearken, and exposed to perils more fatal to woman's happiness than steel, or wave, or cold, or hunger. He killed her, 'celenna. —I saw her fall!—I bore her poor body to the miserable bed, where I and my little brothers had been born to her;—miserable bed,—where she had shed her bitter tears in silence when I was absent, and where sleep was vouchsafed her only because those who labour hard from sunrise to nightfall, must find rest at last.—There she lay,—writhing like a crushed snake,—her life-blood ebbing away;—my little brothers kneeling at a distance on the floor,—not daring to approach, lest they should be wet with her blood;—nor to hasten to the factory after Fridszin, as I bad them, lest they should encounter by the way the desperate man, who, after murdering his patient, humble wife, rushed out into the darkness, in a mood to kill and slay, for very madness!—

"I saw her die, 'celenza,—die slowly and in torment;—for how could I assuage her sufferings?—I, a poor ignorant girl of fifteen!—Shall I tell you what she said to me, during the two miserable hours I hung over her?"—

"Not if the recital distress you thus, Franszetta," said I,—perceiving, as I took her hand in mine, that it was cold as death; while on her smooth forehead were rising dews of profound emotion.

"She said that her life had been a life of bitterness,—of blows,—of toil,—of want,—of woe!—that no sunshine had shone upon her, save from the faces of her children. But that now, she was going to her Maker,—to her exceeding great reward!—'My comfort on this cruel deathbed,' said she, 'is, that my soul is pure from stain,—that amid all my trouble, all my weariness, vice never found a crevice to enter my dwelling.—Wherefore I know that I shall rejoin my mother and my God, in a land where there are no tears,—no trials!'—And then, 'celenza,—

then,—as I tried to stanch the blood welling from her wounded throat, she uttered charges to me, too sacred to be breathed by any voice in any ear, save by a mother's to her daughter's; and bestowed upon me her dying blessing, and the stiletto which her dying mother had with her benediction bestowed upon herself,—an Eastern relique of our tribe, who, they say, are from the land of the Saviour. Only a minute before she died, she bad me be an honest wife to Fridszin, as she had been to him who was sending her to her grave,—if I had hope to meet her in heaven with the love and trust we had shared together on earth!—And when I leant down, 'celenza, to kiss her poor lips, in token of my solemn pledge in life and death to obey her, —the breath was gone forth from them!—I had no longer a mother!—only the holy commandments she had given me,—and the poor, bruised, bleeding body, which had sacrificed all to keep me spotless with a spotlessness like hers.—Oh! surely—surely—the angels of God must have

taken to their charge so bright, so true a soul! —

"And now," cried Franszetta, starting up, after a pause of deep emotion, during which her thoughts appeared to be absorbed in inward prayer, —and, standing erect upon the floor, with her arms crossed over her panting bosom, and her brows wearing an expression of mingled anguish and intelligence impossible to describe,—"and now, 'celenza, tell me whether, with this poniard in my hand,—this heart in my bosom,—I have aught to fear from being alone in your chamber at midnight?"—

"Nothing,—nothing!—Compose yourself!—" said I, awed by perceiving the veins upon her temples swollen with emotion, and her whole frame tremulous, as with the passion of a Pythoness. "Sit down again, Franszetta, and tell me gently what has since betided you, and what are your projects."

"It was spring-time when all this chanced," said the girl, her voice sinking again into a

desponding murmur; "for I remember that when I went my way at day-break to the high bailiff's at Bröny, to call upon the authorities to bury the dead and deal the rigour of their laws upon the murderer, as I hurried along the green turf bordering the road, I trod upon the first primroses of the year. I saw their pale stars even through my tears; and so long as I live, and so dearly as I love the spring, shall never look with pleasure upon those flowers again! —

"'Celenza! — they buried their dead — but they dealt no justice on the living! — None had seen the blow. Even I and my little brothers knew only that we had found our mother bleeding on her hearthstone,—the door of the hut open, all in disorder.—All to which I bore witness, as having heard from her lips, they rejected; for the laws of Hungary discountenance so monstrous an act as for a child to swear away the life of a parent. But such laws never contemplated the existence of a father like mine! And so, as it mattered little to the bailiwick

whether there were a *Zigeuner* woman or child the more or less in the world, saving so far as they were troubled with their correction, the tribunal admonished me to go home with my father, and study to be a dutiful daughter to him in his bereavement! — A dutiful daughter to *him!*"—

Would I could convey an idea of the thrill of horror and despair expressed by the gestures of Franszetta, as she seemed to contemplate anew the terrors of such a sentence. — I could almost fancy I was returning with her into the desolate hut, from which the body of her mother had been removed! —

"I obeyed — I had no choice. — I went home, though she was no longer there!"—murmured the poor girl, — making no effort to repress the tears that fell in heavy drops upon her bosom, as she reseated herself by the bed-side. "There was no kind voice to soothe me,—no fondling hand to comfort me,—only the two boys crying beside the cold ashes on the hearth!—But

there, even there, was the trace of —— oh! God!—my poor, poor mother!"—

Half stifled by her suffocating sobs, a grievous pause ensued. At length, I took courage to inquire of Franszetta, whether her father had ventured, at such a moment, to renew his violence?

"He *dared* not!"—cried the girl; "for he knew that the eye of authority was upon him, and that the neighbours were resolved, on any new act of cruelty against us, to inflict summary punishment upon him. Besides, his bread depended on my skill or his own labour;—and he loved his ease as he loved the *raki* flask. So on our return home, 'celenza, he spoke me fair; and, laying all that had chanced to the score of drink and passion, swore that, if I would pursue my calling as a tumbler only another year, he would place the poor boys in the school of the bailiwick during our absence from Bröny, and at the end of my apprenticeship, grant me half my gains, by way of dowry."

"And Fridszin?"—said I, interrupting her; "did he accede to this proposal, instead of claiming you as a wife?"

"Alas! 'celenza, on the very eve of my poor mother's death, he was sent off by the commissioners to Vienna, with a cargo from the imperial factory, under escort;—and was not to be back till summer.—He had been chosen at a minute's warning by the director, as trustworthiest of the workmen; with the choice of forfeiting his place, or departing without so much as a word of farewell!"

"Poor fellow,—poor Franszetta!"—

"Even had he been there, what could he have done?—I was a minor,—my father's bondswoman;—and was it likely he would consent to lose me by a marriage with a penniless workman, when so great was my renown, that the Leopoldstadt theatre had bidden money for me, to figure in one of their magic stage-plays?—From ten years old, I had been exhibiting all the summer months at Raab,

Presburg, Ofen, and elsewhere. My father's business was to frequent fairs with his dulcimer, and Grelotte, and the ape, showing conjuring tricks, and mending stringed instruments; and so long as they were only three, their gains were so small, that he often said he would almost as soon work in the mines or turn the plough, as my mother was ever entreating. But from the moment he thought of carrying *me* with him to display the feats of activity he had taught me as a pastime for winter nights, his copper earnings became silver; and he was in hopes,—more than in hopes,—that as I grew older and stronger, the silver might turn to gold.—You know not all I can do, 'celenna, when the blood is not stagnant in my veins with cold, as it was last night on the Piazza, or my muscles unstrung with hunger;—nay, I know not myself.—There is a spirit within me that sometimes carries me, as it were, *into* the air: and the flower could no more give you a reason why it blows, than I how I conjure

up the postures that bring down the plaudits of the standers-by. — They come to me, as my life came, by the will of heaven."

"But since you are thus successful, Franszetta," said I —"whence the abject poverty you complain of? —"

"Because, after passing the day in the square of some great city,—a show to the people till it shames me to know myself a woman, and soon to be a wife,— at night, the bag of money I have worked so hard for, is melted away at the wine-house! — Not a *tratteria* in Trieste or Venice in which that man has not squandered his means, while I was famishing in our wretched lodgings! —Yesterday, you heard me refuse to dance after dark, because the night before, when I had been breaking my very heartstrings to tumble for the sailors of the Zecca, the heavy bag of silver I had collected never so much as entered our dwelling!—Dice and drink emptied it before morning!"—

"You are right!—Such a father has forfeited

all claim over you!" cried I. "But how, my poor girl,—*how* are you to escape from Venice without his knowledge?"—

"How did I escape from the guardhouse last night without that of the Bombadier,—how arrive in your chamber without alarming your servants?—Think you that Nature has endowed me with such force of muscle and agility of limb, without suggesting them as a means of defence? You, a noble, and bred in enervation and luxury, cannot dream the strength of arm and heart and soul, of one of the people.—You know not of what I am capable!—"

"You are a little miracle, Franszetta,—a miracle of moral courage, as of strength and feeling!—" cried I, with a sentiment of profound sympathy.—"But so young,—so unprotected—"

The smile on Franszetta's lip displayed mingled archness and bitterness.—"Strive and thrive!—" cried she.—"Nothing was ever achieved by moaning.—In these Venetian weeds,

'celenza, *who* will recognize Franszetta the dancing girl?—Did *you* know me at first, when I sat shivering here by your bedside?—I have flung aside those villanous spangled slippers and velvet jerkin, for good and all!—I would not so much as part with them to the salesman of whom I purchased my *fazziolo*, but tossed them into the canal on my way hither. If words of mine could only say how I abhorred them!—Never shall I forget my sense of loathing when my father took them out of the chest into which they had been thrust at the time of my poor mother's death; and I saw that, from some of the rags thrown in with them, they had contracted stains of blood!—"

"And when do you expect to reach Bröny?" said I, willing to change the current of her thoughts.

"When God pleases!" replied Franszetta. "He permitted my poor mother to be slain in her innocence. It is not always prayer or virtue that obtains the protection of Heaven. But

that good mother is now among the angels, — and I feel that she will plead for me, — and that it will go well with her child."—

"And when you arrive at home, you will become the wife of Fridszin?"—

"If he content himself to resign all for my sake, and flee the country. For it would be death for me to await there my father's return. Nay, Fridszin must do more! — He must carry off my little brothers with us; for not for my life's sake, would I leave my mother's sons at the mercy of that man."

"But since your labour will scarcely enable you to support your two selves?"—

"Providence is over all!—If we are in need, a burthen is the lighter borne, the more there are to bear it."—

"At least, Franszetta, you will not deny me my share in the good work. I owe you some compensation for the bitter plunge into the Canal Reggio, to which I condemned you last night."

"You fancy, then, that I had to swim for it?—Did it never occur to you, that the old Gallician sergeant could be moved to mercy as well as yourself?—Do you hold with my country people that '*Német ember, nem ember?*'—Must you be the only Christian in the world?" —And the saucy girl clasped her hands over her *fazziolo*, and laughed till her white teeth became visible, at my look of stupefaction; in this, as in every other mood and guise, displaying the mutability of a playful child.

Not, however, to dwell too lengthily on perfections that must have been seen to be appreciated in all their rapid changes, suffice it that my contributions towards her travelling-purse were as liberal as my means allowed. Luckily perhaps for my prudence, my treasury was chiefly stored with Hammersly's notes; to Franszetta, about as available as the bill of my day's dinner at the Pellegrino. But in addition to some twenty ducats, I forced upon her acceptance two rings of price, (one of them the gift of my sister

Julia,) to which she could have recourse on an evil day. All this it was an easy matter to deposit in a little leathern bag which she wore within her girdle, already stored with a few gold coins, — gifts, on various occasions, from magnats and noble ladies, before whom she had exhibited her feats of agility.

"I accept your goodness without scruple, 'celenza," said she, "for I see that you are rich, as well as generous." She had been surveying with wonder and delight the ornaments of crystal and gold displayed on my toilet, belonging to the dressing-case (to which I have already adverted as the gift of Lady Ormington). "You have scattered benefits upon me out of your abundance, nor have they fallen on an ungrateful soil! — I shall bless you on my desolate journey; — I shall bless you when I reach my miserable home; — I shall bless you when I fold my little brothers in my arms; — I shall bless you when I am folded in those of Fridszin; — I shall bless you in my prayers, when I

kneel upon my mother's grave! — I know not your name — I know not your country. — You have a language which is neither that of Italy, nor Germany, nor Hungary; but your heart seems to inherit from the same fatherland as mine; and *that* it is which makes me speak to you so freely, — without fear of your greatness, — without fear of your riches, — without fear even of your youth and gallantry. — When you appeared so suddenly yesterday on the Piazza, a stranger in Venice, and speaking the language as imperfectly as myself, I hailed you as a protector sent by GOD and my mother to my defence! — There was something so noble in your air, — so kindly in your voice, — something I seemed to recognise as though heard and seen a thousand times before! — Do you suppose, 'celenza, there are no brothers and sisters in the world, save children of the same parents? — Do you imagine that there is not more sympathy of nature betwixt you and me, than betwixt me and the father who beats

me with stripes, and would glory in seeing me brought to shame?"—

"I am thankful to you, pretty Franszetta," I replied, "for adopting me as a brother. But thus far it is a brother's duty to warn you: that you will gain little credit in the eyes of men from having passed the night in my chamber:—and that when discovered here in the morning—"

"What care have such as I for credit in the eyes of men?"—interrupted Franszetta, with something of her wild recklessness of the preceding night.—"Think you that a mummer of the market-place can be curious in matters of fair renown, like your *nobil dama*, who goes to the ball of the Cavalchina with her gallant, and fancies that, because masqued from her equals, she is hidden from the eye of Heaven?—No, 'celenza, no! The eyes of my mother, and of Him with whom she abideth for evermore, know that I have done no wrong;—that, were I to die this night, my soul would depart

from me pure as when it struggled into this world of care! — As for being discovered here, — but no matter! — Sleep in peace, 'celenza. — You are weary. — The embers burn low. — The night draws out. — Sleep in peace! — *I* will watch beside you; and when morning approaches wake you, that you may let me forth before your people are astir. — Sleep, while my benedictions sanctify your rest! — Nay, I will sing you to slumber, as I used my young brothers, when they were restless."

In my desire to hear her lullaby, I pretended to comply with her proposition; and promising myself to remain wide awake, laid down my head upon my pillow, while Franszetta commenced in her own language a doleful chaunt, like the gradual swelling of the wind on an autumnal evening. Never did I hear anything so wild, — so mournful. — It seemed to bring before one the fluttering down of withered leaves, and the gathering shadows of night. — I tried hard to adapt English words

to the rhythm, with a view of describing it on the morrow to Byron, and the following stanzas were the result of the attempt :—

CHAUNT.

Rest to thy pillow,—rest,—
I watch beside thee ;—
No care shall wring thy breast,
No ill betide thee !—
Love guards thy pillow,—Love,—
The unrepining !—
Heaven's moon is bright above,
Heaven's stars are shining !—
Peace,—peace,—forget,—forgive,—
And be forgiven ;—
That all who love and live
May wake in Heaven !—

Dream of thy dear ones,—dream !—
The past retracing,—
Thy native valley's stream,
Thy love's embracing ;
No sound shall mar thy sleep,
No fears perplex thee ;—
Angels their vigils keep,—
Thy God protects thee !—
Peace,—peace,—forget,—forgive,—
And be forgiven ;
That all who love and live
May wake in Heaven !—

While thus occupied, in repeating syllables and gathering in the sounds of a dirge sad as a Highland coronach, all seemed suddenly to cease; and Berto was calling upon me to rise, and talking about shaving-water, when I opened my eyes again. — I started up. — I looked on the footstool. — I gazed round the room, into which the sparkling rays of a winter morning were pouring their brightness. — I tore open the heavy curtains intervening between my bed and the wall. —Not a vestige of my midnight visitant !—

" Why did you let her out before you woke me !"—cried I, addressing my attendant, in utter consternation; whereupon Berto, who, from my precipitate movements, evidently thought me possessed, presumed to suggest that I was still asleep, or at least still dreaming.

" But the girl !" cried I; — " the girl who was sitting here beside me when you entered ?"—

" No one was sitting here, Eccelenza !" he replied, looking somewhat demure at such a

supposition. "All was closed as usual. I entered the room with my pass-key. Now I think of it, the curtains of yonder window were undrawn, and the blinds half open, though I remember well that all was safe when I left you last night. I suppose your Excellency unfastened them."

And again he began to talk about shaving-water.

I was half out of my wits! — Was it in the possibility of things that the event of the night had been an illusion? — that I had *dreamed* of Franszetta's visit, — of her strange history? — If so, would that I could have slept for ever, to retain before my eyes the graceful froward being fluttering before my glass, like some sylph new lighted on a flower!—

Rising in haste, I examined the dressing-case, which we had seemed to open together the preceding night. The ducats were gone,—the rings were gone,—but nothing else.—Though on the toilet-table lay scattered numberless loose objects

of value, gifts from those towards whom I would not be guilty of the perfidy of bestowing them on another, not the smallest of them was missing! In her mysterious flight, the gipsy girl had taken with her only what was legitimately her own.

It would not amuse my readers to hear recited the oaths I bestowed on my own somnolency, or upon Berto's awkwardness all the time he was ministering to my toilet,— oaths which would have driven O'Brien out of his senses.—I felt convinced I should never behold that bewitching creature again. I had known, from the first, that she must go at sunrise; but I had a few more kindly words to whisper to her. I wished to establish some future medium of communication between us, in case disaster should overtake her; in case, for instance, that on her return to Bröny, Fridszin should not have arrived, or should be unwilling to fulfil his contract.—Ass that I was to fall asleep, because a beautiful girl was singing me to rest!—

I resolved not to say a syllable on the subject to Byron. I had not courage for the railleries he would launch like a shower of arrows at my head. I dressed myself in haste. It was, at least, some comfort that the wind was directly contrary for Fiume. The frost was severe.—What rubbish one talks in England about the genial skies of Italy!—Out of the Two Sicilies, where is the winter less tedious, or less searching, than our own?—

I had promised Byron to accompany him that day to the Convent of St. Lazarus, where, between the pauses of a dissolute life, he was pursuing his studies in the Armenian language; by way, he said, of a "rock to break his mind upon." Hitherto, I had declined the honour of a morning in this synod of learned Pundits, among whom I should be thoroughly out of place.

I abominate monasteries. Two things peculiar to the cloister, are my especial detestation: the smell of human fustiness,—and the aspect

of human hypocrisy. The faces one sees in such places, are as much made up in their way, as that of a *petite maîtresse*. Rouge and patches are not the only foreign aids of ornament by which people may falsify their visages. Humility, piety, patience, may sit just as discordantly upon the countenance, as white lead or painted eyebrows! — The soft deprecating voice of an old monk is my ideal of the accents of Satan.

Byron was partial to these Armenian fellows. He, and Lady Morgan, and most other enlightened English who have loitered beside the Rialto, have done their best to recommend the learned recluses of San Lazaro to the favour of the world. With all my affection for B. I could not enter into *all* his predilections!—That cursed bleak ride on the Lido,—the convent in question,—and the linen-draper's wife and family, — seemed to me far less inviting than a Pellegrino dinner, or our box at the Fenice.

We breakfasted together, and proceeded to his gondola. Tita was in attendance; — the

morning bright. —But my spirits did not respond to the cheerfulness of the hour. Byron was full of mirth. If Father Pasquali, the learned friar to whom he was hastening, could have overheard the confidences of his noble pupil concerning his Opera adventures of the night before, he had probably been of opinion that Byron was quite right to select so severe and sobering an investiture for his faculties, as the intricacies of an Armenian grammar.

Previous to repairing to the convent, we were to leave in person a letter of recommendation I had received from my brother, for Count Mocenigo; and just as we were entering the grand canal, the slackened pace of the gondola attested that something unusual was occurring. Byron swore it was only some raft or fruit-barge,—and called to Tita to push on; —an invitation which procured for us the explanation, that they were taking the body of a young girl out of the water.

"Dead?"—said I, with some interest,—

looking forth towards the crowd of gondolas, clustered round the spot.

"Impossible to say, Eccelenza," was Tita's reply. "See!—they have placed her on the steps of the Macenigo palace.—They are feeling her hands.—They shake their heads. *Corpo di Diana!*—'T is all over with her!"—

"It is a poor peasant girl," said Byron, to gratify whose curiosity, rather than mine, Tita pushed towards the spot,—"and beautiful as an angel!—"

At this declaration, I looked again. Two gondoliers were at that moment bearing down the body, to place it in a boat for removal;—one of them, an old grey-headed man,—the other, young and powerful, whose arms were encircling the feet. Both were so placed, with regard to us, that I saw only the face of the old man, and the stalwart form of the young one; and the same idea, at that moment, struck both Byron and myself. What a realisation of the famous picture of the interment in Atala.

— *There* was Chactas, — *there* the dead virgin they were bearing away to the grave.

In another moment, a cry burst out of the depths of my heart, which suspended the observations of my companion. The sun was upon that mournful group, and a sudden turn of the bearers brought the face of the dead full under its brightness. The reader has forestalled the fatal truth.—That cold, white face,—that raven hair, from which the chilly waters were dripping as they bore her along,—those delicate and slender limbs—*were those of Franszetta !*—

We followed the boat to the Ospitaletto, to which it was destined. We saw the best efforts of art directed towards her resuscitation. In vain !—There were severe bruises,—there were traces of outrage. — The belt containing the money had been torn away,— the stiletto was not in her gridle.— She had not, as I had first supposed, fallen into the water in escaping from the Palazzo Gritti. She had shared the fate of her mother.—The girl was murdered !—

Could anything have increased my affection for Byron, it would have been the more than brotherly manner in which he entered into my affliction, assisted me in attempting to stimulate the investigations instituted by the criminal tribunals, and joined with me in yielding such poor tokens as the occasion permitted, of respect to the memory of the dead.

Poor Franszetta,—poor high-minded Tsigány! —Little didst thou suppose, amid the girlish drudgery of thy wretched hovel at Bröny, that the noble poet of England, the man whose name was European, would attend as a mourner at thy obsequies! — It was Byron who suggested an inscription for the stone I placed over her remains,—copied from some tomb he had seen at Ferrara:—

FRANSZETTA IMPLORA ETERNA QUIETE!

A long silken tress, shred from her head ere they placed her in her coffin, moist with the chilly waters of the Lagune, is all that remains

to me as a token of the reality of that most strange adventure!

I never dwell upon the recollection of Franszetta, as a child of clay. She lives in my memory as pure among the pure, because uncorrupted among the corrupt;—an angel with her mother, who is in Heaven! — Ehec! Franszetta!

CHAPTER III.

The grand Prior of Aviz, shrinking back in his chair, exclaimed piteously,—"I shall never be able to stand this; my eyes would become fountains, and we have had weeping enough lately." So saying, he retired without further ceremony.

BECKFORD.

Εν τῳ φρονειν γαρ μηδεν, ηδιστος βιος.

SOPHOCLES.

BYRON would not hear of my returning to my desolate quarters at the Palazzo Gritti. He protested, that no human fortitude ought to be exposed to so gratuitous a trial. But this arrangement only hastened my departure from Venice. My consciousness of the inconvenience imposed upon him by my sojourn in his apartments in the Spezieria, as well as of

the restraint which any third person must bring to a course of life like his, determined me to expedite my departure from the city. All its familiar haunts were now accursed in my sight. The Piazza,—the Zecca,—the Canal Grande,—and above all, that haunted chamber in the Palazzo Gritti, were full of Franszetta! —Strange mortals that we are!—The events of eight-and-forty hours,—an acquaintanceship of two dreary winter days' duration,—nay, of less, —was fated to destroy my peace of mind for many ensuing months, and endow me with memories of sadness enduring as my life.

I succeeded in persuading Byron, that the most friendly part he could play by me, was to assist in hastening my journey; and before the middle of the month, was rowing back again from San Giorgio towards Fusina, repeating almost the same words I had uttered at Cintra, seven years before,—that in all my wanderings,—all my pursuits,—misfortune was beforehand with me!—

I was bound for Rome,—a city of the past, and consequently a place of tribulation,—appropriate sojourn of those who mourn and refuse to be comforted. At first, Byron insisted on bearing me company in my tour. But he had previously pledged himself to Marianna, to remain with her till the close of the carnival; and as I saw that he was doing violence to his feelings and hers by this rupture of his word, I promised to go no further than Florence, till he was at liberty to rejoin me.

For three dreary months, therefore, I remained alone on the Lung Arno, weary of myself and the world; intent only on my lost Pleiad; whom I lamented as truly as if she had not been the affianced wife of another, as well as the most exalted of the children of dust. Even the grave at Cintra ceased for a time to occupy my thoughts so nearly as the one on a desolate island, over-swept by the breezes of the Adriatic, where the spirit of the murdered girl "implored eternal rest!"—

At Florence, I saw not a creature, and pronounced the place to be detestable. On visiting the city the following year, it seemed to me that a transformation had taken place in every object, animate or inanimate. But when I came to reflect, that on my first visit I had frequented exclusively the thickets of Boboli and the woods of the Cascini, consoling myself by watching the progress of the budding spring, it was not likely I should find much analogy between their feathered choir, and that of the orchestra of Lord Burghersh. Towards the close of April, Byron rejoined me. At the beginning of May, we stood together in the Coliseum.

Things fall out strangely in this *imbroglio* of cross purposes. It had been one of the darling visions of Byron's life to visit — no! — I 'll be hanged if I call it the Eternal City, even in print —to visit Rome. Foscolo, Madame de Staël, Rogers, and a hundred other talkers to whom the world delights to listen, had inspired him with an eager interest in the memorable reliques

of the antique world;—and now he was there, he allowed himself to be ciceroned to all and everything that classical pilgrims delight to worship. But his heart and soul were brim-ful of the wife of a linendraper; and his chief care, with St. Peter's on one side and the Pantheon on the other, was to enable himself to return to Venice within a fortnight!

Yet such is the vivifying power of genius, that the hurried visit of Byron, rushing from monument to monument,— flying through St. Peter's — glancing at the Apollo,—galloping from the Alban mount to Frascati,—enabled him to add a brighter leaf to the garland of "the Niobe of nations," than the be-laurelling of a whole century of ordinary travellers,—bustling Botherbys,—and maudlin Countesses of Pinchbeck.—

What provoked me most in the pre-occupation of his mind and frustration of my plans, was a fact of which he was himself uncognizant,— that Marianna's influence was declining, and that his devotion was a matter of conscience.

We are all sad hypocrites to each other,—even those who pretend to live together open-hearted as brothers. Byron affected to be as much in love,—and I, as much in grief as ever; while in truth, he was growing sadly *ennuiéd* with his living heroine, and I, beginning almost to doubt the existence of my dead one. I often fancied that I had only indulged in a dream of Franszetta. But Byron was preserved from any misdoubtings of that description, by the bills of certain Shylocks of the Rialto, for pearls, diamonds, opals, and rubies, which the lady of his love not only accepted, but re-sold, as others have since re-sold the more precious ores of his confiding. He insisted upon going to see three robbers guillotined while he was in Rome, and about to return to Marianna. "Now Barabbas was a robber!"—

There was no occasion for me to leave Rome, because he happened to be hurrying back to Venice, in the vicinity whereof he intended to hire a villa for the summer months;—La Mira,

—since so celebrated. I remained there as long as, and even longer than is customary for the English to defy the malaria; then went to Sorrento, and from thence sailed for Messina. Sicily had long been as much the idol of my dreams as Rome of Byron's;—a person, for whose taste I have the highest reverence, having inspired me with deep interest in its classical remains and modern enchantments,—its climate, mild as the sighs of beauty,—its gentle landscapes,—its meads,—its valleys,—its Enna,—its Hybla.

Now I have infinite satisfaction in gentle landscapes, meads, and valleys, provided they lie within reach of a city where the *cuisine* is good and the opera tolerable. I knew that in the granary of Italy, corn, wine, and oil were in abundance, and that fruit, which signified more during the dog-days,—that fruit might be had for the picking!—Any man can live on figs and watermelons under the dear blue skies of Sicily. It is only when sinking under the ponderosities of fog and soot, that one cries aloud for the flesh of oxen

and the flesh of South-downs, to enable one to bear up against the climate. A haunch of venison would be as uninviting at Palermo in the month of July, as sorbets and *pastecchi* at Edinburgh in that of January.

The island, which seems to form a stepping-stone from Africa to Europe,—turning, like some ripe fruit, one sunburnt cheek to the south, and one still immature towards the north,—did not disappoint my expectations. I spent the winter at Palermo. When I returned to Naples, everybody asked me what on earth I had found to detain me there. I told them it was the climate. I shall give the same answer to such of my readers as are bold enough to put the same question. It does not suit me to be more explicit. If any one has any fault to find with my reserve, my card of address lies at my publisher's.

One of the cleverest writers and best-hearted men of my acquaintance, D'Israeli, the younger, once on a time wrote to me — "Youth is a blunder,—manhood a struggle,—old age a regret,"—

a dictum worth reading, in a letter worth preserving. *My* youth, heaven knows, was a blunder, —my manhood a struggle; and now that I am arriving at old age, (for half a century of coxcombry counts for half as much again as a life of mere vegetation,) the past is beginning to get the better of the future in my affections.

One of the places I most regret, is Sicily; —and certain of those dearest to my recollections, are Palermans. The spot is not endeared to me, like Cintra or Venice, by a grave; —but my reminiscences are only the more mournful. For with Emily and Franszetta abides an atmosphere of perpetual spring,— eternal youth,— unchanging beauty; while in Sicily time has wrought the same cruel triumphs as over myself. The face which was beautiful as an angel's, two-and-twenty years ago, is now that of a mere mortal; and though "John Anderson, my jo John," may be a very pleasing ditty to sing beside one's ain ingle, with one's ain auld wife, a superan-

nuated Romeo and Juliet, sighing to each other in their grand climacteric like two venerable turtle-doves croaking their fondness, presents to my mind anything but an attractive picture.

> Mutat enim mundi naturam totius ætas,
> Ex alioque alius status excipere omnia debet;
> Nec manet ulla sui similis res; omnia migrant,
> Omnia commutat natura et vertere cogit!—

I pass over my adventures the following season at Florence. They are recorded in many a diary, still kept under golden lock and key, and brought out by their lovely inditers on rainy Sunday afternoons, at their country seats; and to give publicity to them in the teeth of their breathing heroines, were perfidy. Besides, Doctors' Commons might prove a bitterer critic than even the Quarterly Review.

Suffice it, that it was in pursuance of one of these Florentine episodes I determined to return to England. One of my angels exacted a promise

of me to that effect; and though I assured her, (and the event justified my prediction,) that once established among the proprieties of English life and the *surveillance* of family connection, she would be the first to forbid me the house, I felt it a point of conscience to comply.

Another of my prophesies was just as strictly fulfilled. I foresaw that I should abhor London,—its want of graciousness,—its want of cordiality,—its want of refinement. I dreaded the supercilious faces of its fine world,—the petty sarcasms which it fancies into wit,—and its abject fear of committing itself in the eyes of the censorship of fashion. All this turned out as I expected. I looked upon the London exclusives, just as the London exclusives look upon those of New York. Considerable changes and metamorphoses, however, struck me in the aspect of the great Babylon.

A certain classical commentator belauds the memory of a certain Emperor, on the grounds

that he found Rome clay and left it marble. I had left London, brick, and found it,—STUCCO;—or, as Sir Lytton Bulwer more correctly calls it, COMPO!—This was a step in the march of improvement, though niggling and crab-like. My friend, Sir John Harris, one of the first to greet me on my return, (being as stationary in the metropolis as the grasshopper on the Exchange,) assured me that England had found in Nash a new Vitruvius,—a Palladio the younger;—and though my first glimpse of the pasteboard glories of Regent Street by no means confirmed the decree, I accepted it with all the respect due to the Hephæstion of the great Alexander of Carlton House.

I know not whether my ideas had expanded with much travel; but nothing out of the pages of Tom Thumb ever appeared to me so burlesque as the court and courtiers of the new Sovereign.—Such a be-starred, be-wigged assemblage as it was!—Scarcely a man among

them that ventured to appear in his own shape or character! They seemed to think, like the beggars who post themselves at the cathedral doors of Catholic countries, that it was indispensable to exhibit some deformity to obtain attention. The rough affected to be smooth, — the smooth, rough. The dandies became yachters,—the sea-captains dandies.—Never did I behold anything so shallow and superficial as even their coxcombry! — On my original introduction to Carlton House, during the favour of Brummell, Alvanley, and that set, there shone on the mill-pond a gloom of sunshine, such as Ruysdael or Hobbima throw sparkling on the dulness of even the least interesting spot. But now, the whole effort of its society consisted in keeping at temperate heat the pulses of infirm Majesty. As compared with the refined and lightsome society of the Continent, it was a structure of coarse Norway deal, profusely worked up with French polish;

which superficial enhancement, owing to the nature of the material, obstinately refused to adhere.

I could not readily amalgamate with such a circle. Their gaiety and their rationality were as unreal as the laughing or serious mask of the antique stage. "*Leur émulation c'était l'envie, leur goût le dégoût.*" To *me*, the pleasures of the court of George IV resembled the melancholy flowers we scatter upon the pall of departed youth.

I remember thinking, one night when we had been playing the pageant of *la bonne compagnie* not exactly at Carlton House, (which possessed of course something of the grace inseparable from all royal establishments, the charm, namely, of everything and every body being in its place,) but at the showy residence of a satellite, who affected the form without the spirit of the Carltonian circles,—I remember thinking, I say, that were Primrose Hill suddenly to send forth an eruption of cinders and lava, to Herculanean-

ize or Pompeiify the west-end of London, the year 3001 of the Christian era would wonder hugeously at the vulgarity of our taste and the littleness of our productions!—Scarcely a modern mansion one should like to produce to posterity, as our endeavour to vie with the solid houses of Elizabeth's time, or the grander aspirations of Inigo Jones. As to the thousand nameless trinkets invented to amuse the great babies of our enlightened times, I doubt not our grand nephews will decide that there wanted only an enamel rod for lordly fustigation, to complete the play-box of the grown-up nursery.—

With respect to the wider field of London society, and what are called by courtesy the gaieties of the season, it was still the reign of mobs and staircases;—immoderately crowded assemblies, where the total absence of entertainment within necessitated the getting up a row at the door, to impart animation and variety to the flagging pleasures of the evening. An assembly where no carriage was smashed, would

have been scarce worth speaking of; while the sacrifice of a fine blood horse, or a coachman or footman carried off on a shutter to St. George's Hospital, conferred real distinction. The greatest happiness of the greatest number was the professed motto of all ball-givers, — a defunct system, upon which may be recorded a verdict of *felo-de-se*.

I never knew exactly what amended our ways in this particular. People ascribe the improvement to the extension of London and its population; and the consequent impossibility of giving visiting lists to your porter, with the sweeping clause of a general invitation.—But such a change would have been progressive; whereas mob-assemblies went out of the world with George the Fourth. An enormous schism arose in society, at the epoch of the Reform Bill. Parties ran desperately high;—political, not fashionable parties, which,—on the contrary, fell fifty degrees.—The Capulets and Montagues of the great world would scarcely meet in the same room;

and though, the moment the great measure was carried, the effervescence subsided, and Whigs and Tories, recollecting that, like sea and land, there must ever exist a junction between them, re-amalgamated as usual.

But in the interim the revolution was accomplished!—People had discovered the charm of small parties and moderately crowded rooms. Even the insulting term "Exclusives," applied to those who were desirous, in inviting their friends, to secure them from having their ribs broken and their dresses torn from their backs, did not avail to frighten the *grand monde* into a renewal of the exploded system of the bear-garden.

I came to England straight from Florence, which was then what Florence had never been since the days of the Medici; and will never be again, till so rare a combination occurs, as for two English families, of high rank and distinguished accomplishments, to be equally agreeable in their male and female representatives,—as

was the case with the Burghershes and Normanbys. Agreeable people resident in a city attract agreeable people to remain there as guests. Everything that was pleasant in the way of man, woman, or child, was induced to pause, in passing through Florence, by the charm of congenial society; till beauty, wit, and, above all, *agrément*, a charm superior to either, became synonymous in Tuscany with the word *Inglese*.

A coterie of this description, like most other earthly enjoyments, is best appreciated by its loss. We rarely understand the blessedness of a blessing, till called upon to remember that

> ——Such things were
> That were most dear.

The dull circles of Florence, accordingly, date to this day by the Normanby Hegira, though, at the moment, they seemed to fancy that English plays, and French plays, and Italian operas, were to be everlastingly represented for their diversion, by those upon whose like they ne'er will look again.—

Even I, though, Heaven knows, that winter was one of the pleasantest of my life, scarcely estimated the charm of those easy, pleasant, chatty *soirées*, till I found my Self jammed into some black hole of a mob in Grosvenor Square, where the conversation consisted in exclamations against the heat, and of wonder whether it would be possible to get the carriage.

Yet London society flattered itself it was just then enjoying a peculiar state of beatitude, The king had been just crowned,—the queen just buried,—and the world entertained a notion there would be a royal marriage,—a Prince of Wales,—a female court,—an everything that the public eye and mind delights to dwell on!—It is astonishing how an event of this kind, nay, even the anticipation of it, operates upon classes of society that seem utterly beyond the pale of its influence; and were the tradespeople of London, and its still-life and spiritless middle classes to keep a social barometer, we should be amazed at the strangeness of the incidents

which actuate the risings and fallings of Great British quicksilver.

But it is not of King George I have undertaken to write. — Kings have their historiographers, who are paid for praising them. It is without a salary that I have undertaken to commemorate the reign of Cecil Danby, in whose favour Hume and Robertson grant me style to interest the sensibilities of that phlegmatic monster called the world;—torpid as a boa-constrictor, till some ravenous impulse causes it to spring upon a victim, which it either swallows up, *pour encourager les autres*, or crushes within its fatal coil!—

Having already hinted to my beloved public that my birth was the first event of public note at Paris that followed the assembling of the States General, it will be, of course, ill-natured enough to recollect that, at the coronation of George the Fourth, I must have numbered some two-and-thirty years! I have observed, by the way, that there is nothing in which people take a

more malicious pleasure, than in convicting and publishing the respective ages of their fellow-creatures. Allude in company to the natal date of some absent individual, and you will find everybody endeavouring to prove him older than he acknowledgeth. Every stranger is better informed on the subject than peerage or parish register, mother, doctor, or nurse. So accurate do the tatlers pretend to be, that one would imagine every birth a gunpowder plot, which to detect and betray deserved the thanks of parliament.

I am not sure, now I come to think of it, that I did not at the epoch in question affect to be *one*-and-thirty instead of *two*. I was conscious that, henceforward, every step must be downhill. I knew that to please a lady's eye, thirty is the apex of human perfection, —the moment when the mind begins to mellow, ere the body has begun to decay. Thanks, however, to my mother's obstinate adherence to the age of eight-and-forty, and certain errors of date

ciety, when backed by Lady Ormington's influence, Lord Ormington's cook and cellar, and my own more than Grecian symmetry of face and form, I could not but perceive the impossibility of making a sensation, now that I stood alone, on means far from princely, with an occasional line of silver perceptible among my glossy curls, and an occasional line of care intersecting my manly brow;—the only "lines on a person of quality," upon which the coteries are apt to be critical.

"Never mind!" said I to my Self,—when I saw him almost out of spirits on ascertaining a few of these particulars from the reflection of an ill-conditioned lodging-house looking-glass, about the size and colour of a cat's eye,—"Never mind, my dear fellow!—There is room for everybody in the world,—as well as for every animal in the ark. You have lost the pretension of astounding—the mere vulgar appetite of boyhood!—Henceforward, you must charm by being agreeable. You were a deuced popular fellow at Naples.

You were very much liked at Florence. London invariably accepts its favourites upon the strength of their foreign endorsement. It hissed Pasta, till she had been half smothered by the bouquets of La Scala. Be of good cheer,—it will not hiss *you*.—Take courage — clear your throat — look the public in the face!—You will do very well in your way."

Upon this system of philosophy,—this new Soul-ar System,—I prepared myself modestly to fill a secondary place as a stop-gap in dinner parties, and a supernumerary at balls. Judge therefore of my amazement on finding myself super-ascendently the fashion;—neither a stop-gap nor a supernumerary,—but *enormously* the fashion!—I do *not* speak under correction;—I say again,—ENORMOUSLY the fashion!—

I could scarcely make it out, — but so it was! It was not alone that I was invited; I was invited in a manner to make acceptance inevitable. Every man who knows anything, knows there is a peculiar tone which women call into their ser-

vice when they mean to be irresistible, and which I had never heard addressed to me (in London) before! There are as many ways of saying "we hope to have the pleasure of seeing you on such and such a day," as there are ways of emphacizing the "Do you ride to London to-day?" given as an example of accentuation in that compendium of useful knowledge, Lindley Murray's Grammar.

By the listless tone in which some women address you, by the ungraceful slovenliness of their salutation, it is easy to perceive that you command not the *entrées* to the inner sanctuary of their minds;—that they regard you simply as a piece of the useless lumber encumbering the odd holes and corners of society. But from the moment they impart meaning to every syllable, by the polished earnestness of their intonation, by the intense expression of their eyes, by the smiles dimpling round their lips, by the speaking variation of their attitudes, you discover that they are talking and looking delightfully with all their might; and that *you* must look, too, plaguy

sharp, or some evil purpose will be accomplished ere you know what you are about, or the lovely sorceress either.

But what could they possibly want with *me*? What evil purpose could they premeditate against *my* peace? —

Cecil Danby, my dear fellow! — for a man of two-and-thirty, thou wert a sad ninny to find occasion for the query!—Did not the peerage set forth in its record of the Barony of Ormington—heir apparent—the Hon. John;—and was it not a matter of notoriety, that the said Hon. John was in infirm health, having issue by his marriage only the Hon. Jane? — Hadst thou not therefore every reasonable prospect of succeeding to an ancient title, with a rent-roll of thirty-five thousand pounds per annum, and as much increase as the thrifty habits of Lord Ormington might have amassed in addition?—Was not such, in fact, the express origin of his lordship's still increasing aversion to thy Self? —

Yes!—such is the extraordinary foresight of

that shrewdest of all insects, except the ant,—a London chaperon, that I was actually booked among the *partis!* As if it were not vile enough to speculate upon the Duke of This or Viscount That, in actual possession of his dukedom or his viscountcy, the manœuvring mammas of the *beau monde* look into futurity with the eye of a seer or an insurance broker! Were I an earl, with an unmarried but marriageable elder son, and the consciousness of impaired health, I should determine the progress of my decay less by consultations of physicians, than by examining the nature and quality of the notes addressed to my heir-apparent. If I saw the young gentleman placed at table by Lady Winstanley next to one of her daughters, for instance, I should go home and order my coffin.

I *was* placed there. I was invited to her ladyship's pleasant house in Curzon Street, whenever I liked to "drop in." I was pressed to join Richmond parties with them. I was asked to their dinners, both family and formal.

Now, Lady Winstanley is the lady from whose pocket the following invaluable Supplement to the Catechisms of Pinnock, was handed about at the Clubs, as having dropped one night at Almack's.

THE CHAPERON'S OWN BOOK.

Q. What is the first duty in life of a well-educated young lady?—

A. The first duty in life of a well-educated young lady, is to make an excellent match at the close of her first season.

Q. What constitutes an excellent match?—

A. A peer, or a baronet, with a sufficient rent-roll, constitutes an excellent match. The eldest son of a peer or baronet, whose father does not enjoy particularly good health, constitutes a good match. The second son of a wealthy peer, or a baronet with five thousand a year, constitutes a tolerable match.

Q. At what epochs is a well-educated young lady intitled to pretend to the excellent, the good, or the tolerable match?—

A. During her first season, she may restrict herself exclusively to eldest sons of peers. On the second, she must include wealthy baronets. Should she be so unfortunate as to survive to a third, she will have to submit to the necessity of an eligible younger brother.

Q. How is the well-educated young lady to discriminate on a first introduction between an elder and a younger brother?—

A. The elder brother is usually quiet, unpretending, and careful of committing himself. The younger brother is better-dressed, better-looking, gives himself airs, and will probably talk nonsense and squeeze her hand, not being likely to be brought to an explanation by her Chaperon.

Q. What course must a well-educated young lady pursue, to insure an excellent match at the close of her first season?—

A. She must look and talk as pretty as she can; but avoid the imputation of being a flirt, by accepting only the attentions of quiet, unpretending young men. Those who

are better-dressed and better-looking, may be sent to call the carriage while the quiet, unpretending young man is putting on her cloak. But she must anxiously beware of being seen with them in tea-rooms,—or the shrubberies at a *déjeuner*, —or riding in the park,—or coming out of the Opera,—or any other critical situation.

Q. Rehearse the chief matches now extant in Great Britain.

A. England is divided into fifty-two counties. First, Northumberland.

Principal seats.

1. Alnwick Castle,—the property of the Duke of Northumberland. HEIR PRESUMPTIVE. Lord Prudhoe, born 15th December, 1792, in the Royal Navy,—unmarried,—agreeable,—does not waltz.—His grace, the Duke of Northumberland, is fifty-six years of age, and of a robust constitution.

2. Chillingham Castle, the property of the Earl ——.

'Pon honour, I have not patience to copy out the remainder of this ridiculous document, which was of course placed in my hands by one of the very particular friends of poor Lady Winstanley.

But it was not only Lady Winstanley whose civilities convinced me that Danby was in a critical condition. Three or four more of the most determined Almacksians were on the watch to bag me, if I only put out my nose. I never see a determined elder-son-catcher going her rounds, like an earth-stopper, or the parish mole-catcher, or any other setter of springes, without thinking of the print which adorned the Aldine edition of one of the classics of our nursery in Hanover Square; representing that Mazarin of the fairy tale book, Puss in Boots, in a feigned sleep upon the ground, with his half-open bag baited with parsley, lying on the ground by his side, to catch the foolish rabbits who might stray into his toils.

My own feelings and views on the question

matrimonial, are expressed in the following *jeu d'esprit*, penned one evening by the Horace, or rather Juvenal, of the day, on hearing the everlasting chirp of a cricket, that haunted my apartment in Cleveland Row.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF GRYLLO;

A FIRESIDE ARGUMENTATION.

Cricket! who, these three months long,
Hast beset me with thy song,—
Ever restless,—never ranging,—
In thy notes and haunts unchanging,—
Chirping still from noon till night,
Say!—What makes thy heart so light?
Midst the cursed frost and fog
Rendering man so dull a dog,
Prithee, Gryllo,—whisper me
Thy resource against Ennui?—

Grumbler!—quoth the Cricket,—thou—
Sauntering home with aching brow,
Sallow cheeks, and yawns amazing
From the halls whose lights are blazing,
Scents exhaling,—garlands wreathing,—
Music's tones voluptuous breathing,—
Weippert, Strauss, and Collinet,—
Gunter and the devil to pay,—
Beauty drest by Madame Devy,—
Say!—what makes thy heart so heavy?—

Cricket! — In those scenes of sport,—
Crockey's,— coterie,—or court,—
Hustings, tableaux, or charades,
Steeple-chases, tennis, cards,—
Riding twenty miles to cover,
Skulking back to play the lover,—
Moonlight, cloisters, and romancing,
Waltzing, reeling, country-dancing,
Dicing, drinking, racing, flirting,—
What is it seems so diverting?—

Grumbler! — in my chimney-corner,
Free from bore and safe from scorner,
Blest with *ménage* snug and cozy,
All the joys of life *sub rosâ;*
Cerito ne'er my mind bewilders;
I 've not a pound on Flying Childers;
If stocks look down or bankers smash,
What call have I for ready cash?—
A fig for China! — *Carpe diem!*—
Would every man were wise as I am!—

Cricket!—if thou wert one of *us,*
(The Commons and the Omnibus,)
Pray, how would'st thou contrive to shirk
Egypt, Syria, or the Turk?—
Louis Philippe and his trenches,—
Cheering from the Treasury benches,—
Bonham's boring,—Leader's prating,—
All the stuff they call debating?—
Even Charley Buller vows he 's
Hipped to death by "both their houses!"

GRUMBLER!—hadst thou no design
Tully of "The Times" to shine?—
Had Ribands red, or green, or blue,
No attraction in thy view,—
If Treasury Warrants "please to pay,"
Ne'er tempted thee on Quarter-day,—
Nor ayes nor noes,—nor Lamb nor Peel
Would force the steam up of thy zeal.
'Tis SELF whom thou dost represent
In the High Court of Parliament!—

CRICKET!—'Tis not because a snobby
I do my duty in the lobby,—
Fate doth her blows, as on a cur, vent
Upon your most obedient servant!—
Lo! Inkson's blackest books I stand in,—
Burghart's defaulter I 'd a hand in;—
My name is writ with all its vowels,
In ledger seventy-five, at Howell's!—
By way of assets—Prussic acid,—
A parish coffin,—and—*Hic Jacet!*—

GRUMBLER!—I see you think to nick it
By slyly making game of CRICKET!—
No go!—I 'll neither back a bill,
Nor name a spendthrift in my will;
But take advice, sir,—therewithal,
Insects, like men, are prodigal.
When house and lands are gone and spent
A prudent match is excellent;—
Women of cents,—I mean the five,—
Reclaim the saddest rake alive!—

A warm fireside, sir, snug as Grello's,—
A reading-chair, with patent pillows,—
A hissing urn and Twining's best,—
A Bentley's Mis. to give it zest,—
No books but Coutts and Co. to bore him,—
No debt, but Nature's, *in terrorem*,—
No Almack's, with its varnished pumps,—
No Travellers', with its "what are trumps,"—
With Madam, happy as a queen, he
Sings "Jubilate!"— like Rubini!

If this, sir, suit your book, pray stick it
In, *à propos de bottes*, from

Cricket!

For my part, I am not addicted to English Misses!—I have not the smallest weakness in favour of pretty faces with as much expression in them as that of a sunflower. It was therefore through no seeking of mine that the whole of that season I had always a Maria or a Julia on my arm or in my pocket;—that I was sung to,—prattled to,—danced at,—drawn at,—rode with, flirted with, by every muslin frock purposing to promote its muslin into brocade. Five years' absence from England had converted me into

what the silk-mercers call a "novelty of the season." Neither mothers nor daughters were by any means certain what might be my predilections. I was an open borough. Anybody might have me, they fancied, who canvassed with sufficient zeal; and, as I live by cake, they did not spare either themselves or me!—

I do not much like reverting to Lord Ormington. The feelings prevailing between us were of too serious a nature for trifling mention. Nay, I look upon our relative position as the groundwork of a domestic tragedy of the Christian world, fully as direful as the wrath of Nemesis, or the persecution of Neptune or Jupiter in the pagan. Half the inexplicable antipathies we see in families arise from misgivings or certainties, such as rendered me hateful in his eyes; and if woman in her wanton follies would only please to remember that, in addition to the shame she is entailing on herself, she is concentrating hatred and malice on the head of an innocent being, she might be perchance restrained in her career of sin.—But women

who indulge in wanton flirtations, have seldom feeling or sense enough to be touched by such an argument. Many a Lady Ormington, and many a *femme incomprise*, though full of picturesque sensibilities, would see without a pang her offspring *écorché* and hung up like the rabbits in a poulterer's shop.

I must, however, allude to his lordship, so far as to observe that, from the period of poor little Arthur's death, he had never held up his head. It had been beyond my strength of mind or body to attend the obsequies of the poor lost innocent; but Lord Ormington accompanied Danby into Lancashire to see him laid in the family vault, and support the afflicted father. The unbaptized infant was laid at the same time in the grave; and I verily believe that, standing beside those two little coffins, which seemed to complete the extinction of his legitimate branch, Lord Ormington vowed against me a vow of eternal hatred.—I am convinced he regarded me in the light of as accomplished an assassin as the cruel uncle of the Babes in the Wood!

Be that as it may, poor man, he never recovered the shock. He had collected at the time all the newspapers detailing this afflicting calamity; which, as it related to the heir of a noble family, dwelt of course with the utmost pomp and circumstance upon the sad event. Morning papers, evening papers, weekly papers, monthly summaries, nay, even the Annual Register, of that disastrous year, were placed apart in his private room, tied up with mourning-strings and bindings, to be perused and re-perused whenever he found himself overcoming the force of those grievous recollections. He brooded upon his sorrow, as an old man might be expected to do who knew that *he*, at least, should not survive to witness its obliteration by brighter prospects. For many months, Lady Susan lingered on the brink of the grave; and even when the physicians pronounced her out of immediate danger, they acknowledged that it was most unlikely she should again become a mother.

Now had Lord Ormington's affliction been a

truly grand-paternal feeling of tenderness for the issue of the loins of the issue of his loins, Danby's little girl, one of the prettiest and most engaging little creatures I ever beheld, would have sufficed for his consolation. But it was not so. I knew from good authority that he never evinced the slightest interest in the child. All his regrets were for the two boys,—the heirs of his titles and estates,—the heirs who were to have circumvented the pretensions of the interloper, Cecil Danby!—It was me he hated, not poor little Arthur whom he loved. Nay, I suspect that in the depths of his soul he would have by no means regretted the death of Lady Susan, whose illness he affected to take so much to heart. He wanted a wife for Danby who was likely to become the mother of sons.

Meanwhile, the poor man was shrunken up with his afflictions, till nothing seemed left of him but his whiskers. The old wretch, Coulson, his eternal shadow, was now the shadow of a shade. We had met once or twice, when, on my

return to England, I went to pay my respects to my mother, who seldom left the house; and as nothing had occurred to justify any overt act of severity towards one who bore his name and had been introduced into official life under his paternal patronage, he was forced to meet me on courteous terms. He had not even an excuse for referring me, as he had done ten years before, to his solicitors; though I accidentally discovered that, after giving up all hope of an heir from Lady Susan, he had been engaged day after day in professional consultations with old Hanmer, concerning the possibility of cutting off the entail of his estates. The law, however, stood my friend. On that point, from the respect testified toward me by the chaperoning class of the community, I knew myself to be safe.

But what a cheerless and penitentiary-like aspect now invested the house in Hanover Square! It might be said of its hopes, as of Ophelia's violets, that "they all withered when my nephew died."—From that day, the place had never worn

a smile. It looked doomed,—deserted,—sorrow-stricken! — An air of dilapidation may be imparted to a mansion in the best possible state of repair, by trifles imperceptible to its inmates. Lady Ormington, who was now a confirmed invalid, (from the effects of a sort of paralytic attack, said by the physicians to be the result of laudanum, whereas her ladyship protested the laudanum to be the result of her illness,) never quitted the floor containing her bed-room and dressing-room; and Lord Ormington having assigned to his own use two rooms on the drawing-room floor, the great drawing-room, formerly so celebrated through the *fêtes* and fashionabilities of my mother, was uninhabited.

No one but the housemaid ever entered there. The windows, I suspect, had not been cleaned since I quitted England. But what imparted a still more melancholy look to the house, to the eye of the passers-by, than even the thick encrusting of dust and soot streaked off in certain directions by the pelting of April showers,—was

a row of old flower-pots, the plants in which had been dead for years but still rustled their dry stalks in the wind, unsusceptible of the change wrought on all around by the coming of the spring or departure of the summer. In one corner stood a pile of red pans, which I suppose had formerly contained these flower-pots; and the sparrows chose to perch and build round this unsightly rubbish, as though the house contained no living inmate. It was scarcely possible to recognize its dull, dingy, dispiriting façade as the same before which, on leaving college, I found in daily waiting the smartest equipages in town;—bright chariots, with their pair of bloods and snowy-wigged coachman, as proud on his hammer-cloth as a chancellor on the woolsack;—with tilburies and led-horses as sprucely turned out by their knowing grooms, as the best-dressed fellow going, by the best-dressing valet.

No carriage approached that desolate doorway *now*, save the humdrum vehicles of Lady Ormington's daily apothecary or the gig of Lord

Ormington's man of business; oilskinned and patent-leathered, from the servants' hats to the horses' coats, as if to defy all inclemencies of weather; — wayfaring vehicles, meant only, like their owners, for use.

What is it I have seen quoted from a fellow called Wordsworth, as motto to some chapter of a fashionable novel?—

> A pleasant spot it was, in times of old;
> But something ailed it now,—the place was curs'd.

Even the servants, who remained unchanged chiefly because his lordship and her ladyship wanted spirit to make any alteration in their establishment, had oldened and withered twice as fast as the menials of more vivacious households. — My lady could bear no noise.—The doors, both lock and hinge, were kept as carefully oiled as the tongue of Charles Phillips, or wigs of Carlton House. — Double stair-carpets, double doors in the hall; — no chance of a footfall or a footman's rap startling the tender ear of her ladyship. — Even the canine "Cynthia of

the minute," was expected to be as mute as poor Bibiche, who still stared out of her glass-case, not near so much the worse for wear as her living contemporaries.

In other family mansions of London, when the dissipation of youth subsides into the social intercourse of middle age, a younger generation shoots up its verdant branches, shutting out the realities of decrepitude or the prospect of the grave. — But my mother had nothing about her but her living toady and stuffed lapdog.— Peculiar circumstances rendered me distasteful to the house, and the house distasteful to my brother and sister. There was no cordiality between Lady Ormington and Julia,—who was now so completely an integral part of the ministerial circles, that she seemed scarcely to know herself when thrown by chance into general society. As to Danby, his existence throughout the Session lay in the House of Commons; and, at any other period of the year, in his library at Forest Lodge. — Not one of the three entertained any

really filial sympathy with that dreary old house in Hanover Square, now as dumb and dingy as a London sparrow.

I seldom wore down my spirits by entering the door. — I was almost as much out of Lady Ormington's good graces as those of her lord. — She was very angry with me for being nobody; — reproached me bitterly with having thrown away my prospects in life; — showed me Herries and his two thousand a year, and Sir John Harris and his knighthoods, as examples of what I ought to have achieved; — protesting that had I stuck to the Foreign Office and persuaded Lady Theresa to stick to *me*, we should now have been Sir Cecil and Lady Theresa Danby, Excellencies at Stutgardt, or Munich, or Naples, or some other city not demanding a K.B. or K.G. in its ambassadorization.

In vain did I assure her that I was one of the finest gentlemen about town; — that I ate the best dinners in the best houses, day after day, from January till July; that my *bons mots*

were recited at the Clubs, — my *bonnes fortunes* whispered, wherever such things ought not to be talked of. — She only shrugged her shoulders at my boastings; muttering something which her paralytic affection prevented from being *very* distinct, about,—"Ay, ay! Sir Lionel over again; — and like Sir Lionel, he will die in the Bench!—"

Poor woman! — she was so much impaired in intellect, that it was impossible to resent her attacks. — I was there one day, sitting in that stuffy dressing-room, redolent of parrot, toady, opodeldoc, paregoric, and a villanous compound of patent medicines, too numerous to be included in anything short of the shop-bills of Newbery or Sanger, when in came Lady Harriet Vandeleur; who, to do her justice, was constant to her old friend.

I swear I shuddered as I looked at her, to think how sincere had been, at one moment, my intention of making her Lady Harriet Danby! The sixteen years' seniority which then converted

her into a brilliant woman of the world, as regarded the raw boy from the University, made her now a hag, while I was in the pride of my days. — Hot rooms, pearl-powder, and the wear and tear of fashionable life, had indented her features with such indelible traits of the progress of time, that she made it a point to keep down her black Chantilly veil while paying a morning visit; — a practice which, among foreigners, would have passed for an act of impertinence or insanity. — Everything about her now, was *postiche;* — bandeaux, teeth, bloom, shape, lips, eyebrows, *all* as per advertisement! So false did she appear to me in every item, that, when guilty of a laugh, I longed to ask her where she had bought it. It *was*, in fact, what comedians call a stage laugh; — a distinct ha! ha! ha! or — hi! hi! hi! — that never went further than the lips. Could one have examined her heart at that moment, there was no more gaiety in it than in Lady Ormington's empty drawing-room.

How I lauded my stars, — my stars, and not my prudence,—which had saved me from being yoked in harness with an old woman nearly fifty in age, and nearly a hundred in appearance. Nothing that money could afford would have compensated so ridiculous a position. I should have seen "Danby and his old woman" written in the face of every man who sat at our table, congratulating me upon the merits of my bill of fare. — As it is said of an ambitious girl, that she has married a title, it would, in fact, have been said of *me*, that I had married my cook.

I know not what were Lady Harriet's secret feelings; but she always pretended to rejoice in the discretion which had kept her faithful to her jointure. She had now attained a time of life, when doing what we like in our own way of doing it has a wondrous charm; and I suspect the unlimited monarchy of her house and stables, time and convenience, went for more in *her* calculations than all the sympathy

and tender companionship that love or matrimony ever invented to Edenize the fate of man or woman.—She was selfishness and egotism personified. A smoky chimney, or an ill-shutting window, were evils she thought deserving serious complaint.—The quondam divinity was now of the earth,—earthy.—She called for fat with her venison,—liver with her fish; and was, in short, a very nasty old woman.—

I,—(for, after all, as I am writing my own adventures, I *must* talk about myself,)—*I* was in my meridian;—Apollo in his car,—Jove in his chair.—Never had I been half so good-looking,—never half so agreeable.—Not only were my comely features set off by a most Macassar-oil-like growth of indigenous hair,—not only was my figure thrice as well knit, and consequently thrice as graceful in its movements as of yore, but the whiskers of my mind had sprouted, and my conversation was as easy as my attitudes.—By knocking about in the world, the nonsense gets knocked out of one. The habit of ad-

dressing all sorts of people in all sorts of languages, compels us, in the first place, to know exactly what we mean; and to invest our meaning in the expressions most likely to make it intelligible to others. — Very young men, either through confusion of intellect or confusion of countenance, or profusion, that is affluence of ideas, overflooding their eloquence, are sure to say too much or too little. — The Cecil Danby of Cleveland Row said exactly what was necessary. — His periods were round, — his arguments square.—The men, for their own sakes, wished to hear more, — the women, for their own sakes, that they had not heard so much. The Clubs, more especially, became hushed to listen.—Delphos was come again! "*I* was Sir Oracle!"

Thanks to the manifestations in my favour of Helena Winstanley, and others of the beauties of the season, I began to see that the game was in my own hands; four by honours and the odd trick. I might become pretty nearly

what I liked. Most people might, if they only knew it; — the faculty of knowing it, constituting what the world has come to the determination of calling genius. — To be a great writer or a great painter, is the result of feeling persuaded that you are capable of becoming a great writer or a great painter, and working up to the mark. — A great genius is, in fact, a narrow-minded man; — a man with a single pretension; —a man who, like Milton or Shakspeare, feels that he is only fit to write poetry; — or who, like Titian, will pass eighty years before an easel. Whereas a man of extensive abilities is too clever to chain himself down to an oar. — *His* tastes are universal. — *He* understands a little of everything; —can paint a little, write a little, play a little on every instrument. He is not *borné* enough to produce a *chef-d'œuvre*. *He* could not go scraping and polishing away at a block of marble for years, to bring forth at last a Venus de Medicis or Apollo Belvidere; or confine himself to a single canvass,

like Michael Angelo, for the sake of producing a Last Judgment !—

Now Cecil Danby was a man of genius, or narrow-minded man. — I was conscious of the power of becoming dictator to the world of fashion,— and I became so. Even when Brummell was on the throne, ten years before, I regarded his dazzling supremacy as Oliver Cromwell in his youth may have contemplated that of the Stuarts;— and in a recent interview with him at Calais, regarded him much as the Protector surveys the features of the decapitated King, in Delaroche's picture of Charles the First in his coffin.—Already, I was master of his sceptre !—

One thing bored me. I always entertained a personal leaning towards George the Fourth, both as the old friend of my mother, as the patron of my boyhood, and as a kindly-mannered, if not kindly-affectioned man. But I had wit enough to perceive that, living in a reign where coxcombry was courtiership, I should be lost by becoming of the court,—courtly. At Carlton

House, I must of necessity subside into an imitator,—a shadow,—an echo,—a nothing!—It was only by a schism that I had the least chance of distinguishing myself.

As a dissident from the faith of *perruques à l'huile antique*, and waists like a bowstrung bolster, I had some chance of achieving distinction as founder of a sect; and consequently adopted an affectation of great laxity in my habits of broadcloth, and great strictness in my habits of life. I was the first man who appeared about town with his locks combed straight down on either side, in the style that has since been called *moyen âge*,—or *à la Clovis*,—or *à la C——h*. People swear now that it came to them from *la Jeune France*, which imitated it from the tombs of St. Denis.—Nonsense!—*I* invented it,—as the antipodes of the Adonis-wig of Majesty, and inimitable by the art of the perruquier.

But for my consciousness of power as a coxcomb of genius, I should probably have attempted

some other means of obtaining renown ; for I saw clearly that the Kingdom of Dandyism was in its Lower Empire. As coming events cast their shadows before them, one felt already, even in the early part of the reign of George IV. a weary chill of mind and body, foreshowing the age of utilitarianism. The ornamental was about to pass away,—the graceful to evaporate.—As the decay of all religions is perceptible in their recourse to the accessories of materialism,—as Polytheism, when it found itself derided, besought aid from the chisel of Phidias, and Catholicism, when bereft of its divine influence, strove to renovate its altars by the pencil of Raphael,—so Dandyism, at its last gasp, called in the aid of Lawrence !—

Ten years later, and I should have been born *too* late for my vocation.—I can fairly say that I sunned myself in the latest rays of the declining star of Coxcombry !—

CHAPTER IV.

Je suis sorti de ma maison, le front haut, le menton relevé, le regard direct, une main sur la hanche, faisant sonner les talons de mes bottes comme un anspessade, coudoyant les bourgeois, et ayant l'air parfaitement vainqueur et triomphal.

Cosi per entro loro schiera bruna
S'ammusa l'una con l'altra formica,
Forse a spiar lor via e lor fortuna!

DANTE.

I HAVE been frequently disgusted in society, by the *de haut en bas* style with which people having accounts in round figures at their bankers, or coronets on their tea-spoons, inquire of some great writer or artist, "what he has been doing lately?—" as if his only purpose in life were to paint or scribble; they who would be amazingly

surprised if the said painter or man of letters were to retort upon them with an inquiry of what they had been eating or drinking lately, — which, Heaven knows, is the only purport of their existence.

People used to offend me by asking pretty nearly in the same tone, on my first re-appearance in London, what "Danby was doing with himself?" Of course I perfectly understood them to inquire why he had ceased to speak in the House. From the moment of his *début* in public life, the world had looked on him as public property; and felt entitled to resent his holding his tongue, while there were so few orators extant in the most High Court of Parliament. He sat there still, and still did duty to his constituents and his country, if not to himself. From the period of that heavy family affliction, he had not once opened his lips. As the ancients used to cast into the grave of their dead the most precious objects in their possession, he seemed to feel that the noblest dedication *he*

could make to the memory of little Arthur, was his reputation as a public man.

I, who had seen him hanging distracted over the dress of the lost child, like Jacob weeping over the bloody garment of his son, could enter into his feelings; and it consequently appeared to me profanation when, in the midst of a crowded ball-room, some trifler of the great crowd suddenly addressed me with questions concerning the seclusion of poor Danby, much in the manner they would have talked of some sulky opera-dancer, or invalid soprano.—

"One never hears anything now of Mr. Danby! Does he never mean to favour us again? —We are waiting for something striking.—It is vastly disappointing when a young man makes so promising a throw off, and does nothing afterwards worthy his reputation. At one time, it was thought he might end with leading the party. Castlereagh is worn out. Peel will never have pluck to succeed him. Danby has given no pledges, and would be the very man for us, if he

could only manage to get up the steam again. To be sure, precocious flowers are the soonest out of bloom. Perhaps it may prove that his vein was a shallow one, and that he is worn out,—a squib, not a rocket. I am afraid it will appear that Emancipation and Abolition were his Pillars of Hercules; and that he will never get beyond them."

The only person who considered him improved as a public man, was Herries. Herries detested oratory, which he said was another word for flummery. Herries conceived that every man, that is, every member, went down to the House with his mind made up on the questions likely to come before it; and that the only word of any real consequence in his power to utter, was "ay," or "no." Everything else was a work of supererogation, — an interruption to the business of the House. He felt persuaded that the enlightenment of future times would decree that Parliament should be managed like the courts of law, — the Houses playing the part of jury, and the Trea-

sury bench and a sort of devil's advocate, the part of plaintiff and defendant. A single speech on either side would serve all purposes of debate. He had no patience with the high-sounding speeches embroidered by reporters on the few mumbled words of certain popular members, as substantial roads are grounded on a foundation of faggots.

"I 'm sure I don't know what they want of Danby!"—was the cry of my brother-in-law.—"He never misses a division.—What the deuce can he do more towards the support of government?"—

Herries considered that a strong human mind ought to be inaccessible to argument; that, even if one rose from the dead to persuade them, people having a Tory constituency should vote with the Tories,—people having a Whig, with the Whigs. An independent member was a sort of troublesome fool, a stumbling-block in the way of practical people.

My brother himself, all this while, main-

tained a species of dignity of all dignities to me the most imposing; *i. e.* a self-seclusion wholly distinct from refusals of dinner-parties, or the surly veto of "not at home." A self-seclusion resulting from your influence upon the *minds* of other people, is as effective in preventing their approach with importunate questions or officious advice, as though you were surrounded by yeomen of the guard backed by the household brigade. Danby appeared in society whenever there was positive occasion for his appearance. At political-dinners, royal or ministerial, he was a coveted guest; and those who met him at such solemnities rarely failed to notice him as a man of cultivated mind and extended intelligence. He affected neither gloom nor reserve. He bore his family afflictions as though they were his own concern, and not that of society. His fortitude was as unaffected as it was earnest.

With me, his conduct was angelic. He saw how studiously I avoided him; and as I had

not courage to approach his house, he came straight to *me*. Except a slight tremor of the muscles round his mouth as he cordially shook hands with me, there was nothing to induce suspicion that he entertained any other feeling in accosting me, but that of brotherly regard.—I am convinced that nothing but the dread of inflicting pain, prevented him from throwing himself on my neck and weeping bitterly. We had not met since the stone was rolled to the door of the sepulchre that shut in all the sunshine of his life! — How could he be otherwise than deeply moved by the sight of one connected with such grievous associations?—

I saw by what severe mastery over his feelings his voice was made to retain its usual tone, as he directed the conversation to general topics, as remote as possible from all that supposed a family interest between us. — He talked of my travels.—He had never crossed the Alps, yet knew more of Italy than *I*, who had been wandering there for years!—He knew it through

the classics,—he knew it through its modern writers, — he knew it through painters, historians, philosophers: — I, only by the practical itinerary of post-houses, restaurants, Opera-houses! — It is true I had stared at the Coliseum, and wondered at the Vatican; but their moral influence had entered into the soul of Danby, — he had studied the institutions in which they had their rise. Dante and Machiavelli, Petrarca and Tasso, had imbued his spirit with Italianism: the utmost *I* could have done to meet him on this ground, was to spout a little bad Corinne!—

But I spared him all mock enthusiasm. There was something so true in my brother, that to affect spurious sentiments in conversing with him, would have been like trying to pass a flash note on a child. I admitted frankly, therefore, that I cared more for San Carlos and the Scala, than the Duomo or Vesuvius; and that the chief captivation I found in Italy, was the blueness of its skies and the

supportability of its winters. I said something about green peas at Christmas, which he was good-natured enough not to scout; and finding me as material as ever in my tastes and feelings, fell upon neutral ground;—talked of the vegetation of Sicily,—the quarry garden of Prince Butera,—the papyrus attesting the Saracenic occupation of the island,—the palm-tree abiding there like some naturalized foreigner, lingering within reach of its African home.

"One of my inducements to visit southern countries,—Spain, Portugal, Greece, or Italy,—is the charm of their evergreens," said Danby. "The laurel is the only permanent verdure in which we excel; and I want to see the ilex, the bay, the myrtle, the cypress, the arbutus, in perfection. I have a passion for evergreens. To me, they are the nearest approach to the growth of a celestial sphere. Look at the orange with its flower, its fruit, its glossy foliage! Look at the bay with its musky verdure, that seems created to over-shadow the grave of a poet.

Even the agapanthus and phyllerea of our cottage gardens delight me; even the yew and holly of our hedge-rows have a charm.—It is only a Frenchman who could upbraid them as

'Deuil de l'été, parure de l'hiver'

To me there is something sublime in their rigid durability. A very old evergreen, such as the ancient ilexes and bays I have read of in Spain and Portugal, or the cedars of Lebanon, conveys to my feelings an impression of awe!"

I dare say Danby wondered what there could be in these remarks, to suffuse my eyes with tears and cause my lips to tremble. I had never talked to him of Cintra,—never spoken of the grave of Emily,—inextricably connected in my memory with the ever-verdant growth of espaliers of orange-trees and myrtle,—the rustling of lofty pines,—and above all, the shapely branches of a rich and glossy bay!—

I tried to change the subject, by expressing my surprise that he had never been tempted to the Continent.

"Like most men ambitious of doing too much, I have done nothing," he replied, slightly shrugging his shoulders. "I have always laughed at men's galloping tours,—whose merit consists in the computation of so many hundred miles a week; and so, to borrow from the epitaph, *per star meglio, sto quì*. I cannot do all I want, under a year's absence. In early life, I could not spare a year from the ambitions of parliament; now, the infirmities of my father and mother forbid me to quit England for so long a period. You, to whom the peculiarities of our family are no secret, must feel that for all our sakes I ought to be on the spot in the event of the demise of either."

From that first interview all awkwardness between Danby and myself disappeared. Yet, on Lady Susan's account, I refrained from the house. Though she extended her hand kindly to me, in pursuance of her sense of Christian duty or of her husband's entreaties, she could not command the complexion that went and

came all the time I was addressing her; or the trembling of the lace ruffle of her sleeve, as she extended her thin white hand to mine. Such was the delicacy of her health, that I could not answer it to my conscience to expose her to the struggle of such emotions. I even fancied that an involuntary shudder pervaded her frame when I impressed a kiss upon the forehead of my little niece, now a promising little girl of seven years old, — extremely like Danby and Julia, and yet pretty.

I inquired of Jane, whether she remembered Uncle Cecil? — Instead of replying, she looked so wistfully at her mother, that I saw my name had been an interdicted word in the family.

I resolved, therefore, that the family should be an interdicted source of happiness to me. I could live without them. It is astonishing how much one can dispense with, so long as the illusions of youth surround one with a species of rainbow atmosphere, reflecting its hues upon the polished trivialities of social life!

I suppose,—for one cannot exactly recall to mind one's feelings and reflections, at certain epochs, verified as by a weather-gauge,—I suppose that, at thirty odd, I must have understood the exceeding hollowness of the things of the fashionable world; that I must have regarded Almack's as one regards the slave-market at Tangier or Tunis; and that I knew my Self to be of as little account in the attentions paid me, as the Lord Mayor at his Easter dinner.

Nevertheless, I led a charming life of it; accepted everything that glittered, as graciously, if not as gratefully, as though refined gold. Easy for philosophers in attics, without so much as elbow-room to turn round in, (for how else can one account for their being so wretchedly out at elbows?) to dictate their asceticism to persons for whom the overflowing milk and honey of this world are served in Cellini tankards or plates of Raphael porcelain! —All philosophy,—all virtue,—is relative. I was always touched by the tears shed by old

Sheridan when discussing, after a bottle or two, the disinterestedness of the Whigs in abstaining from office. "It is very well to talk of the public virtue of the Dukes of Devonshire and Bedford," said he, "with their hundreds of thousands a year. But for a man who never had a guinea he could call his own, to stick to his principles instead of succumbing to the temptation of place,"—and he wept bitterly!—

Just so, or rather in an exactly contrary sense am I moved, when I reflect upon the impertinence of such as would compare their obligatory self-denial, with the epicureanism of men born with a golden spoon in their mouths, and wise enough to fill it with champagne-punch or gin-sling, instead of milk-and-water or wormwood.

How was *I*, Cecil Danby, to pretend to Spartanism? — My senses were lulled by the sweetest music, — the most perfumed atmosphere;—and the companionship of the wise, the

witty, the piquant, and the fair. — There was no occasion for me to submit a single instant of the day to the pressing-to-death torture of being bored. — People talked their best for me, and looked their best. — I carried my sunshine with me, as summer its welcome.—

Byron used often to say that the French possessed the two portentous words, "*ennui*," and "*langueur*," without an idea of the things expressed; while we, with only too terrible a certitude of the penalties, were wanting in words to define them.

"How the deuce are we to translate into English the word *ennui?*"—he once inquired of me.

"Rather tell me," I replied, "how you would translate it into French? — The verb '*s'ennuyer*' may be perfectly translated into English by the verb bored;—'*Je me suis horriblement ennuyé!*' meaning only 'I was horridly bored!' The noun substantive is of much

rarer occurrence in the mouth of a Frenchman. — In England it has gained force by naturalization, like certain wealthy colonists in New South Wales and flashy foreigners established in London, who owe their social position to transportation. The powerful novel of Miss Edgeworth gave a sort of unnatural emphasis to the word, in the mouths of my countrymen."

At all events, Byron was right in asserting *ennui* to be a growth of our climate. *Ennui*, or spleen, as experienced in Grosvenor Square, is the mere surfeit of the good things of this world, falling upon a vapid, colourless order of society. — The utmost gaiety of London life, contrasted with that of foreigners, is as a poor thin-bodied wine, compared with the glowing warmth of generous Burgundy or the sparkling effervescence of Champagne. — In our highest circles there is an air of *gêne*. — We are dull silent people, incapable of flinging sunshine on the dial of life.

To this I partly attributed my unlimited success in society. I had brought with me from abroad the sort of communicativeness, — the facility in receiving and imparting impressions, mechanically attained in continental society. — The great world found me very amusing, because I suffered myself to be amused, being itself too fine for any such concession; — and if in reality less entertained by the show-off dinners and well-rehearsed wit of the coteries, than by half an hour spent in laughing devilry with Byron on the shores of Como, or an evening passed in some modest apartment of the Faubourg St. Germain, in a circle where every one said his best, adorning with the charms of intelligence, as with a web of costly tapestry, the mean walls and shabby furniture of the place, — the delight of being flattered and worshipped, —of hearing around you the sound of sackbut, harp, lute, psaltery, and all kinds of music, and knowing yourself to be the golden image to whom the knee-worship of the multitude is

addressed,—supplied all deficiencies of wit or gaiety.

It is a strange thing, — yet why strange, since a natural deduction from national customs and institutions?—that the affections which, on the Continent, infallibly fling themselves at the feet of some fair matron, have, in England, an instinctive propensity to prostrate themselves at the feet of some lovely damsel. — England is called the land of this, and the land of that: — among other things, it ought to be called a Land of Misses! — On the Continent young ladies are chosen for, in love and matrimony, by Papa and Mamma. — In England they choose for themselves, and consequently are forced to strive hard to be chosen. — I do not half like the position in which this order of things has placed the poor little dears! — They are told to be modest, gentle, undesigning; then supplied (like the itinerant Savoyards by their proprietors) with a monkey or cage of white mice, — sent forth to dance and sing for the

captivation of passengers,—and threatened with punishment if they return at night unsuccessful from their campaign. — For my part, I never blame them when I see them capering and showing-off their little monkey-tricks for conquest. The fault is none of theirs. It is part of an erroneous system.

The consequences, at all events, were sufficiently agreeable to a certain *roué* of a certain age; who, weary of making the agreeable to the *charmantes Comtesses* of Paris, and the *belle Marchese* of Palermo, found himself suddenly placed upon a sofa in May Fair, like a Sultan in a Turkish ballet, in order to be danced to and sung to, by a succession of lovely Odalisques, obstinately bent upon obtaining the kerchief.—I gave myself up to the soft illusions of the hour. I should have been an ungrateful brute not to accept, with thankfulness, the attentions of which I was the object.

It was the spring time of the year,—that season when the Gardener's Vade Mecum directs you to

take in tender plants at night-fall; and when the Chaperon's own book indicates the same judicious foresight. From April to August, it is equally part of my system to be taken in.—There cannot be a more agreeable vocation.—Of all occupations for an idle London man, commend me to that of being dupe to the mother of a very pretty daughter, in possession of a comfortable house and good establishment.

Lady Winstanley was a capital hand at that sort of thing. She had married her two elder daughters to calfish elder sons of rich country baronets, by the mere charm of an agreeable circle, where these animals found their crib and hay in comfortable readiness for them, and where they were more at home than in their own. The third daughter, being of a finer figure than her sisters, was destined by mamma for the peerage.— Mamma was right. — Helena Winstanley was a tall, graceful, queenly creature,—a Duchess D. G——, or at all events, by the letters-patent of Nature.

One night, at a ball at Princess Esterhazy's, then in the zenith of her own beauty and triumphs, I had been struck by the extreme loveliness of a girl of peculiarly English aspect, — tall, fair, well-proportioned, natural in her manners, and apparently gracious in her address, for every one seemed pleased whom she accosted. I inadvertently asked her name of Lady Fitzharrington, beside whom I was standing; who, without even consulting my inclinations, turned towards her with "Miss Winstanley, allow me to present to you Mr. Cecil Danby."

To make manifest to one whose bow was so conciliating, my indignation at the liberty taken with my august presence, would have been misplaced severity. On the contrary, I set about making myself agreeable as diligently as I would have done to the Princess herself;—*so* eagerly, indeed, that a dignified, turbaned, chaperonly-looking woman (to whom Lady Fitzharrington whispered a word in explanation of my social

position and Danby's state of health,) began to look her eyes out in a contrary direction, to conceal her satisfaction at the conquest achieved by her daughter.

Miss Winstanley proved as lively as she was handsome. There was nothing very striking in her conversation; but on a young and pretty girl the very desire to please confers a charm. When the turbaned lady approached to join in the conversation, I thought it decent to request an introduction, as an excuse to my conscience for having resented the one forced upon me to her daughter; and thus commenced my acquaintance with Lady Winstanley and her family. Then having, with becoming assiduity, called her carriage and put on her shawl, I jumped into my cab, and drove straight to White's to finish the night, thinking no further of the two tall ladies; who, I afterwards discovered, went home with the flattering unction laid to their souls of receiving a formal proposal on the morrow!—

I met them again next night,—was again civil,—

and again, more than civilly entreated. The following night was Almack's; and as Collinet was in the orchestra, piping the charming valse of "Gentille Annette,"—the rage of the season,—I turned towards Miss Winstanley as the handsomest girl nearest to me, and asked her to dance. By good luck, she was a charming *valseuse*. I saw, as well as felt, that we were acquitting ourselves to admiration, and felt extremely pleased with her for the applause we obtained. There was but one way of showing my gratitude. I took her into the tea-room, and flirted with her through two cups of weak bohea, a plate of brown bread and butter, and biscuits enough to stock an outward-bound Indiaman for its voyage to Canton.

There is something inexpressibly gratifying in the envious looks cast at one by members who have not paired off, as one sits lounging beside one of the handsomest girls in a ball-room.—The significant glance which looks "Oh! ho!—" the determination not to hear what is going on,

displayed in the countenances of all the listening old chaperons seated near one,—are vile encouragements held out to a flirting man, to look irresistible and talk as if he did not know what he was talking about.

I suppose Miss Winstanley understood what Cis Danby talked of—for she seemed exceedingly pleased, and at one moment I had serious apprehensions that she was going to call for a third cup of tea;—whereupon I started up in pretended ecstasies at a new set of Musard's quadrilles, which seemed to render indispensable our return to the ball-room.—I took nothing, as the lawyers say, by my motion. Lady Winstanley, evidently thinking that the great business of the night was achieved, begged me to ask for her carriage. So I was forced to stand half an hour in that old barrack of a waiting-room till Townsend got up the family coach; and I saw one or two people smile as much as to say "a match!" when they saw me concealing behind the door, from the air of the street and the stare of the

footmen, the smiling, silent, cloaked-up girl, so perfectly well satisfied to hang on my arm.

Next day, I found on my table in Cleveland Row the card of Sir Gabriel Winstanley. The next, I left two at his door, as in politeness bound; after which, came a formal invitation to dinner. I had half a mind not to go; for one knows beforehand the sort of fussy, full-dress, grand dinner-party of a country baronet, with a clumsy old service of plate, and clumsy butler, and clumsy saddle of fat home-killed mutton, which looks as if meant for Daniel Lambert to ride on. Having no engagement, however, for the day in question, I refrained from the cruelty of an excuse.

I was agreeably disappointed. Sir Gabriel, a man who spent his life at Boodle's, was a civil well-behaved person; who, I conclude, must have been rich in conversational powers, for he certainly never expended any upon his acquaintance. But he looked highly respectable, when carving his own venison, (for he had a soul above

muttons,) and had assembled about him the chief worthies of my ancestral county, wherein he was himself a landed proprietor.

One is always worth five-and-twenty per cent. more among one's own county people, than others.—It was to Lord Ormington's Lancashire estates I was indebted for Helena's smiles and her father's invitations to dinner. Sir Gabriel had a very accurate notion of our family rent-roll; —more so, a confounded deal, than I had;—and he and Lord and Lady Fitzharrington, Sir John and Lady Styles, and Mr. and Mrs. Whittington Leigh, talked county at me one against the other, till I fairly wished the County Palatine scuttled in the Irish Channel.

I wanted to chat with Helena. It was a very pleasant thing to chat with Helena. Her greenish-gray eyes, fringed with black lashes, her white skin, her expressive lips, united their eloquence with her cheerful, joyous, youthful voice, to impart a charm to conversation pretending to nothing beyond rational common-place.—

But rational common-place is, in the long run, that which pleases most. Wit keeps one too much on the alert to watch whether the shafts it launches attain their mark. Humour makes one nervous, lest it should degenerate into coarseness. Refined wisdom oppresses one with a sense of inferiority. Originality is a pretension that renders one critical. But plain, rational, common-sensical conversation, uttered by an agreeable girl, beside whom one is sitting in a comfortable cozy corner, wraps one round with a consciousness of comfort and repose. One has no fear of being startled,—no dread of being quizzed.—*C'est une nourriture saine et abondante.* One can fancy a long winter evening cheered by such a companion, with the aid of a good fire, good tea, and the last good novel.

The Winstanleys were now constantly inviting me.—They had a Duchess-cousin, of whom they were prouder than of their whole united family, who often lent them her box at Covent Garden; and they had one of their own, the alternate

weeks, at the Opera. The boxes were well situated,—the family coach an easy one,—and old Winstanley's wines as good as the wine of that peculiarly inhabitative and well-settled class of the community,—the country baronets. I allowed myself, therefore, to be frequently monopolized by Curzon Street. Helena had a younger sister, almost as pretty and pleasant as herself. The elder daughters were married;—the son was an aide-de-camp in Ireland;—the father, a fixture at his club. There was no drawback upon the agreeable mornings I lounged away in friendly chat with the mother and daughters.

Now, I just ask my readers whether they discern any impropriety in my acceptance of Sir Gabriel's invitation,—whether they see any harm in my allowing Lady Winstanley to carry me about to play and opera, Greenwich dinners and Richmond picnics?—The summer was a fine one. The Wanstead House sale was going on, to afford us a pretext for one of these rural excursions. Another time, we rattled down to

Kew, to view the Botanical Gardens, and eat our cold chicken uncomfortably on the grass. All these fits and starts were of the Winstanleys' own proposing. There was always some engagement in prospect; always something that enabled me in saying, "Good-b'ye," to add,—"I shall see you to-morrow."

Will anybody be kind enough to recall to mind the epoch when the English world became suddenly shamed out of its apathy towards the woes of the sister-in-law kingdom,—the hapless Island which, as Delos arose out of the sea to afford a birthplace to those glorious twins of nature, the sun and moon, Apollo and Diana,—may be surmised to have started out of the western main to afford a fatherland to the twins of civilization,—Starvation and Riot!—Will any one be kind enough, I say, to remember the Irish Ball, whereat John Ebers displayed his zeal, taste, and goodly countenance,—George IV. his Titus,—and I, my intimacy with the Winstanleys?—Will any one describe to those

who never heard of the same, the brilliancy of the Italian Opera House,—floored into a ball-room, decorated with flags and lustres, garlands and trophies,—but above all, beaming with beauty from every box?—But if nobody besides myself in London will plead guilty to cognizance of an event that occurred so far back as A. D. 1822, I must even inform them, that the woes of the starving Irish had become such as to incline even exclusivism to mercy; and that everything finest in London society, in its finest gauds, was exhibited by the blaze of ten thousand lights, under the patronage of some fifty peeresses of the realm, at the cost of a guinea a peep, for the benefit of Old Ireland and her paupers.

Lady Winstanley was not the woman to neglect such an occasion for exhibiting her diamonds, her ostrich-feathers, and her daughters,—for even Caroline was let out of the Miss-cage for the night.

Of course I was too fine a gentleman to play fine on such an occasion. Certain of the Win-

stanley set of dandies, — such small things as ensigns in the Guards, and younger brothers of the calfish elder sons married to the elder daughters, expressed considerable uncertainty about "showing" in such a mob. — "They had taken tickets — they could not make up their minds whether they should go." — Whereupon Lady Winstanley protested that "had not their cousin the Duchess been a patroness, nothing would have induced her to take her daughters into a crowd of so mixed a nature. She hated crowds. Helena hated crowds. Helena was frightened to death in a crowd!" — And then she looked beseechingly at me, as a hint that I should volunteer to be their escort.

I had no thoughts of being anybody's escort. I hate being tied down to time and place on such occasions; when a fit of indigestion, or an amusing paper, or a nap, may render the postponement of dressing indispensable to one's personal comfort. — I therefore expressed as much uncertainty about going, as the poor affected crea-

tures who could be compromised by consulting their inclinations on so slight an occasion.

It happened that the day previous I was to dine at Carlton House; and by a concatenation of circumstances impossible to record without violating the sanctity of royal privacy, which from a person admitted to share its hospitalities I look upon as an act of Low Treason, I was invited to form part of the suite of the following evening. I was desired to give my arm to one of the most beautiful and distinguished women of the time.

One never objects to shine in public as the satellite of a fair planet, unless one happens to be in love elsewhere; which I was not. — It was very agreeable to me, therefore, to secure one of the best places of the night, and the *entrée* of the private staircase, by the small concession of attending on one upon whom every eye was turned on her entrance. Lady R * * * made her appearance in her box just as that memorable quadrille of professionals was danced

before the King, by Noblet, Mercandotti, and a set of fellows whom one usually saw capering in rouge and lace tuckers, and who now figured in uniform (*proh pudor!*) as officers of the Guards. But though little Maria was just then enjoying the popularity which shortly afterwards promoted her into the ranks of private life, no sooner was the noble brow and splendid figure of Lady R—— visible above the horizon, than every eye was diverted from the dancers to our box.

Because all the other women present, with the exception of Princess Esterhazy and the beautiful Duchess of Rutland, wore plumes to accompany their full dress, my queen of the night was attired in simple though richly draperied robes of white satin, with only a garland of shamrocks, formed of emeralds and diamonds, in her raven hair. Had there been a queen then extant in England, the Countess would have been mistaken for her; so matchless was the air of distinction conferred by this simplicity of dress, united with the creamy whiteness of

her skin, contrasted with the blackness of her hair.—As it was, she was "every inch a queen," —that is, a beautiful, blameless, unaffected and gracious woman, — a queen of Nature's crowning.

My perception of these merits, I suppose, imparted an expression of somewhat warm admiration to my countenance, as she leaned upon my arm: for when, late in the evening, as I was escorting her across the theatre on a visit to the box where sat her relative, the young and lovely Miss F——r, then on the eve of marriage, we came suddenly upon Lady Winstanley's party, I saw the cheeks of Helena flush crimson, then turn to an ashy paleness.— Five minutes afterwards, as I caught a glimpse of them again, Lady Winstanley was anxiously despatching my cousin, Lord Wolverton — (whom the reader may be charitable enough to remember, when paying his court to Lady Harriet Vandeleur, as "little Squeamy,") in search of the carriage.— I would have given anything to be able to

offer my assistance. — But the heaviest set of darbies is scarcely a greater obstruction to a man's liberty of action, than a beautiful woman hanging on his arm.

This little incident spoiled the satisfaction of my evening, which had promised to deserve a white cross.—All the rest of the night, I was haunted by Helena's pale face.—I flatter myself that, in my worst of times, I was never much of a monster to these tender creatures.

Quando leoni
Fortior eripuit vitam leo?

I was never more cruel to them than could be helped. Why, why has Providence created them with such feeble temperaments, or the coarser sex with such powerful attractions!

By one of those inexplicable chains of association which, more than all the preachments of all the churches of Asia or Europe, establish the immortality of the soul, I ceased to fix my admiring gaze on the beaming face of her who was now the centre of a circle, to direct them

towards that fatal box, — that hateful box of the d'Acunhas, — usually almost undistinguishable among its fellows, but rendered remarkable amid the brilliancies of the fête by a chandelier placed before it, and a waving banner appended to its façade.— My eye seemed fascinated to the spot. — I fancied I could see the well-remembered curls of chestnut hair still drooping behind its curtains !

Nec tamen hic oculos falli concedimus hilum,
* * * * *
Proinde animi vitium hoc oculis adfingere noli.

The result of my compunctious visitings was highly favourable to Helena. I recalled to mind the disastrous result of delay on a former occasion ; and next day, not later than two o'clock, was at her door.

Lady Winstanley was never visible at that hour; but *I* was privileged. The servants admitted *me*, saying they would "let my lady know."—Down came "my lady" in her dressing-gown, looking as agitated as an aspen in a

North-wester.—Poor woman!—I am convinced she thought I was come to propose for her daughter; even after I had paid my compliments of inquiry, and begun to talk about the Royal displeasure said to have been expressed towards those who appeared at the fête without plumes. — By way of reply, Lady Winstanley mentioned that her daughter was indisposed with a headache from the extreme heat. — Yet I saw by the nervous anxiety with which she watched the door, every time the slightest sound was audible, that she was expecting her down: Helena was evidently under orders to make her appearance.

She came at last, and lovely indeed she looked; that is, lovely to me, who did not fail to attribute a certain redness of the eyelids singularly at variance with the smiles of joy that dimpled round her mouth, to a sleepless night, occasioned by the supposed infidelities of a certain Cecil Danby.—How could I be otherwise than gratified by so just a tribute to my merits?—

From that day, my attentions became more pronounced.—All I said was spoken in whispers, and my looks said more than words, in assurance to Helena that I thought her not only handsomer than Lady R——, but than all the united ladyships of London.—I took to dancing again, dancing being the only privileged occasion for *pressing* declarations which are no declarations at all; and not a supper-room in London, whose door might not have told tales if it chose, of the earnestness of the handsomest man in town, when leaning against it with his eyes fixed in unclouded sunshine upon those of one of its prettiest girls.

Lady Winstanley looked triumphant. She was in a perpetual course of smiles. Though I could see, when approached with congratulations by rival chaperons, who longed to tear her eyes out, that she vehemently begged no one "would suppose there was anything *in it*," (what English these women talk!) "the lady did protest too much," so much, indeed, as to

leave a conviction on their minds that the marriage settlements were in process of engrossment. Helena protested nothing,—she only listened,—only smiled.—It is very agreeable to listen and smile to a man who has all the appearance of being desperately in love; and though the three distinct words, which would have been more to the purpose than all the sighs and looks I was lavishing, were never even hinted at, she had reason to expect that the next moment might, at any time, startle formal proposals out of my cautious lips.

Mammas get nervous when the month of June expires without the undecided man coming to the point. When July sets in, the landed proprietors grow harvest-bitten, and want to have a look at the crops.—Sir Gabriel, I suspect, bored them amazingly with his peas and beans, when I was not present; for I could see that Lady Winstanley grew horribly agitated every time he opened his mouth, lest he should fix the day of their departure from town. Helena still

smiled on, in happy serenity. She saw me every morning in our riding parties,—every night at our balls.—She was content.—She took no thought for the morrow.—No more did I.—

The King was to visit Scotland at the close of the session, and I had received a gracious invitation to be of the party. I had long been desirous to visit the capital of the ancient kingdom, with whose beauties it is a disgrace to an Englishman not to be acquainted.—Whenever the expedition was alluded to, I could perceive a smile twinkle in the eyes of Lady Winstanley; why, I can't pretend to say. There was nothing *very* amusing in the idea of my being about to astonish the good people of Edinburgh with a sight of the most symmetrical figure that ever did honour to the tartan.

One morning, towards the end of July, as I was coming out of Watier's to go home to bed, by that peculiar, greenish, aqua-marine light, through which one never sees anything moving in London, but dandies and watchmen,

going their rounds and their squares,—I was hailed by Sir John Harris. He was driving home from Carlton House, after a carouse which had witnessed a more than usual consummation of wits and liqueurs, and sat swelling in his many-buttoned coat, as if it contained something to be proud of.

Though it was only to acquaint me with the exact day of our start in the royal yachts, (which were to be steamed to Edinburgh,) that he stopped me, he saw fit to add,—"But what signifies, my dear fellow?—after so gross an act as a match with a country baronet's daughter, you surely will not show your face among us again?"

"*Who* says I am about to marry anybody's daughter?" said I, gravely.

"All the world."

I expressed myself with suitable emphasis, concerning the folly and impertinence of all the world.

"I am glad to hear you plead not guilty,

Cis," replied Sir John. "Believe me, I have said what I can, to exonerate you in certain quarters. I have done my best to justify you in the eyes of society. I have gone so far as to contradict the report, at White's, on my own authority;—but no one believes me."

"*I* believe you!" said I, drily.

"They all protest," continued Harris, not perceiving my sneer, "that you are perpetually *fanfilé* with these vulgar people,—that you are seen in their carriage,—that you are noticed dancing with the girl, night after night."

"What would you have?—The Winstanleys invite me to their house,—I accept.—I can't help their having a daughter. But it does not follow that I am to marry her."

"It does, I can tell you, in the eyes of—"

I made a coarse rejoinder by way of interruption; whereupon, blinking his own eyes, with an air of maudlin consequence, Sir John touched his fine horse on the flank, and away

went the cab and its two brutes, at the rate of fifteen miles an hour.

But the blow had struck home. I made a very late, and very short visit to Curzon Street that day. Instead of riding, I sauntered to the tennis court.

On my return home, there was a little flummering three-cornered note, from Lady Winstanley, reminding me that I was to meet them at Vauxhall, as she had a supper-party afterwards; to which I wrote a civil answer,—"how could I possibly forget, &c., &c." But the deuce a bit did I go near them.

The following day, I went down to Hampton races,—a party at Oatland's. We made four pleasant merry days of it; — and for two more after my return to town, I was so busy paraphernaliazing myself for Scotland, that I never found a moment to call in Curzon Street.

At the end of the week, came another note from Lady Winstanley. "What was become of me? —Was I lost? — They were anxious

lest I should be indisposed." I had not courage to show my face in reply to these kind inquiries. So I stayed away:—played more tennis —more *écarté*;—saw Nicholls about my new stocks,—Elvey about refitting my dressing-case, and divers other persons, concerning whom, there is no need to trouble the public. I went through all the duties, in short, of a coxcomb on the eve of leaving town;—*brusquer*-ing the *liaisons* from which I had nothing further to gain, and creating armaments for new expeditions and future conquests.

August was come;—tawny,—copper-coloured, —heart-achiferous August,—the terminator of so many projects,—the blight of so many hopes. Lady Winstanley's last little note informed me, that they were about to leave town; and as, though I had no thoughts of marrying Helena Winstanley or Helena anybody else, (how was I to marry,—a gentleman in lodgings, with an embarrassed income of five hundred a year?—) though I had no thoughts, I say, of making

her Mrs. Cis, I had just as little desire to make her unhappy; so I resolved to go and take leave of her in the handsomest manner, attributing my previous neglect to indisposition, and expressing a hope that we should meet in Lancashire in the autumn.

I had lived on terms of sufficient confidence with my brother vagabonds at Watier's, to know how very few words whispered in a proper tone, to a girl who is leaving town, by the fellow who has been flirting with her throughout the season, will suffice to send her into the family coach, happy and contented, with renovated hopes for the event of another spring.

It was a deuced hot day; the sort of day when one begins to think about shooting-shoes and percussion caps, and to feel a destructive propensity connect itself with the name of the Moors. I sauntered into Gunter's, on my way to Curzon Street, for a white currant ice,—the only safe species of nutriment in the dog-days.

From the mere aspect of the counters in Berkeley Square, one might have sworn that the season was over! — Instead of vans at the door, clatterings of china and glass, cross porters swearing under their green trays, and thousands of white paper parcels, all addressed to the same happy house, destined that night to receive and refresh, "five hundred persons of the highest ton,"—the tables were covered with white paper parcels, addressed severally to the five hundred persons of the highest ton, containing the wedding-cake of the match of the morning,—as sure a produce of the balls of the season as Sir Gabriel Winstanley's crops from his sowing in seed-time.

I sat cooling myself with my ice to the proper temperature of a man about to say good-b'ye to a beautiful girl, to whom he has been making desperate love up to the moment that made it clear to him the danger he had designed for *her*, might light upon himself. When quite composed and comfortable, I drew down my light

brown beaver hat, drew up my straw-coloured gloves, and nodding to the girl at the counter, as much as to say, "an ice — put it down to my account," lounged out of the shop, and through Lansdowne Passage,—that emblem of a younger brother's fortunes,— mean, dispiriting, and without prospect, with overflowing wealth and enjoyment bounding his views on either side.

I noticed, as I proceeded along Bolton Row, that grass was growing between the stones. But the Winstanleys' door discovered a still more positive proof of the emptiness of town. Straw was scattered before them,—not the thick trusses announcing the advent of sons-and-heirs,—but scattered straws, as when magpies are building their nests, or family waggons departing to the family seat, for the conveyance of all the family moveables not compassable within the family coach.

Gone! — No need to knock and inquire.— The windows were closed.—The maid of all-work

"as takes care of the 'ouse," was sole empress of a region embellished the preceding day by the presence of youth,—beauty,—gaiety,—music,—flowers.

"*Gone!*" sighed Cis,—as he turned from the door—

> Perchè, dubbiosa ancor del suo ritorno
> Non s'assicura attonita la mente.

"Well! I am not sorry to be spared the leave-taking!—Helena is a sweet creature, and I could scarcely have borne to witness her emotion."—

Relieved from all fear of meeting them, I ventured that night to one of those charming little close-of-the-season parties, where one says and does all one forgot to do and say in June, at the Marchioness of Devereux's; who, under Lady Harriet Vandeleur's pernicious instructions, had progressed into one of the many London women who fancy that because their husband is a gambler, and on the turf, they are ex-

cusable in taking a lover, who is probably ditto repeated.

It was a charming little circle, — a circlet of stars; people who were of the expedition to Scotland, or above even that. I observed that Lady Harriet, (who, like too many women after losing their last vestige of good looks, had lost her last vestige of good-nature,) seemed mightily rejoiced to see me enter. I was consequently prepared to find her prepared with a handful of sarcasms to fling in my face.

"Yes, — you are quite right to go to Scotland!" was her reply to my announcement of my plans; "the further you go out of hearing of the outcry raised against you by those people, the better."

"What outcry,—what people?"—

"The country-baronet-people, whose daughter you have used so ill. They are going to take her to Clifton. She is in a deep decline."

"The only daughter of a country baronet with whom I am much acquainted," said

I, coolly, "Is Miss Winstanley, who is in blooming health at her father's place in Lancashire!"

"I don't know what you call blooming health," retorted Lady Harriet; "but you may rely upon it that her mother has been intrusting in strictest confidence to one (hundred) or two of her intimates, that Mr. Danby has behaved infamously to her daughter, — paying her the most serious *at*tentions, without serious *in*tentions;—and —"

"I swear they ought to publish a Hand-book or Flirting Manual for the youth of both sexes!" interrupted I—(afraid of what might follow,) "in order to prevent these misunderstandings. I went constantly to Lady Winstanley's, because she constantly invited me. How was I to know she intended me to marry her daughter?"—

"She invited you because she thought *you* intended it. Everybody thought so."

"I cannot see that everybody had any right to trouble itself about the matter."

"Public flirtations are public property."

"Did people expect me to be uncivil to a pretty girl who did me the favour to gratify my passion for waltzing? I never saw more in Miss Winstanley than a partner, and am pretty sure she saw no more in *me*. The 'everybody' whom you quote as sitting in judgment upon my proceedings, is aware that I am a younger son, without a guinea at my disposal."

"A younger son, whose elder brother is in declining health, without issue male. *That* fact is pretty well known. Lady Cork asked me to present you to her, to be the lion of one of her dinner-parties, as the man who had found it convenient to get rid of a nephew who stood between him and his inheritance,—the blackest of uncles since him of the Babes in the Wood!—Fact, 'pon honour!—Don't look so indignant.

You know how fond we English are of anything *qui fait évènement*. One of the things which made you so much the fashion this season, was—"

"My reputation as an assassin?—Thank you,—both for myself and for the honour of London society! Miss Winstanley is quite justified in going into a decline, to get rid of such a monster. Meanwhile, pending my next murder, what say you to some *macédoine?*"—

But however indignantly I might scout Lady Harriet's assertion concerning Helena and her disappointment, I felt a little uneasy on the subject. The touching look which betrayed her emotion on seeing me whisper to Lady R—— at the Irish ball, ever and anon recurred to my recollection. I would have given worlds that the family had been still in town, in order that I might pour balm into the wounds of that loving heart.

It may be a weakness; — but I cannot bear the thoughts of a woman dying for love of a wretched thing like me!

Imperet bellante prior, jacentem
Lenis in hostem!

I swore that she should *not* die!—and began to mutter Portia's charming panegyric upon the twofold virtue of mercy!——

CHAPTER V.

I wonder how the deuce anybody could make such a world; for what purpose, for instance, dandies were ordained, and kings, and fellows of colleges, and women of a certain age, and many men of any age, and myself most of all.

BYRON'S JOURNAL.

Ταυτοματον ἡμων καλλιω βουλευεται. MENANDER.

WE love to have a laugh against the ancients for any little absurdity we can dig out of Herculaneum, or unroll out of the mummies of Egypt; that is, not a laugh, but a prose,—for the English would sooner get a prose out of anything, than aught in the world, except ten per cent.

We love, I say, to inflict long exhortations upon young gentlemen, whose ideas are shooting in the preserves of classic lore, touching the vices of Epicurus, the follies of Alcibiades, the enervation of the Sybarites, and so forth; and if ever I am Lord Rector of the University of Glasgow, to which, being a long-sighted and long-eared fellow, I have long had pretensions, I have some uncommon fine writing in my desk, with which I mean to pepper my address to the Schools, in a style to put to shame one of Macauley's articles, or the "Last Days of Pompeii." Now I only ask any reasonable being, (and consequently do not address the inquiry to professors, ushers, or schoolmasters,) whether any weakness recorded of the enervation of Rome or Greece ever exceeded the make-believe sailorship of royal yachting?

Of all times and places where luxuriousness is *out* of place, commend me to the wooden "castle on the brine" of the British sailor! Whether we regard a ship clergymanically,

as a spot where only a plank divides one from eternity, or fine-gentlemanically, as a spot where the human heart heaves with emotions anything but tender or elegant, we must admit that a manly plainness is the style appropriate to the deep, deep sea.—French varnish, satin bolsters, gilded lamps, and arabesque mouldings, are only fit for the vulgarity of a Yankee steam-packet.—One of the wags of Watier's was pleased to say that, "in the fitting up of his yacht the King showed a great deal of taste,—and deuced bad."

Not being responsible for this error of judgment, I contented myself to enjoy our voyage in all the luxury of a progress, as brilliant by sea as Queen Elizabeth's by land; and must own that even *my* apathy was deeply moved by the aspect of Edina, mad as Ophelia with joy to welcome the King and his yacht's company.

"My heart warms to the tartan!"—I love the sound of a pibroch and the sight of a kilt!—

All that is left of poetry or hardihood in the British islands is concentrated in the land of the Stuarts, which *deserved* to have Sir Walter Scott born among her sons!—The Muse, steam-engined out of England, — starved out of Ireland,— has taken refuge, I suspect, in some Highland shelty, "o'er the muir among the heather;" to commune with the storms of heaven and consecrate the earnest virtues of that peculiar race, who adhere to the sturdy virtues of their ancestors, and maintain their national loyalty, though robbed of the pomp and circumstance of regality which endears the throne to the cockney perceptions of the good city of London.

People talk of the coolness, caution, and reserve of the Scots.—I wish those who regard them as cold and reserved had seen them fling up their bonnets for King Geordie!—Edinburgh not only honoured and obeyed us, but fed and cherished us, as though "bonnie Prince Charlie" were come again. It was very gene-

rally noticed, indeed, in the papers of the day, that a distinguished individual in the royal suite bore a most remarkable resemblance to the portraits of that unfortunate Prince, (produced, perhaps, by dressing after them,) but whether the allusion were to myself, or to Sir William Curtis, history must determine.—Of this I am certain;—that not a son of the mist threw his Highland flings more strenuously than myself, or more ardently enjoyed the "sparkie" which inspired the effort.—

I love a reel!—"*furor brevis*" perhaps, but one of the pleasantest little bits of madness in the world;—always in its proper time and place, —and not episodizing the pale monotony of an English ball, to make the Londoners yawn or shrug their shoulders.—Among the hills, and with a sonsie lass for a partner, I swear I could keep it up from July to eternity!—When Pope wrote about "wafting the soul upon a jig to heaven," he was clearly thinking of a Highland reel.

The only thing that kept down my spirits at Holyrood, was the painful idea which, in spite of all my efforts, *would* intrude, of what might be going on at Winstanley Manor.—I had no means of obtaining information.—Lady Harriet's intelligence might be accurate.—With the fatal experiences of my past life, and the memory of Cintra and Venice vivid in my thoughts, I had, indeed, some reason to be anxious.—So long as I lived with Byron, the romance of life was smoked out of my head, like Tobit's fiend, by the extreme practicality of his views.—But, after being some time absent from him, the finer impulses of the soul budded again, like an esculent cut down for the vulgar uses of the table, and sprouting anew at the return of spring. I found myself remarkably sentimental after a fortnight's philibeggary among scenes consecrated to all that is glorious in the annals of Scottish history or song.

I don't know how it may be with the young

fellows of the present day. I am afraid Crockford's has had a demoralizing influence. People eat better than they used; and I have observed, that where the cooks are good the morals are indifferent.—Perhaps, therefore, the lads I hear boasting of their conquests and flirtations, may be less accessible than we used to be in *my* time to fond emotions of pity and terror, when we heard of some gentle creature sorely tempted by the fish-pond in her papa's pleasure-grounds, or the phial labelled "laudanum" in her mamma's medicine chest. Poor Helena!—It was just the time that prussic acid began to be talked of as an accessory in heroic life. And the reader will be pleased to bear in mind that, as yet, stomach-pumps were not!—Poor Helena!—After all, we London men have much to answer for. There is a worse place waiting for us than the limbo of vanity.

It was a relief to me to obtain, through Sir John Harris, (by whose means all things were

obtainable, from a mitre to a Guelphhood,) his Majesty's sanction to my quitting the royal *cortège* at Edinburgh, and cutting across the country to Ormington Hall. I had made up my mind never to enter the domain again; but I found that his lordship was with Danby, in the south; and consequently seized upon the pretext for visiting Lancashire, as a means of hearing something of Sir Gabriel Winstanley's daughter.

It is a hazardous thing to storm a country-house during the absence of the family. Though it was the month of August, Ormington looked as dreary and smelt as mouldy as the family vault.—The country servants ran about as if I had headed an incursion of the Picts and Scots. The steward talked about killing a sheep, (I would have knocked him down had he proposed a calf!) and everybody laboured hard to make me aware that my arrival was as much out of season as a hare in March.

The only person from whom I had hopes of learning what I wanted to know, was the Reverend Dr. Droneby, who was lucky enough to have succeeded to the family-living which my Oxford follies placed within his reach; a dry, solemn old chap, supposed to have considerable influence with Lord Ormington. His parsonage lay half-way between Ormington and the Manor; so that he was likely to be well-informed touching the movements of the family. But it was scarcely possible to get a word out of him. He was, of course, a magistrate; and looked at me precisely as if he had a warrant of the peace against me in his pocket. I was glad to bow myself out of his presence, with information that the Winstanleys were not at home.

In reply to my inquiry as to what had taken them back so suddenly to the south, he replied with a grim smile, that he believed the journey was undertaken on Miss Winstanley's

account; and looked so maliciously pleased when he said it, that I felt sure something afflicting was in progress. Recalling to mind the horrible consequences of my delay at Lisbon, that very night I got into the London mail. I would not play Titus well even *half* a day.

An hour or two after my arrival in town, I breakfasted at my club. The morning papers, fresh ironed, were just laid on the table; and, while my dry toast was crisping I took up the Morning Post.—A disagreeable presentiment assailed me as I unfolded the sheet.—On my way from Cleveland Row up St. James's Street, I had been instinctively repeating to myself those touching lines of Byron:—

When we two parted
  In silence and tears,
Half broken-hearted,
  To sever for years;
Pale grew thy cheek and cold,
  Colder thy kiss!
Surely that hour foretold
  Sorrow to this!

They name thee before me,
A knell to my ear;
A shudder comes o'er me,—
Why wert thou so dear?

and I swear a knell *did* seem to sound in my ear, and a shudder to gooseflesh me from head to foot, as I cast my eyes upon the tittle-tattle of that confounded Morning Post!

For at that instant the name of Winstanley caught my eye!—Helena,—my Helena!—

"We understand that Thursday next is appointed for the solemnization of the splendid hymeneals, by special licence, between the young Earl of Wolverton, and Helena, the third daughter of Sir Gabriel Winstanley, Bart. of Winstanley Manor in the county of Lancashire, and Moy Park in the county of Fermanagh."

"Lady Teazle, by all that's damnable!"—Little Squeamy, by all that was preposterous!—little Squeamy and my Helena!—

* * * *

I leave to the imagination of my readers,

though not the strong point of the British idiosyncrasy, the fussy self-consequence of Lady Winstanley under such circumstances. Just as the calfish elder sons united with her elder daughters had been thrown into the shade by the younger son of an Earl, was the younger son swamped by the real presence of the Right Hon. the Earl of Wolverton, a man with a park,—with a villa,—with a house in town,—with family diamonds,—with everything a man who respects himself ought to possess, to propitiate the right-feeling mother of a right-thinking daughter. He was a donkey; but what then?—Did not the omniscient William Shakspeare allegorize, in Titania and Nick Bottom, the disproportionate passion of the fairest of fairies for a fellow with an ass's head?—

I do not ask my readers to share my indignation on discovering from Wolverton,—whom I met one day coming out of Gray's shop with a ring-case worth 900*l.* in his hand,—that he

had been accepted on the very night of the Irish ball: that the red eyelids,—the tremours of mamma,—were all tributes to *his* merits, and not to mine.—Either these people were the cursedest hypocrites, or I was the vainest fellow in the world.

Let me concentrate in the fewest possible words the sequel of the adventure. Trusting to my *à-plomb* to prevent my chagrin from being apparent, I got through a visit of congratulation, and was invited to the wedding. There was not a soul in town to be the wiser for it. But I thought it would look well in the papers, for both our sakes, if I patronized the performance.

Let the public conceive, if it can, the Mercury of John de Bologna, dressed by Stultz, curled by Smith, and booted by O'Shaughnessy, if it wisheth to figure to itself Cis Danby, while standing as near as decency and the Bishop would allow, to the altar of St. George's Church; in contrast with the puny Earl of

Wolverton, a little black aphis, who wanted only a needle run through him to fasten him into a glass-case, in order to form an interesting addition to any cabinet of natural history extant!—I trust the contrast was dramatic!—I flatter myself that Hyperion and a satyr occured to others besides myself!—

The insect hopped and skipped about merrily, however, at its wedding breakfast; though poor Helena was too thoroughly blinded by tears to notice its saltations. For my part, I had courage to remain at the window with the rest of the party, to see Sir Gabriel place her in her bridal chariot-and-four, while the populace stood by applauding. Our eyes had not met, since the announcement of her marriage. I am glad she did not see me *then*, for I suspect I cut a sorry figure. Sir Moulton Drewe, turning towards the breakfast-table, invited me to take a glass of sherry with him, in a tone that plainly inferred "You had better,—or you will never get through it."—

This roused my courage. On quitting the house, I persuaded him to send away his cab, —for, at that depopulated season, any equipage but an errand-cart depositing hares and partridges, attracts attention in the streets, — and saunter to White's for a game at billiards. It was indispensable that he should do justice to the steadiness of my hand; which he *did*, to the tune of a pony or two, before we parted. At that moment I loathed him. He was the friend and confidant of Wolverton, and must have guessed, pretty nearly to a pang, all I was suffering.

On reaching my lodgings, I despatched a letter to Byron, telling him to expect me shortly in Italy.—I knew he was at Genoa,—a city of palaces towards which my aristocratic tendencies always inclined me,—surrounded only by the Gambas and Guiccioli tribe; which, from the same prejudice, I greatly preferred to the linen-drapery connection. His letter-press confraternity was beyond my powers of toleration.

Literature is, in my opinion, little more ennobling, as a matter of traffic, than calicoes or jacconots; and as a matter of anything else, to borrow from the renowned Bishop of Derry, "three blue beans in a blue bladder." Shelley, however, was *really* a fine fellow—gentleman to the backbone; and I have read a novel of Trelawney's which almost reconciled me to that trumpery branch of scribbling.—As to poetry, I will not do so tame a thing as decry it.—It is base to speak ill of the dead. I never kick a man when he 's down; and the Muse has been so long consigned to the House of Correction, that I doubt whether she would get a situation as maid-of-all-work, if it depended upon character.

But Byron had extricated himself from his literary associations since the death of poor Shelley; and I thought myself sure of renewing those pleasant times when, London abounding with Kings and Emperors, such potentates as Byron and Cis Danby were al-

lowed to descend into the pleasures of private life;—those times when, living familiarly with

Moore, Danby, Rogers, all the better brothers,

Childe Harold never forgot what was due to himself or other people.

From the tenour of Byron's answer, I found that he had again surrounded himself with persons whom I did not affection. Like amber, Byron had the unlucky faculty of attracting straws. The Mereparks, who had spent the preceding winter at Rome, warned me to avoid a clique certain to entail upon their associates a disagreeable notoriety. An insult offered to a lady of high rank connected with many who are sacred to my love and admiration, was the means of exiling them from a city where, as there is neither a sovereign pontiffess, nor English ambassadress, people sometimes find their way into society whose names are elsewhere spoken in a whisper; and all Italy was ringing with their adventures. — Nothing is

less satisfactory than the company of people smarting under the contempts of the world. They see things in a false light. The irritations under which they are writhing, beget bitter blood. They are always talking at something or somebody,—always tilting with windmills. — Moreover, though a handsome, clever woman, be she whom she may, is adorable so long as she content herself to remain a handsome, clever woman,—by affecting the fine-ladyism of a promoted lady's-maid and the jargon of a *précieuse ridicule*, she becomes as wretched a thing as Shakspeare's bust, daubed with red and blue paint by the bad taste of the Stratford churchwardens.

I consequently extricated myself from my Genoa engagements, and have since lauded my stars therefore;—having no mind to figure in anybody's memoirs but my own; or that pennies should be turned by my sayings or doings, for the behoof of others, even though the purse destined to receive them be emblazoned with

a coronet. I often admire how certain of my contemporaries, even now, allow themselves to be booked, to be made merchandize hereafter! But flattery, *i. e.* blarney, is the true song of the Sirens,—

Aditum nocendi perfido præstat fides!—

No matter!—there are certain fraudulent accounts, which posterity will balance with the rigid accuracy of a Treasury cashier!—

Between irresolution and disappointment, I loitered through the winter; undergoing a severe course of country-houses.—We are very proud in England of our country-house life; and as regards good eating, drinking, sleeping, hunting, and shooting, nothing can exceed the attraction of some dozen or so of our "residences of the nobility and gentry," who are obliging enough to keep open house for our sake and their own ruin.

But generally speaking, I have found the thing a bore. Sixteen hours of the twenty-four is too much to devote to one's fellow-

creatures. In a country-house one can never be alone. When sinking under the labour of having been agreeable and chatty through dinner and evening, fellows *will* come and talk scandal in one's room at night. The women get up piques among themselves, to relieve the monotony of the mornings when their male moieties are hunting or shooting; — or worse still, private theatricals or charades, to prevent their hunting or shooting. And then the groom of the chambers prohibits smoking in the bed-rooms; and, *pour comble de malheur*, just as one gets inured to the detestabilities of the house, just as one has found out the deaf side of the *padrone*, the easiest arm-chair and coziest corner, it is time to go away, and begin one's experiences in

—fresh fields and pastures new!

As to the gaiety of a country-house in the Christmas holidays, it is as forced as its pine-apples,—as much "got up" as its theatricals.

Either the party is as dull as a dormouse,—a sort of vapid compromise between public and domestic life; or enlivened by a monkey-man or two, invited for the purpose, and pestiferously disagreeable to gentlemen who are disposed to take things in an easier manner. For my part, I could almost as soon amuse myself among a showman's puppets, as with those who must be moved by a masterhand, in order to endow their wooden nature with vitality and fun.

All this time the Wolvertons were at their place in Ireland. The papers had given an eloquent account of the roasting of oxen and firing of cannon to welcome the young Countess, which must have caused the heart of Lady Winstanley to sing for joy.

Our first meeting after her marriage was at a concert given at Almack's by Rossini, where poor Maria Garcia made a *début* little in accordance with the after-fame of Maria Malibran. While pressing as near as I could to

the piano, to catch a glimpse of Rossini's masterly accompaniment of his wife's miserable singing, my attention was attracted by a tremendous blaze of diamonds.—I seemed to recollect the face to which that gorgeous tiara and those splendid girandoles imparted lustre —I looked again.—The cheeks were hollow,—the eyes far less brilliant than the diamonds. Beauty was there, but beauty on its wane. Even when convinced by the observations of those around me that it was no other than Lady Wolverton, I could scarcely bring myself to believe that the bony arms and shoulders before me ever belonged to the fair, round, symmetrical figure of my lovely Helena! She looked worn,—woebegone,—harassed.—Was the gratification derived from the sparkling diamond tiara, sufficient compensation for such change?—

A day or two afterwards I met Wolverton at White's. Bustling up to me, he made a sort of ostentatious show of inviting me to his house,

—talked about the taste displayed by Gillow in fitting it up, as if to decoy me into a visit; —and hinted at the merits of his cook, as if *that* must be a sufficient inducement. I would rather have "chopped" at the "Blue Posts," as I once did, fifteen years before, with Sir John Harris, before our faces were as well known on the *pavé* as the effigy of Britannia on a penny-piece!—

In process of time, the Countess of Wolverton was presented at Court:—the Countess of Wolverton was most graciously welcomed by the King:—the Countess of Wolverton figured in the lists of Almack's and at the *fêtes* of D—— House.—I hope she was satisfied;—that is, I hope Lady Winstanley was satisfied;—but she did not look so. A son-and-heir was in expectation. It might be that such an accession was indispensable for the completion of Helena's worldly peace. It was clear that *something* was wanting.

I left cards at her door, sent an excuse to

Wolverton's formal invitation to dinner; and, to spare *her* feelings or my own, was careful to avoid her amid the mobs of fashionable life. One night, at a Saturday supper party at Lady L.'s, after the opera, I met her on the stairs; and, seeing that her situation rendered it difficult to her to ascend, could not avoid offering her my arm. I did not speak, however, more than the mutter indispensable to the occasion; and she accepted my aid in the same silence. We walked up slowly together, without exchanging a syllable; then separated. It was the only time I ever approached her after her marriage; the trembling of her arm and mine mutually betraying to each, the agitation of two persons but a year before all in all to each other, and now far less than nothing.

The most offensive part of the business was the self-importance of that wretched little item of humanity, Squeamy, —— I beg his pardon, —the Earl of Wolverton. Who will dare to

undervalue the importance of birth and fortune, when we find them investing a pigmy with the attributes of a giant, and making a man of a mouse?—Had not the most insignificant atom in human nature pinned to his sleeve the handsomest girl in London,—thanks to this twofold endowment?—

Thousands and thousands of times have I wished I had been at Jericho, or Genoa, or Coblentz, or anywhere else, sooner than have been brought into contact with Helena that night, at the supper party. Just as she was dropping my arm in the lobby, the light of the lustre over our head fell upon her half-averted face, betraying certain glitterings, emitted *not* by her diamond coronet, since she wore round her head only a garland of blush roses. For years afterwards her tearful eyes haunted me!—*Those* diamonds were as thoroughly *my* gift to Helena as the tiara of the Right Hon. Earl of Wolverton!—All I had done in return for her young affection was to wither up her beauty,

and tinge her bridal honours with misery and remorse!

Even attired as she was, however, the world was amazingly struck by her loveliness,—her simple dignity of air,—her gentleness of manner. The fine ladies were astonished to see anything so distinguished emerge from the park of a Lancashire Baronet. The fine gentlemen whispered, "By Jove! Cis, you are a more prudent fellow than *I* should have been in your place."—

Lady Winstanley, meanwhile, went fussing every day to her daughter's fine house, in Berkley Square, seeming to have lost all recollection of her elder daughters and their calves. It was a bitter mortification to her, that in Helena's delicate state of health, Lord Wolverton would not hear of giving a ball; not only because to a vulgar woman, like herself, a ball appears a mighty triumph, and indispensable to confer the honours of canonization in London society; but because, being still involved in the

Miss-eries of human life, she thought that Helena owed to her younger sister the chances of promotion insured by such an advertisement. But the little Earl was inflexible. When he had made up his little mind, it was as firm as the minds of bigger men.

All the time, I was secretly patting him on the back; encouraging his resistance, and begging him, above all things, to beware of giving way to the influence of Lady Winstanley. I described a mother-in-law to him in general terms, and his own in particular; and flatter myself he made himself sufficiently disagreeable to Lady Winstanley to atone my wrongs and those of Helena.

Meanwhile, balls delighting me no longer, nor ball-givers either, I profited by the glorious weather of a delicious June, to betake myself to Cowes. I had nothing to do in London, that is, London had nothing for me to do; and at a certain period of the year, provided the summer do not set in *too* severe, I am usually

affected with the marine epidemy, peculiar to the English constitution. I suppose it is because Britannia rules the waves that Britannia's sons and daughters, — cetaceous monsters! — cannot rest contented without once, a year, rushing *into* them.

I am almost ashamed, at this time of day, to indulge in a rhapsody about yachting,—now, as vulgarized as coaching, or steeple-chasing, or any other pastime of the Paradise of Fools. But when I and George IV. first indulged in the delicious recreation, regattas were in their infancy, and the high seas a high-way for gentlemen. I used to delight in it, when one had the Isle of Wight almost to one Self; that is, almost to the little knot of elect which ought ever to be esteemed as one man.

Merepark, who was the fortunate proprietor of the Morning Star, as well as of the charming Lady Theresa, proposed to me to accompany him that year, in a cruise to the Mediterranean. Lady Merepark was to be of

our ship's company. I had rather she had stayed at Cowes; but *that* regarded the will of her ladyship's and the Morning Star's lord and master.—I did not, however, so much regret her being with us, when, on fine moonlight nights, the harmonious couple were good-natured enough to amuse me and the dolphins by singing duets; and if most "silver sweet sound lovers' tongues by night," I can assure my readers that the Notturni of Lord and Lady Merepark as we sat together on deck, enjoying the fragrant breeze from shore, off the coast of Sicily, were as mellifluous as the song of the Sirens.

I liked Merepark's singing as much better than his talking, as I had once been disposed to prefer his conversation to his vocal efforts. Since his secession from diplomatic life, he was growing domestic as George III;—resided three fourths of the year at Chippenham Park,—and was, of course, as crotchety and dogmatical

as all people who choose to exempt themselves from the modifying influences of society.

More than once had he forced me to exclaim, in the words of a poet now laid on the shelf, and whom I consequently always find on mine,

> Ye powers who rule the tongue, if such there are,
> And make colloquial happiness your care,
> Preserve me from the thing I dread and hate,
> A duel, in the form of a debate;
> The clash of negatives and jar of words,
> Worse than the mortal brunt of rival swords.

From the days of Plato, I scarcely know an individual qualified to think for himself, in opposition to his times and country. It requires about a million of men to form an Opinion with a degree of force intitling it to be stereotyped. I hold, (I fear it may be a Danbyical dogma,) that there are about a dozen capital Thinkers in Europe, patented to have notions of their own;—viz, London, Paris, Petersburg, Vienna, Rome, Berlin, Ma-

drid, Munich,—and so forth. These have a right to argue among themselves, on all topics affecting the enlightenment or amelioration of mankind. But little rap-on-the-knuckles disputations between the egotism of John Thompson and the egotism of Tom Johnson,—or between Cis Danby and Lord Merepark,—are just as much to the purpose, as the spitting of two tabby cats, or the snarling of two terriers out of employ.

Whenever Merepark began to dogmatize, accordingly, I said to him, as nature did to Béranger,

Chante, chante, pauvre petit!

which he did,—divinely;—and so we left the balance of power and of the budget, to those M.P.'d into the privilege of prosing.—Lady Merepark did not look at all obliged to me. She knew, probably, that the whims and fancies which *I* did not choose to accept as infallible, would be inflicted on *her*, like a papal

bull, *per* tyranny matrimonial, at Chippenham Park.

Poor thing!—she was the pattern of a wife! How little I surmised, when, in my puppy days at Maybush Lodge, I pronounced her to be a nonentity, how charming a compound part of the monotonous domestic happiness of an English earl such a nonentity might become!—She was the very thing for a nine months-in-the-country sort of life; a loving mother to little Lord Chippenham, and a loving wife to his father. All her ambitions were bounded by the park paling.

If I should ever live to accomplish a park paling, I trust Providence will send me precisely such a wife. And why not? It is impossible to guess how one may end. The jocose old screw of a lawyer, whom I had found rubbing his hands in a barn in Southampton Buildings, in 1810, was now, in 1823, a wealthy baronet, residing in a handsomely furnished house in Chandos Street, Cavendish

Square!—Pepper-and-salt being replaced by a butler, square and solemn as the Principal of a college,—but better dressed.

Such progresses are of daily occurrence in England. A wealthy landowner's man of business is as sure to fatten in means, as his stalled oxen in flesh; and a baronetcy is cheap requital for such services as killing off a young lady likely to inveigle one of the junior branches into matrimony; more particularly when there is a borough in the family, and only one younger son to provide for.

It is true Sir Joseph Hanmer had achieved the distinctions and comforts of life after losing the five senses that might have enabled him to enjoy them; and now, he lay, like a superannuated wolf in his lair, feeble and edentated, yet shunned and dreaded through his former ill-repute. The creature had even sat in parliament for half a session. Think of such a man as old Hanmer being called, by such

a man as Danby,—"my friend, the Honourable Member for Sneakington!"—

I know not why I recall, at this portion of my memoirs, the name of one who, God wot! occupies small space in my regard; unless, indeed, because the reminiscences therewith connected were painfully revived by a visit I paid to Cintra, while touching at Lisbon in our cruise.

The Mereparks were, of course, occupied with the city, the opera, the embassy,—Mafra, the Necessidades, the Ajudas, and the various lions of the place.—We were to be at anchor only a couple of days. The first of these I devoted to a pilgrimage of grace to San José!

The quinta was all but in ruins. Old Barnet's property had been converted into a chancery suit by Messrs. Hanmer and Snatch; and was, perhaps, the remote origin of the comfortable house in Chandos Street, Cavendish Square. The roof was falling in, and there

were stems of oats which had sprung up and withered unmolested between the floor of the drawing-room, in the place where poor Yilko formerly sidled on his stand!

The garden was a wilderness. The orange orchard had run almost as wild as the chestnuts and cork-trees springing from the rifted rocks of the Peninha. The espaliers of myrtle, untrimmed for years, were sheeted with snow-white blossoms; closing up, by their intermingling branches, the road to the postern door. —For years, no one had passed that way.—It was useless to think of reaching the cemetery in that direction.

It was easy enough to make the circuit by the public entrance. To accomplish this, I had to penetrate through the grove of pine-trees—of all the objects that presented themselves, the one which had experienced least alteration in the lapse of those thirteen busy years. Sir Joseph's chancery job had effected no change in the mystic characters upon the

venerable bark of those majestic trees. The same mossy fibrous ground was under my feet,—the same dim, chastened, cathedral-like light was diffused around me,—so often described by poor Emily in our happy interchange of thought and feeling.

From this mysterious twilight, I emerged into the little burying-ground. Death had not been inactive. Of the many despatched by the caprice of northern physicians to end their consumptive days in Lisbon, a few repose at Cintra. Since my last visit to the spot, tombs had arisen,—marble columns,—crosses of granite within trellised enclosures,—gloomy with cypresses and willows, or bright with flowers.

I passed them by unheeded. I made my way straight towards the spot overhung by the outstretching branches of the bay-tree. I could have reached the spot blindfold!—And it was well for me that my memory was so retentive; for not a trace remained of the stone tablet!—Within the railing I had caused to

be erected around it, before I quitted Lisbon, the honeysuckle planted by my hand had sprung up in wanton luxuriance; and no friend of the family being at hand to direct or remunerate the gardener of the cemetery, to whom was consigned the care of the other tombs and funereal gardens, it formed an entangled mass of blossoms over the grave, completely concealing all record of her who slept beneath that flowery dome.

The sun was crimsoning the west when I reached the spot; and the overpowering fragrance which evening dew extracts from the pale tassels of the woodbine, pervaded the air, till the senses seemed to ache with its sweetness!—

Thus it was that the memory of Emily deserved to be embalmed!—Nature remained faithful to a grave to which none survived to offer the tribute of their tears.—That tangled and perfumed mass of mournful-looking blossoms, formed the most appropriate monument to the memory of the dead.—I looked towards

the craggy summits of the mountains visible between the dark cones of the cypress trees, on which the evening sun was shedding its effulgence, and prayed that from the regions of the Blessed the anguish of my soul might bring down forgiveness of my fault!—

Next day, we were sailing for England. But the influence of these renovated associations saddened me for the remainder of the voyage. I could enjoy nothing;—neither the sweet music of the Wolvertons, nor the calmness of those halcyon summer nights, at sea so far more enjoyable than the fervour of garish day.

The Mereparks having engagements with visitors at Chippenham Park, altered their plan of touching at Cowes, and made straight for Southampton. It was a delicious evening on which we sailed up the river. After the languid atmosphere of the sweet south, there was something refreshing in the stirring air of home; more especially intermingled as it was

with the breath of gardens and the emanation of the oak-woods, from the shores of the Southampton river.

As we sat together on deck, I persuaded Merepark to indulge me for the last time with a favourite ballad, the words of which originated, I suspect, in the sunny climes we had been traversing.

BALLAD.

She look'd so fair—when, fresher than the morn,
Her happy laugh rang through the greenwood boughs;—
She look'd so fair—when, from the tangled corn,
Tearing the wild flowers to adorn her brows;—
She look'd so fair—when, calm, at dewy even
Watching the streamlet's waves go listless by;
She look'd so fair—beneath the moonlit heaven,
Her earnest face uplifted to the sky!—

How fair,—when o'er her thrilling lyre she hung
Till from her lips unearthly music stole!—
How fair—when,—whisperingly, her faltering tongue
Reveal'd her modest eloquence of soul!—
How fair—when, in the old cathedral aisle,
Upon her knees absorb'd in silent pray'r;
The poor still crowding round to court her smile,
As though a saint from heaven were kneeling there!—

How fair, how passing fair, when in the dance
Her buoyant footsteps wild outflew the rest;

How fair, how passing fair, when at her glance
The proud grew humble, and the humble blest.
How fair!—And yet, too young to Love!—The spell
Was yet unspoken!—But the time may come!—
Oh, hush!—oh, hush! Hear ye the funeral bell?—
Yon nodding hearse hath borne her to her home!—

But it was no moment for a strain so doleful! The Mereparks were in high spirits because about to be reunited to their children and park palings;—I, from the force of sympathy. The tide took us in at dusk. The cheerful lights of the city were gleaming in all directions; and the familiar cries of an English crowd greeted us as a friendly salutation.

On arriving at the hotel we were eager for dinner; hailing as delicacies those much contemned simplicities of cod and oyster sauce, —partridges and panada,—and other items of English fare, which would make Paris die of an indigestion. Merepark and I resolved to make a carouse of it. I never felt in higher glee. I had a charming autumn before me; first a week at the Royal Cottage,—next a

capital party for pheasant shooting at —— Abbey; and after roughing it for a few weeks, one feels that the smooth sumptuosities of a lordly establishment are not altogether unenviable.

As we were to start early, Lady Merepark wished me good night when she retired from the dinner-table; and Merepark and I ordered a fresh bottle of claret, drew our chairs closer to the fire, and began to give way to the feeling of social communicativeness, which the first fire of the season is sure to inspire. England is the only country in the world where men shut out the chaste creation, and prose over their wine; which I conclude is what renders our morals so superior to the residue of civilized Europe.

On that occasion, we indulged. We talked over adventures of our old Downing Street days, and laughed over events of more recent occurrence at Palermo, till we neither of us saw any fault to find with our claret,—a proof that we did not see very clearly.—Nay,

having persuaded Merepark, who though now on dry land, was half-seas-over, to indulge me with a drinking song he had learnt at

—fair Cadiz, rising o'er the dark blue sea,

from a rollicking Spanish muleteer,—the room began to be filled with shapes resembling those that clustered round the loneliness of St. Anthony !—I have little doubt that Byron, when galloping half-mad,—half-intoxicated,—through the pine-woods, after solemnizing those terrible obsequies of Shelley, felt much as I felt that night !—

I know not what else prompted me to blaspheme as I did, all that was good and fair, in my confidences to my companion. If in Satan's memorandum-book be enregistered all the abominable falsehoods interchanged between man and man, on such occasions, I suspect the account will contain many a grievous crime unwhipped of justice. Merepark's stupid maudlin wonder and applause encouraged me to ex-

aggeration, till I began to describe all sorts of imaginary adventures with the graver of Callot and the periods of poor little Matt. Lewis. —Heaven forgive me !—

At last, it was time to retire. The fire was burnt out,—the wine was drunk out,—the candles were about to follow their example, and disappear also.—We went laughing and pushing each other up stairs, like too silly schoolboys. — Everybody was in bed in the house, but the drowsy waiter who had sat up to give us our bed candles. When we reached No. 4, Merepark, after several ineffectual attempts to turn the handle of the door, blundered in, wishing me good *night*; while I proceeded towards the end of the corridor, to the room where, before dinner, I could just remember having washed my hands.

I suppose the wine I had drunk did not tend to increase the clearness of my perceptions, — for, having reached the one I conceived to be mine, I threw it open with vio-

lence,—bursting in, to take possession of my territories.

An exclamation of "hush!" was the first sound that saluted me; unnecessary, however, —for the startling spectacle before me sufficed to paralyze my faculties.—It was the chamber of death,—a gorgeous coffin,—*two* gorgeous coffins,—with lights burning at the head, and domestics in deep mourning, keeping watch over the dead!—

Sobered by the awful spectacle, and deeply ashamed of my intrusion, I was retreating in haste. Already, the waiter was at my heels; with apologies, explanations, and offers to conduct me to my own room.

"They had said nothing about *the body*, thinking it might be disagreeable to the lady to sleep under the same roof with a corpse. But they could assure me it was only there for the night. The funeral had arrived late in the evening, and was to be embarked early in the morning for Ireland. The bodies were

on their way to my lord's family vault in the county of Limerick."

I had scarcely reached the threshold of my own door, when the fellow made this communication. Staggering to a chair, I had just strength to demand the *name* of the family seat in the county of Limerick,—I had not courage to pronounce that of the dead.—

"I think the butler said Craig's Castle, sir; but my Lord Wolverton has another seat in—"

* * * * * *

I heard no more!—Helena, my Helena! While I was defiling her innocent name, by words that ought to have festered my lying lips, she lay dead—*dead*—within my reach!

The uproar of my senseless merriment must have shaken the heavy folds of her pall!—

CHAPTER VI.

As the warm heart expands, the eye grows clear,
And sees beyond the slave's and bigot's grasp.

PROCTOR.

One who saw,
Observed nor shunn'd the busy scenes of life,
But mingled not; and 'mid the din, the stir,
Lived as a separate spirit. ROGERS.

PEOPLE are apt to assert that nothing consoles us more surely for the loss of those who are dear to us, than to find their death a cause of general lamentation.

This may be the case with statesmen and heroes, whose fame is in the breath of nations. There is consolation in the respect paid to the memory of such a man as Lord Holland; at whose recent decease, those to whom he was endeared as a friend, wept as for a rela-

tive; while those to whom he was only known as a public man, grieved for him as a friend.

But as regards a young and delicate woman, the regrets showered upon her grave serve only to increase the bitterness of the hour. I could not take up a newspaper just then, but it was filled with nauseous paragraphs relative to "the bereaved Earl of Wolverton," or "the late lovely and lamented Countess of Wolverton."—There was a detailed account of the funeral;—the "affecting" embarkation of the bodies of the mother and child.—All that the vile taste of the times could perpetrate in the way of fine writing, was twopence a-lined by the Limerick Chronicle, announcing, in letters half a yard long, the arrival of THE CORPSE—(GOD! how I hate that word!) of the Son and Heir of the ancient house of Wolverton; as if the little atom of clay, deposited on a spot wherein it had never exercised even its puny powers of vitality, were worthy of mention in the same page with the wreck

of all that was gentle,—all that was beautiful;—martyrized by the splendours of life, as though her diamond tiara had been a crown of thorns!—

How often do the old fix their cold, callous, lustreless gaze upon the young, either living or dead, as if they were *too* young to have suffered!—Blockheads!—it is *only* the young who are capable of real sorrow or real enjoyment. In after life, the selfishness of human nature supplies a styptic for every wound; and Utilitarianism has her pockets filled with Family Cerate, to salve it over. We recall to mind that it is not worth while to harass our few remaining years with regrets; that all will soon be over.—We call this philosophy.—It is simply decadence of mind under the growing ascendency of our material nature.

In the sunshine of girl and boyhood, on the contrary, the expanding blossoms of the soul are readily withered by some sudden frost of human sorrow. To the very young heart,

tne stab of the moral assassin conveys a death-blow. At thirty, one calls in a surgeon; at ——ty, the flesh has become mere cartilage, and defies the rapier's edge. Though snatched from earth with the down of childhood still soft upon their cheeks, the heartbreak contained beneath the pall of Juliet, or within the crimson velvet coffin of the Countess of Wolverton, were sufficient to have tinged a long after-life with despair!—

I knew it. *I* understood it. The gossips of society observed, that autumn, at their splendid dessert-tables, over their pine-apples and peaches, their claret and Burgundy, or clustering round their blazing fires after dinner, with due regard to their satin dresses and Mecklin lace,—"What a shocking thing it was that poor Lady Wolverton dying in child-bed so soon after her marriage!—Such a beautiful creature, with such a charming house in town, and such a fine place in Hampshire!—Really everything to make life desirable!—I wonder

whether Lord Wolverton will marry again?"—No one but Cecil Danby knew what a glorious escape she had made from the charming house in town, and fine place in Hampshire, loathsome to her feelings!—that she had been tormented into avenging herself upon an ingrate, by a brilliant match,—then broken her heart,—offering up to Heaven the atonement of her tears, and the sacrifice of penitence and prayer!—But she was at peace;—yea! at peace.—Nothing could touch her further.

I hope and believe that I *felt* on the occasion;—not, indeed, with a sorrow even unto death, as in my brighter days at Cintra;—but when I struggled back into society the following spring, scarcely a fellow at White's but saluted me with "Halloo, Cis, my boy!—what on earth have you been doing with yourself?—You look as if you had come out of the tombs."—

I answered not the tauntings of their levity. Of what avail to admit to such men that I had been undergoing martyrdom?—Had I dis-

played to them the wounds of my agony, instead of being convinced, like the incredulous Apostle, they would have persisted in their derision.—I did well to hold my peace !—

Will the world believe,—I mean the world, and not the fine world,—that these scorners attributed my anguish of spirit to *another* death, which had occurred in the interval ?—that of Lady Susan Danby.—They thought me anxious lest Danby should marry again, and disappoint my expectations of inheritance by a son and heir !—

They were, perhaps, justified in the surmise; for if my despondency had another origin, the exultation of Lord Ormington on the occasion was disgracefully genuine. It was frightful to see with what glee he wore his broad hems and black coat. I doubt whether any family event, since Danby's wedding, had inspired him with such ardent imaginings as poor Lady Susan's funeral. He saw apparitions of crowned children rising out of her grave, like those in

the vision vouchsafed by the weird sisters to Macbeth.

He was not, however, the only person who speculated upon the event. Lady Harriet Vandeleur, now approaching her fiftieth year,—who had consequently taken up a form of government more becoming her years than flirting or flippancy, began to fire off batteries of tracts and serious books at the widower. She was grown evangelical, much in the same spirit of wrongheadedness she had once fancied herself an infidel; and I suppose it was with a view of enlarging her sphere of benevolence, that she thought the future rent-roll of the future Lord Ormington might be advantageously added to her jointure.

Danby was a person who took all things so quietly, that I verily believe she thought herself making an impression, by her strenuousness in advising him about the bringing up of his daughter, and her officious counsels on topics too sacred to be introduced irreverently

into pages like these; when, in fact, he listened without hearing, and bore with her impertinence, regarding the former bosom friend of his mother as a sort of troublesome aunt.

Lord Ormington, with his usual charity, chose to infer that I promoted her ladyship's views, in order to secure myself from the new Arthur who might arise from a more propitious alliance, to wither my prospects. He was completely mistaken. If I did not vehemently oppose the foolish old woman's advances, it was because I knew my brother too wise and too good to need being placed upon his guard against giving such a successor to the amiable Lady Susan. I was, in fact, too deeply overpowered by a new and most unexpected affliction, to trouble myself with her proceedings. An event occurred which wrung from my lips the same exclamation as from those of Trelawney, "The world has lost its greatest man,—I, my best friend!"

Byron, who, to borrow the elegant quotation

of Moore, was fated to gather in Greece a crown of palm or cypress, "*o cipresso, o palma acquistar*,"—Byron sank under the influence of bad diet and a bad climate, at Missolonghi; or, to speak more truly, was bored to death by the practicalities of war-making, and the impracticability of the Philhellenic Committee!

Such a destiny was perhaps assigned him in rebuke to the pride of genius, which had said,

> Seek out, less often sought than found,
> A SOLDIER'S GRAVE, for thee the best,
> There look around and choose thy ground,
> And take thy rest!

But who could have foreseen that one whom Shelley hailed as the Pilgrim of Eternity, would die among menials and *bisognons*, amid the uproar and squibbing of a Greek holiday?

The world raised its usual foolish clamour over the grave.—The dull preached. The bitter sneered. *The wise* WEPT!—And lo! his name is excluded from the pomps and vanities of Westminster Abbey, where only the right

divine entitles the sinners of this world to be inurned, — and inscribed for evermore in the land's language, and the memory of all who venerate the glories of genius, even when tarnished with a touch of human frailty, such as the improvidence of Scott or the greater sin of the still greater Bacon.

As Pindar sings, "let the ravens croak and clamour, the eagle pursues his flight towards the sun:"

Διὸς πρὸς ὄρνιχα θεῖον.

Bowed to the earth by these reiterated strokes of affliction, I confined myself that season to the society of my own family. I was fond of dining quietly with Danby, in Connaught Place. My little niece was now ten years old; the most graceful and engaging creature I ever beheld. All the leisure my brother could spare from the duties of public life, he devoted to the education of Jane. But the indulgence and adoration with which he surrounded her, prevented her from imbibing

the pedantic formality usually affecting the mind of a girl modelled by instruction unfitted for her sex. She was gentle and childish in manners, as became her years; and her singular intelligence rendered her a charming accession to our family circle. Lord Ormington used to sit and look upon her with a sort of wistful tenderness; as if misdoubting him that it was Danby's affection for her that prevented his turning his thoughts, as he ought, to a second marriage. But even *he* was under the influence of her fascinating manners and disposition. Jane could do more with her grandfather than any member of the family.

Of Julia, too, I was the frequent guest. But the society of Herries was a pleasure I could have dispensed with. My brother-in-law already wrote himself Right Hon. and occupied an honourable and lucrative post in the administration. But he was so completely be-officed, — so overwhelmed with business,— that the parish dustman is more his own master.

In conversation, it was easy to see that he never gave one more than the attention of the eye: in argument, he fought with a reed. He disdained conquest. He cared not for victory, unless in the House, or before the Privy Council. He had no longer a part in the ordinary enjoyments of life; — no longer leisure to be glad or sorry;—his very thoughts and feelings were technical.—

The same harassing anxieties that worried poor Londonderry out of his wits and Canning out of his life, deprived Herries of all pretence to domestic comfort. When a man rises in public life by abilities and industry, his highborn colleagues take care that plenty of occupation shall tax his abilities and industry to the utmost. The consequence is that the distinctions which are to *them* a stimulant to higher enjoyments, are to *him* a burthen beyond endurance. Like the mules expiring in the sunshine, while toiling with heavy loads of the precious metals of the Cordil-

leras, Herries was overwhelmed with the greatness of his charge. But for the earnest though tranquil sympathy of his wife, he would have sunk under his task. But the weariness of which he was conscious, he of course inflicted upon others.

There was another member of the family from whose company I humbly request the reader to spare all exclamations of surprise at finding me derive satisfaction, — to wit, the Lady Ormington !—

I never pretend to virtues beyond my calibre ; and shall not waste my ink in affecting that it was filial piety, or gratitude for the partiality lavished on my cockadehood, which induced me to spend my evenings in her ladyship's drowsy boudoir, whenever I could induce Miss Richardson, the toady, to solicit a holiday. Prematurely old, (for I have seen women of threescore-years-and-ten far more active and intelligent than my mother when wanting fifteen years of that mortal

allotment) — she would sit for hours coaxing a little King Charles's spaniel, almost without uttering a syllable ;—*laissant passer le temps*, —like a tree motionless beside some rapid stream.

There we sat together; — musing, if not amusing; in the self-same chamber where my first survey in the glass of my own beauties made a coxcomb of me for life, and where I had seen her ladyship in powder and brocade rehearse her worldly scenes of serious comedy. The gay Axminster carpet had given way to one of more sombre hue; and the great toilet glass was replaced by a highly-varnished *armoire*, containing within its polished mahogany, as a marble sarcophagus conceals unsightly bones, patent medicines of every dye and denomination.—The old furniture, — the chairs and tables,—(with the exception of the last new patent super-easy easy-chair,) were the same as of old; grown dingy and quizzical by contrast with the modern inventions.—I fear the

human lumber of the spot shared the fate of its chairs and tables!—

But it was on this very account I felt so comfortable with my mother. We had progressed over hill and dale together. Our selfishnesses were enlisted under the same banner; our interests were in common. And if we did not love each other so passionately as some mothers and their offspring, whose mutual affection vies with that of the apes at the Zoological, each loved the other as much as it loved any other created being besides its created Self.

A warm room, excellent tea, and an amusing periodical, always awaited me in Hanover Square; and I suppose it needs no other proof that I was in the wane of my rouéism, that some of my pleasantest evenings in the summer of 1824, were spent by Lady Ormington's fireside,—absorbed in a book,—her ladyship absorbed in *me*. So long as we *can* interest ourselves in a book, we are not much to be pitied.

Whoever can read with a warm, cordial, and expansive spirit, becomes king, knight, pope, philosopher, as he listeth:

> Ad summum, sapiens uno minor est Jove, dives,
> Liber, honoratus, pulcher, rex denique regum.

For Jupiter, read of course, King George,—the Jove of *my* Olympus.

The question has been made a text for prize essays whether the king who dreams every night that he is a beggar, or the beggar who dreams every night that he is a king, be the happier man. On this point I have not made up my mind. I seldom *do* make up my mind. All questions are to *me* open questions. But I am satisfied that among the faculties most to be dreaded for the young, and most to be desired for the old, is a busy fancy.—Reverie is the bane of twenty,—the antidote of fourscore.—

I was somewhat betwixt the two, when I found such solace in dreaming away my evenings in Lady Ormington's boudoir. It could not be that, like Tommy Moore,

I fancied her into some chivalry dame,
While I was her knight of the lance;

but I fancied her a thousand miles off, I know not where,—and myself a thousand miles off,—I know *exactly* where.—

I was living over again in the spirit, all I had already lived in the flesh. I fancied myself hand to hand, heart to heart, with Byron on the sands of the Lido, or among the green pastures of Vévay; exchanging speculations on those solemn topics on which men have speculated for four thousand years, without having so much as determined whether the tree of knowledge be a nonpareil or a crab.—I fancied myself watching once more the lightning-like coruscations of his genius, as developed in word and glance. I fancied myself mortified and irritated, as of old, to see him scatter good seed upon the sterile rock; defiling his noble nature by dupehood to any artful woman who flattered glozingly enough to win upon his confidence.

Would that my fancies concerning him had gone no further!—But I could not help sometimes figuring to myself that lonely death-bed —that perplexed spirit,—and the bewilderment of soul of one who, having so many accounts to balance with the world, found himself suddenly overtaken by mists of night, alone upon the barren mountain!—Had I been there—but why indulge in those ever-recurring regrets! Cintra, — Venice, — Missolonghi, — stand in my memory like the crosses which in Catholic countries signalize the site where murder hath been done; before which, pausing suddenly amid his everyday routine of life, the peasant falls on his knees and prays,—then abruptly resumes his plodding way and familiar occupations.

I was beginning to live chiefly in the past. One is apt to retire from the busy scene of life, like a Lord Chamberlain from the presence of Majesty, *à reculons*. At thirty-five, one's pleasantest days lie in the rear. One can't help looking back. I do not mean to say that

some men at five-and-thirty are not, like oaks and yews at a century, still in their infancy. But a Cis Danby,—at fifteen a *petit courrier des dames*, and at twenty a *roué*,—becomes at forty "a very foolish fond old man," more foolish and more fond than Lear at double the age.

Some years were still wanting, however, of my two-score; and there was no reason I should not enjoy them in my own way. My own way was a way most peculiarly my own. After undergoing two or three desperate heart-quakes, the structure of one's feelings loses its equilibrium. Cracks are perceptible on all sides, and one's mind exhibits as perplexing a study for the curious in mathematics, as the leaning Tower of Pisa.

The longer we float along the stream of life, the better we begin to understand the fable of the vessel of iron and the vessel of clay; and if incompetent to convert our fragile materials into sterner stuff, the further we recede from contact with the hard and powerful the better.

The hollowness of worldlings matters but little, so long as the inflation of youth and spirits enables one to be as hollow as they. But there are some natures, like certain precious stones, of which the surface first acquires consistency; crystallizing inwardly from the groundwork thus matured, till, the interstices being filled up with a bright and adamantine substance, the gem becomes perfected.

Conscious that my own hollowness was gradually disappearing under some such mineralogic process,—that, as Nature abhors a vacuum, she was good-naturedly furnishing the empty bookshelves of my brain, and filling with honey the waxen cells of my heart,—I withdrew from the world, in order to favour her operations. I refrained, at least, from the gaudy mobs and uproarious crowds of public life, and adopted the philosophy of the poet.

Car hélas ! dans nos salons, où la foule est si grande,
Qui sait d'ailleurs,
Sous les brillans dehors d'un plaisir de commande,
Où sont nos cœurs ?—

Par des complimens faux l'on procède à des blâmes
Qu'on dit tous bas !—
Croyez-moi ! restez seule avec huit cent mille âmes,
Qui n'en ont pas !—

Between the eight hundred thousand souls who have no soul, and any single soul, equally deficient, the balance of soul is pretty equal ;— and so, retreating from the multitude, I adhered to the boudoir, with its silent valetudinarian and stuffed lap-dog. Lady Ormington seldom interrupted my studies. Her lucubrations were never very luminous ; but so long as she had remained gay enough to be inconsistent, her vagaries were not unamusing. People who blow hot and cold upon every subject under discussion keep alive one's attention ; but the moment they begin to blow tepid, they only added an unit to the soul-less eight hundred thousand, whose tedious humdrum psalmody puts to sleep half the better purposes of the nobler spirits of this nether sphere.

The first indication I gave of the influence of such companionship upon my mind, was by

accepting a place at Court. I refer my readers to the Red Book of 1825, for the specification of my office.—My motives in re-entering the course of public life, I rise to explain.

As regards human nature in general, we have Milton's authority for the universal servility of mankind. "Half the world," saith he, "prefers living under masters."—As regards human nature in my own person, I found the vindictive hints of Lord Ormington that my inactivity in life arose from views upon the inheritance of my brother, every day more insupportable. Loving and respecting Danby as I did, such inferences were sacrilegious in my ears; and I was consequently grateful to the faithful friendship with which his Majesty on his return from his tour, once more tendered me an appointment in his household. I was literally forced into the assumption of ambition, by having incurred an odium inevitable perhaps among the many evils of an origin obliquitous as mine.

Moreover, I felt capable of doing the state, or rather the country, some service. I have dwelt modestly on my personal merits; conceiving them to be sufficiently manifested in my deeds,—as the prowess of the lion is attested by the whitening bones of his victims, heaped round his den. But it becomes my duty to declare that my inborn graces were now refined into a charm beyond the ordinary fascination of charmers, by much travel and much converse with all that was best and brightest in civilized Europe

To extinguish such acquirements in the obscurity of private life, was not altogether fair to the country. The true patriot sacrifices himself to the interests of his fatherland. If the sale of the Houghton collection of pictures to a foreign power were an act of profanation, I felt that I should "stand accountant for as great a sin," in withholding from public example those graces of mind and manners, which so amply fulfilled the promise of my cockadehood, and were so peculiarly adapted to adorn the court and times of George IV.

The public hailed my appointment with satisfaction. The court was regarded by the tasteful as the head-quarters of taste. The court gave the law to the town,—the town to the country; and London was not forced to entertain broken-down foreigners to instruct it what it should eat,—what it should drink,—and wherewithal it should be clothed. The sailor court, which succeeded the tailor court, was comparatively indifferent in such matters; and, during the reign of the sovereign who gave us the Reform Bill, more than one false prophet arose to shake the established faith of the table and the toilet. But George IV. was an absolute monarch in all relating to that which maketh glad the stomach of man, or sad the heart of woman.—

The civilized world, long cognizant of my claims, admitted that the pupil was worthy of the patron; that, in such a court, Cis Danby would make himself heard of. They foresaw an Alberoni,—a Mazarin,—a Richelieu,—a Walpole,—a Potemkin,—a Metternich, in

one whose influence was based upon all that had made of Sir John Harris a knight of the everything in heraldic Europe, from A. to Z. inclusive.

I was apprized of my own power by the malignancy with which, at my first levee, I found myself regarded by the said knight, who

Bore like the Turk no brother near the throne.

I had already an enemy at court !—

What a strange thing it is that no Power of modern times, except the Yankees, can be induced to believe that " Union is strength !"— Swift, the Dean, observes in one of his letters to Pope, that " every age contains half a dozen master-spirits which, if they would only enter into combination, might drive the world before them."

I forget whether he adds, or whether it be my own suggestion, that the foresight of Providence endows them with incompatibilities fatal to all possibility of amalgamation. At the moment in question, there were half a dozen of us who might have revolutionized the coteries. At this

present writing, there are a score who might revolutionize the country, — viz. Cis Danby, Henry Pelham, Vivian Grey, — Brougham, Lyndhurst, Macaulay;—Rogers, Moore, Luttrell, Ginger Stubbs;—Morgan, Gore, Norton, Tussaud;—Lockhart, Fonblanque, Dickens,—Carlyle, Sydney Smith, Dicky Milnes, Dan O'Connell, and Lord Cardigan, who might form a tremendous battalion if they could only manage to shave in the same shop.—Luckily, we abominate each other.—I defy even the five thousand horse power of genius to force us into conspiracy.

Even in private life, how little does the spirit of concentration tend to the consolidation of masses. "*O mes amis! il n'y a plus d'amis!*" quoth a French writer,—but I believe he cribbed it from Cicero.

Of all those of my own caste rich enough to indulge in their whims and fancies, I am acquainted with only a single man warm-hearted enough to have furnished his walls and albums (dear Hart: alive!) with portraits of

his friends, executed at his own expense;—whilst the late Lord Dudley was cynical enough to devote five thousand pounds to the effigy of his dog,—a bitter hint of *his* estimate of worldly friendship,—an unfair one, too,—for he was a man beloved of many.

Law,—physic,—divinity,—army,—navy,—household,—police force,—are all so many houses divided against themselves. No two among them, any more than any pair of hackney-coach horses, can draw together. When I joined the coterie at Carlton House, so far from hoping to fraternize with my courtly brethren, the utmost I ambitioned was to avoid being victimized by their minikin factions.

There was a considerable lull just then in public affairs. With the exception of Spain, (a country which having an unlucky knack of matching its right hand against its left, was, as usual, at fisticuffs with itself,) there was very little fighting going on in Europe, except among the patronesses of Almack's. The Holy Alliance still encircled with its *cordon sanitaire*

the kingdoms of the earth. The three-cornered hats of the Jesuits had the best of it in France; the cocked-hats of the standard footmen of the Exclusives, in London. Fashion here, and Fanaticism there, was the ascendant influence. The *το καλον* lay with the Propaganda and the Patronesses, Madame L—— and Cardinal ——; the lull was, in short, producing the same results as the becalming described by Coleridge, in his fearful ballad of the "Ancient Mariner."

This was highly satisfactory to a man of my views and pretensions. *My* notion of transcendent enjoyment is to take the busiest life in the quietest way; to sit in a patent reclining chair, and behold affairs of state delineated before me, as by a camera-obscura.—I have no taste for owlifying in a hollow tree. I detest a hermitage, whose mossy couch is full of earwigs, and whose maple dish full of raw carrots. My vegetables must be dressed *à la maître d'hôtel*; and my mattresses, not my shirt, be of horsehair. In other words, the Royal

Cottage concentrated my *summum bonum* of human felicity.

The time is gone by for Kings to retire from the world into the dreariness of a cloister. The example of that wrongheaded Emperor Charles V. has convinced his royal successors, that since in all communities, governmentally constituted, intrigues and factions must arise, it is less worrying to arbitrate the pleasant squabbles of lords and ladies, than the bitter animosities of frowsy monks.

I see my Public pricking up its ears, in earnest expectation of the Diary of a Gentleman of the Bedchamber, as a pendent to the Diary of the Lady. But I beg to assure them, as poor old Barnet did *me*, that "I am a gentleman still; who, *who* says I am not a gentleman?" They have consequently nothing to expect as regards the privacy of my royal master, more than they managed to learn by peeping over the palings of his rustic palace. In my opinion, the world has nothing to do with the leisure of royalty.

My own leisure, however, is much at their

service; and I can assure them that its incidents multiplied most agreeably the moment my pathway became established in the perpetual sunshine of public distinction. Nobody who has experienced the sensation, will dispute the pleasure of being somebody. A somebody is of consequence to everybody; and it is gratifying to feel that one's finger-aches will create proper sympathy, and that if one chooses to tell a long story people are obliged to listen to it. The merits one derives from a little petty patronage, are beyond computation. I cannot suppose that I grew either taller or handsomer per force of the mere inscription of my name in the Household. And yet, the way in which I began to be whispered off into corners, and the enormous increase of my satin-paper correspondence department, might have convinced a man of less enlightened experience that he had added a cubit to his stature.

It was about three months after accepting my appointment, that one night, at a charming party in George Street, Sir Moulton Drewe

hinted to me in a whisper that the beautiful Mrs. Brettingham was most desirous of making my acquaintance. There was something imploring in his accents; for I was much in the habit of "dispersing" his supplications, Jove-like, "into empty air." For once, therefore, I smiled upon his suit. Upon Mrs. Brettingham, the pretty, witty Mrs. Brettingham,—one could do no less than smile; and already, I began to foresee in the distant horizon——

"The devil, if you please, sir!"—

"Shut the door, O'Brien. I am busy."

"Please sir,—he won't wait."—

"The devil be d—d!—Show him up — or down, —while I perpetuate, handkerchief in hand, my few last words.

Ahem!—

PUBLIC!—I do, as is my duty,
Honour the shadow of your shoe-tie;

and I appeal to your sense of propriety whether Mr. Bentley might not have found some cleanlier and more responsible internuncio to apprize me that I am exceeding the limits of your patience;

— that, as the Rhine forms the boundary of France proper, CECIL (improper) must be limited within the thirteenth sheet of Vol. III.?

I have a thousand things to say. I am coming to the very pith of my Adventures. You are quite in the mood to enjoy them. The deuce of a thing stirring in this dullest of worlds. The frost has set in as hard as the heart of the Hoo Union. No chance of a Dissolution or a thaw; even Syria is beginning to

> ——————— wear
> Her plum'd and jewell'd turban with a smile
> Of peace.—

And considering that the ravenous maw of the reading world, like the cavern in the Eldin Mine, which engulphed forty ton of rubbish per diem for twenty years without any sensible diminution of the vacuum, is capable of swallowing *any*thing,— I have no doubt you would have welcomed me had I arrived even four-in-hand; my fourth volume being devoted to sketches of my days of official consequence; when, instead of visiting Melton like a wetched cur of a younger brother, to be mounted, hap-

hazard, by my friends, not one of whom would have cared had I broken my neck, I had progressed into a man having hunters and Helots of his own.

But Publishers, it seems, swear by three volumes, as Pluto by the three heads of Cerberus; and as a Tripod was indispensable to the inspiration of the Pythoness, three-times-three and rapturous applause wait upon the novels of Bulwer, Marryat, James!—

I submit. Needs must, saith the proverb, when the devil drives. As the little *ink*ubus is waiting for my last page, let me jump at a conclusion. Nevertheless, if any reader should experience especial desire to hear more, I am not an unsociable fellow. My cigars are good, and a gossip beside a glowing fire is, after all, a pleasanter thing than all this eternal mending of pens.

For such an indulgence, however, the most undeniable references will be required. It will be necessary (as in obtaining a tide-waiter's situation) to produce a parochial certificate of *bonos mores*, and to make affidavit of being free

from debt. But I do not withhold my confidence from persons in easy circumstances, and of exemplary morality.

I shall be found as easy a talker as I am a simple writer. As Seneca says—"Quæ veritati operam dat oratio, incomposita sit et simpl——"

"Not wait?—Not allow me time to finish my quotation?"—

Unhappy MS.!—Go then to the devil, with all thine imperfections on thy head!—

If ever again I write a book, (prospered by the kind patronage of P. P.,—I allude not to the renowned clerk of that name, but to the Paying Public,)—I shall take care to reserve to myself, by an especial clause, exemption from the interference of the Diabolus of New Burlington Street; as well as the privilege of selecting my own time and place for the inscription of that cabalistic word

The End.

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